SELECT SONGS

for

School and Home

J. A. THEISS and B. SCHUMACHER

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Select Songs

for

School and Home

HOME EDITION

By

J. A. THEISS and B. SCHUMACHER

With an Introduction on the Rudiments of Music
by KARL HAASE

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE
St. Louis, Mo.

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Preface to School Edition.

SELECT SONGS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME were compiled by order of the General School Board to meet the growing demand for an English book similar to *Liederperlen*. Since this volume is above all to serve our Lutheran schools, the church-hymn has been given a prominent place. Besides this it was decided to embody a large number of tunes of German origin, both sacred and secular, which by virtue of their merit ought to be found in a collection of *select* songs. For such as could not be found in good English version, translations were written especially for SELECT SONGS. We were so fortunate as to procure the able services of the Revs. W. M. Czamanske, F. W. Herzberger, J. T. Mueller, A. Pennekamp, and J. W. Theiss, who used their best efforts to make the enterprise a success by furnishing a number of good translations. We also wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Synodical Board for Musical Publications and to the Rev. Oscar Kaiser for their valuable advice in matters pertaining to the selection of the material and the revision of texts and music.

The pages on the rudiments of music are from the able pen of Prof. Karl Haase. Although the limited space permitted no exhaustive treatment of the subject, these exercises may serve as a guide and prove a valuable help in teaching singing.

May God's choicest blessings accompany our SELECT SONGS on their way to the Lutheran schools and homes!

THE COMPILER.

Preface to Home Edition.

The favorable reception SELECT SONGS met with has encouraged the publishers to put another edition on the market, in order to give this selection of songs the widest circulation. Although the two- and three-part setting of the School Edition is ideal for school use, it has been deplored by many that the lack of an accompaniment to some extent barred it from becoming the cherished friend of the family circle. The Home Edition, which is herewith submitted, is to supply this want.

In this edition the three-part songs have been placed unaltered on a separate staff above the accompaniment. Nor have the voices of the two-part songs been changed; they are indicated by heavier type. This was done in order that both editions might be used side by side. With this aim in view the compilers were under some constraint in setting the accompaniment. In judging this work, our musical friends will kindly keep this fact in mind.

We hope this edition will truly become a *home edition*. We trust that it will find its way into many a Christian home, banishing light and worthless music constantly intruding into it. If it achieves this aim, it will have served a noble purpose.

J. A. THEISS.
B. SCHUMACHER.

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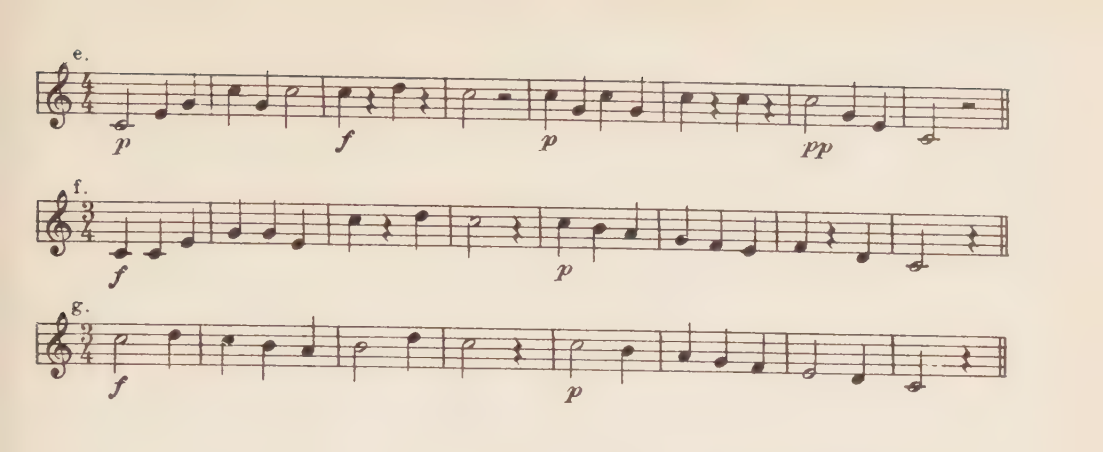
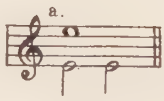
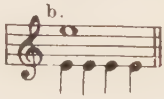


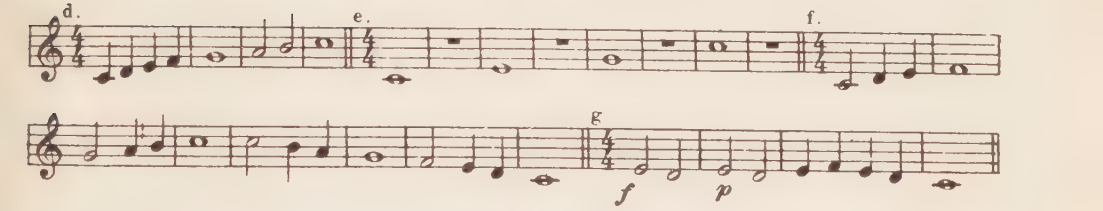
Whole Note.

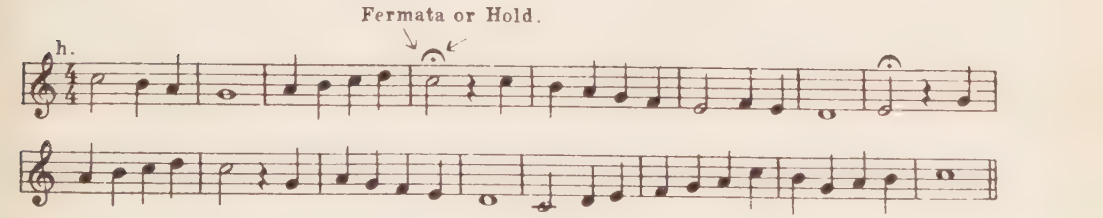
One whole note equals two half notes, thus:



One whole note equals four quarter notes, thus:

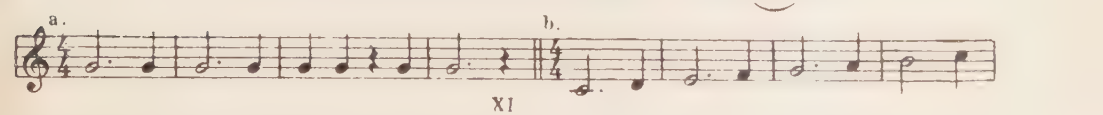


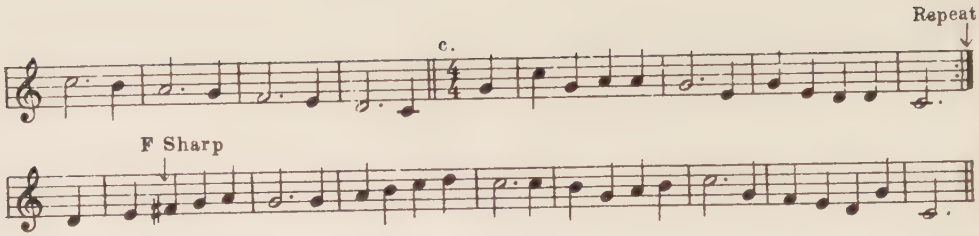




Dotted Half Note.

A dotted half note (𝅗𝅥.) equals three quarter notes (♩♩♩)

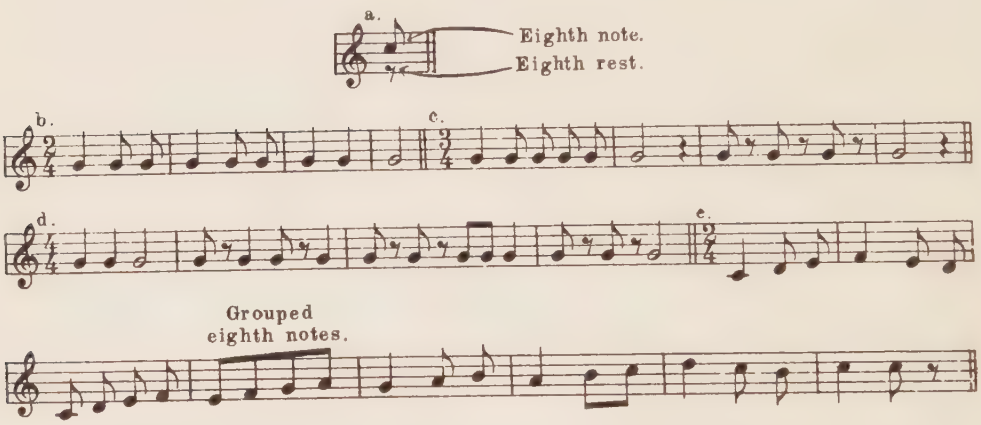




Eighth Note and Eighth Rest.

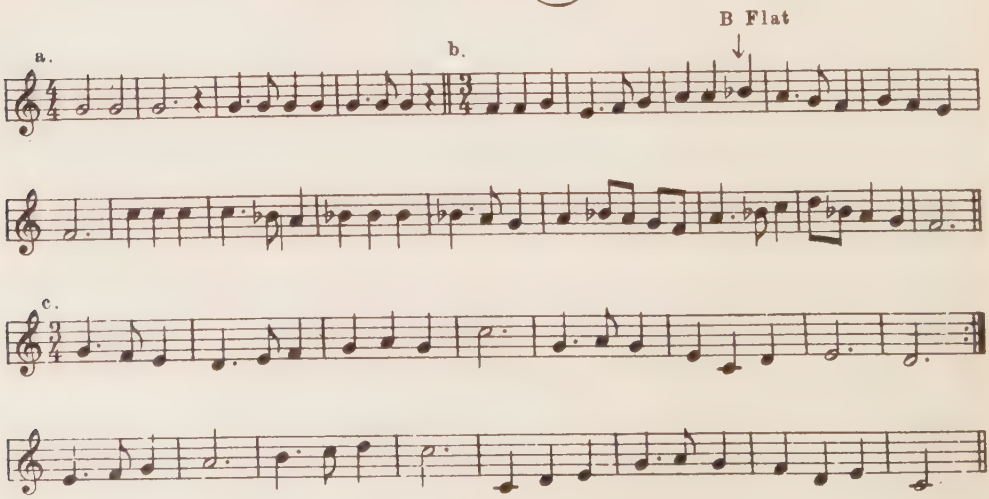
$\frac{2}{4}$ Measure.

(1 is strong, 2 is weak beat.)

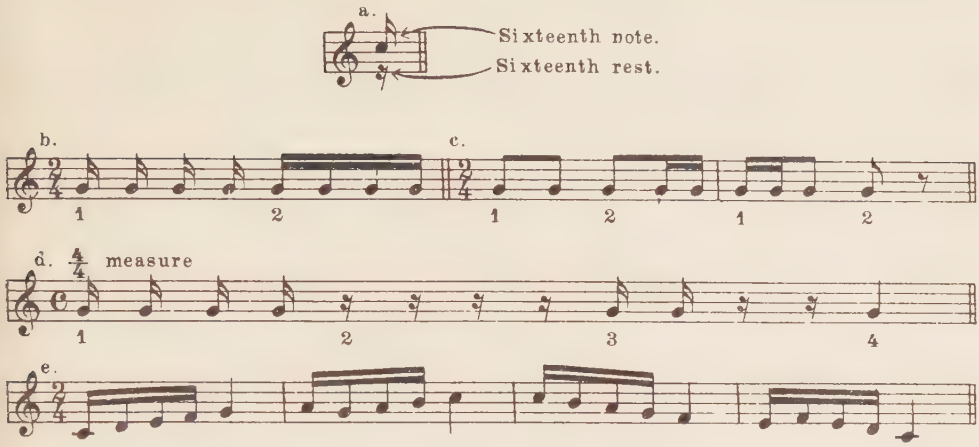


Dotted Quarter Note.

A dotted quarter note (♩.) equals three eighth notes (♪ ♪ ♪) or one quarter and one eighth note (♩ ♪).

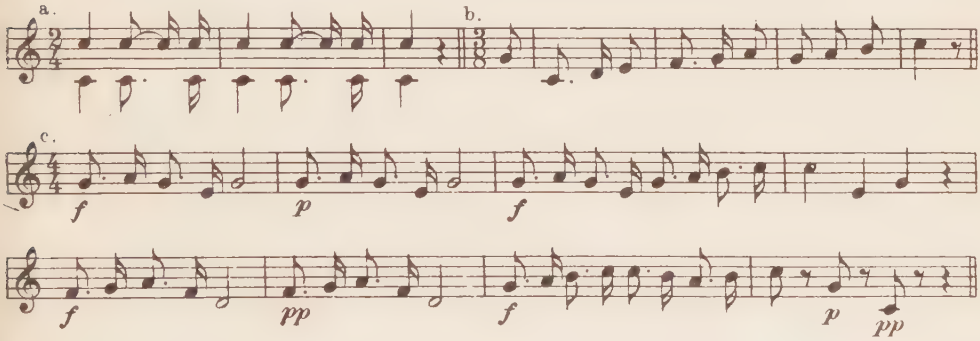


Sixteenth Note and Rest.



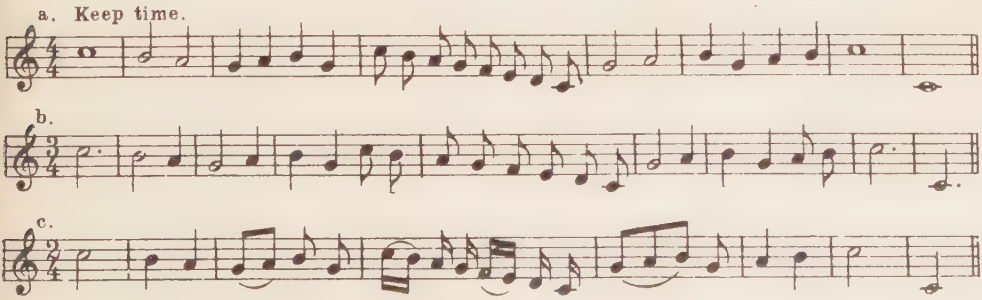
Dotted Eighth Note.

A dotted eighth note (♪.) equals three sixteenth notes (♪♪♪) or one eighth and one sixteenth (♪ ♪).



RHYTHM STUDIES.

(To be sung with vowels ä ō u (oo) ā ē, or "la," or syllables "do, re," etc., or soft hum.)



d.

e.

f

1 2 3 4 5 6

MAJOR SCALES AND CHORDS.

(Sing with syllables, or soft hum, or vowels, or "la.")

C major

G major.

D major.

A major.

E major.

F major.

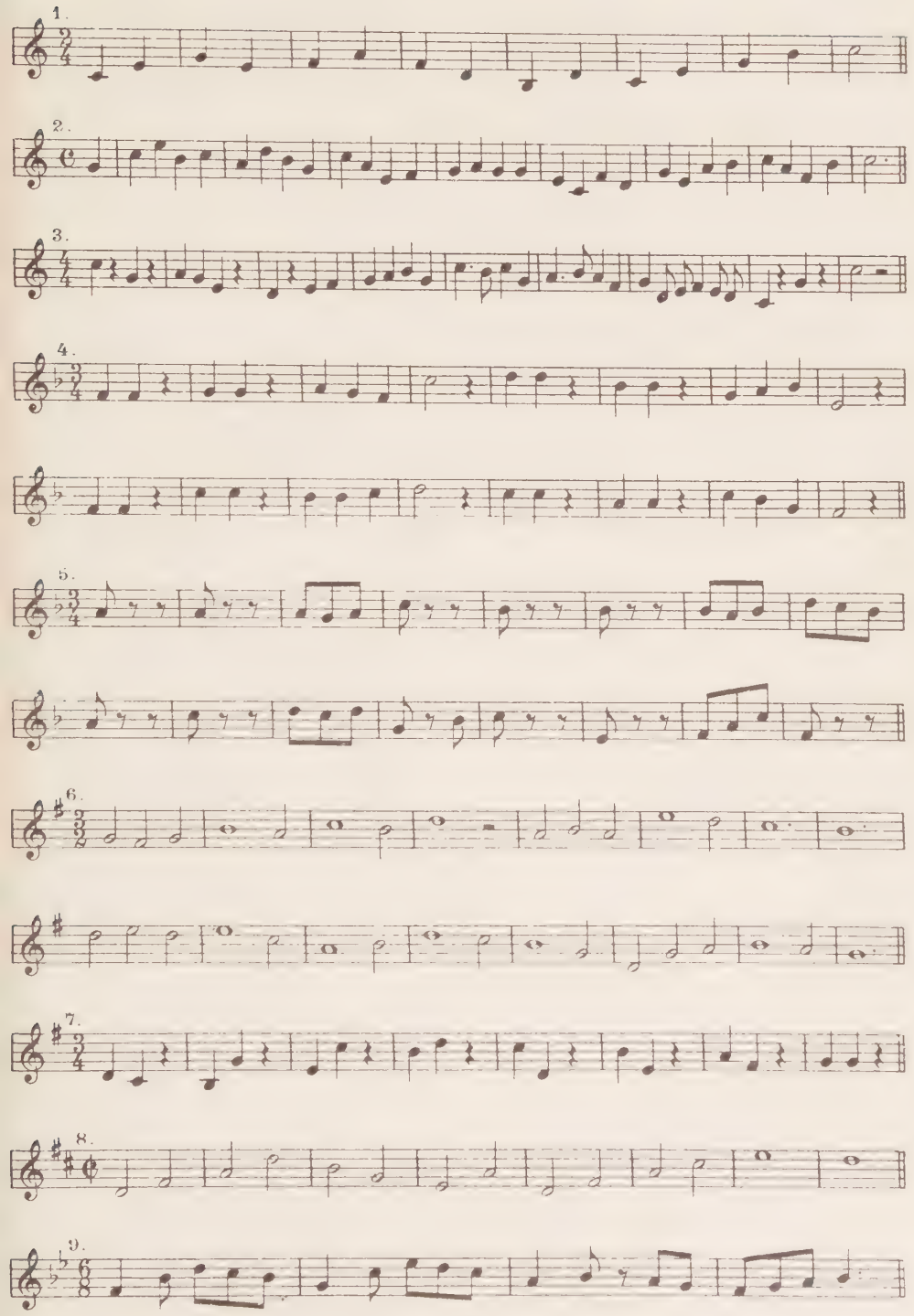
B♭ major.

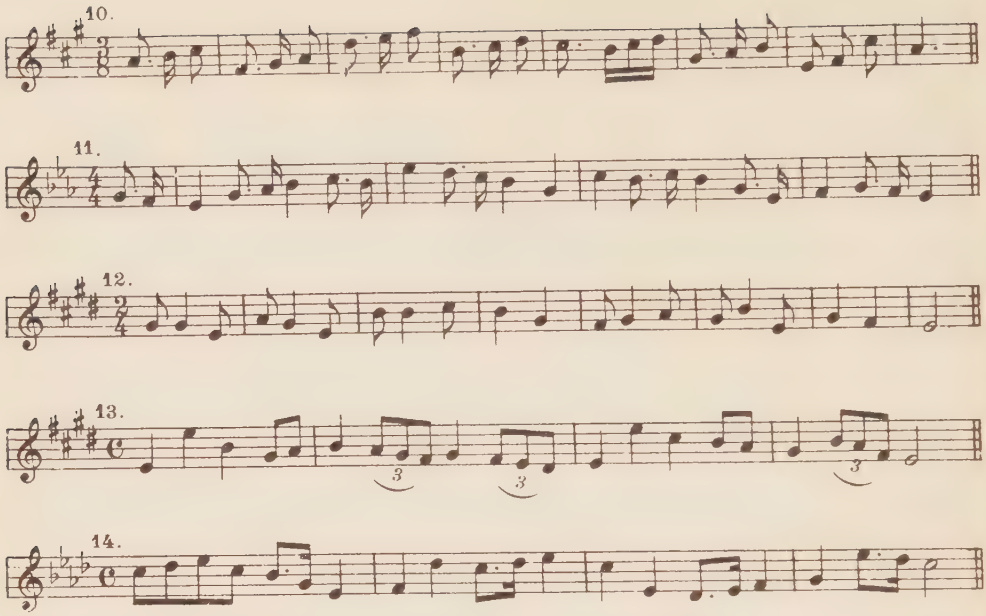
E♭ major.

A♭ major.

EXERCISES.

(Sing with syllables, vowels, soft hum, or "la.")





The teacher will add other exercises where and when needed.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN SINGING.

1. Observe a clear enunciation.
2. Carry the tone on the vowel (or vowels) in a word, not on the consonants.
3. In singing such words as at, and, hand, land, ask, last, etc., the vowel should be ah, as in äsk.
4. Emphasize words or syllables in singing as you would in speaking or reading.
5. When the article the is placed before a word beginning with a vowel, or one having a vowel sound, it is pronounced thee; example: The (thee) owl, the (thee) hour. If placed before a consonant, pronounce it thus: The (thä) horse, the stove.
6. Do not slur.
7. Do not carry over a final consonant.
8. Do not close mouth in the middle of a vowel sound.
9. Do not breathe between syllables.
10. Do not roll final "r."
11. Have regular breathing exercises.
12. The quality of the voice should be clear, pleasant, melodious, properly started, and evenly sustained. The tone should not be so loud as to sound strained, nor so soft as to sound feeble.

Select Songs

for

School and Home

The Church-Year.

ADVENT.

1. O Lord, How Shall I Meet Thee.

Paul Gerhardt.

M. Teschner, 1613.

1. O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a right?
All na-tions long to greet Thee, My Hope, my heart's De-light!

O kin-dle, dear-est Je-sus, Thy lamp with-in my breast, That

I may know what pleas-es Thee, Lord, my heav'n-ly Guest.

2.

Thy Zion strews before Thee
Green boughs and fairest palms,
And I, too, will adore Thee
With sweetest songs and psalms.
My heart shall bloom forever
For Thee with praises new,
And from Thy name shall never
Withhold the honor due.

3.

What hast Thou left ungranted
To give me glad relief?
When soul and body panted
In utmost depth of grief,
In deepest degradation,
Devoid of joy and peace,
Then Thou, my soul's Salvation,
Didst come to bring release.

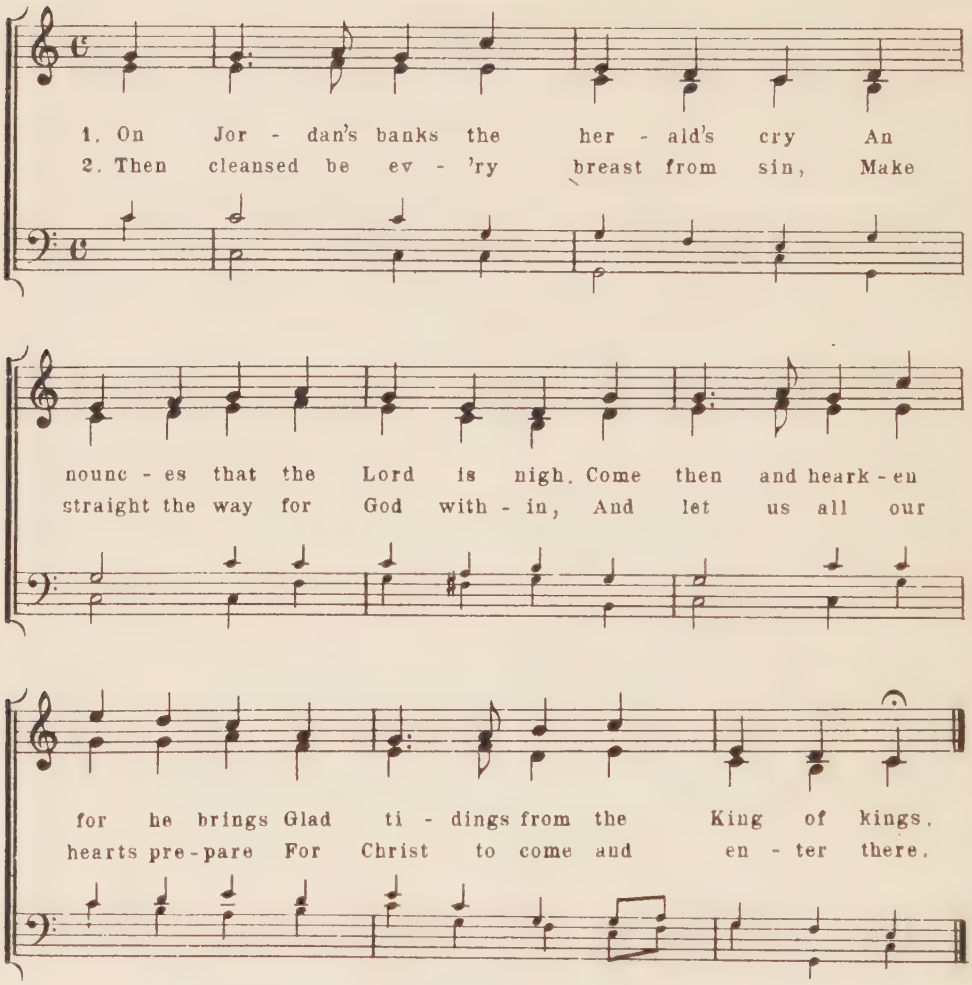
4

Naught, naught, dear Lord, could move Thee
To leave Thy rightful place,
Save love, for which I love Thee;
A love that could embrace
A world where sorrow dwelleth,
Which sin and suff'ring fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth;—
Yet Thou couldst love it still.

2. On Jordan's Banks the Herald's Cry.

Charles Coffin.

C. E. Willing.



3.

For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4.

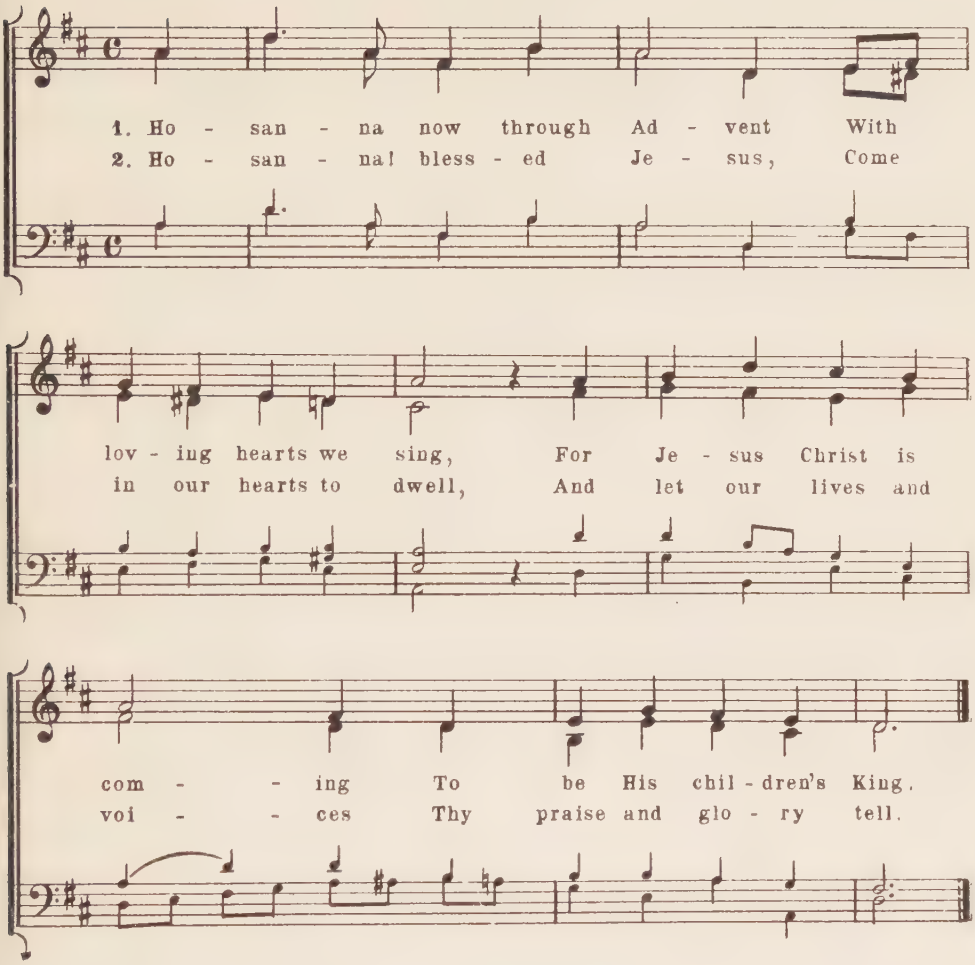
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent sets Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost forevermore.

John Chandler, Tr.

3. Hosanna Now Through Advent.

Claudia F. Hermann.

John Adcock.



3.

For we who sing Hosanna
Must like our Savior be,
In gentleness and meekness
In love and purity.

4

Hosanna! let this welcome
Ring out from ev'ry heart;
Draw nigh to us, O Jesus,
And nevermore depart

5

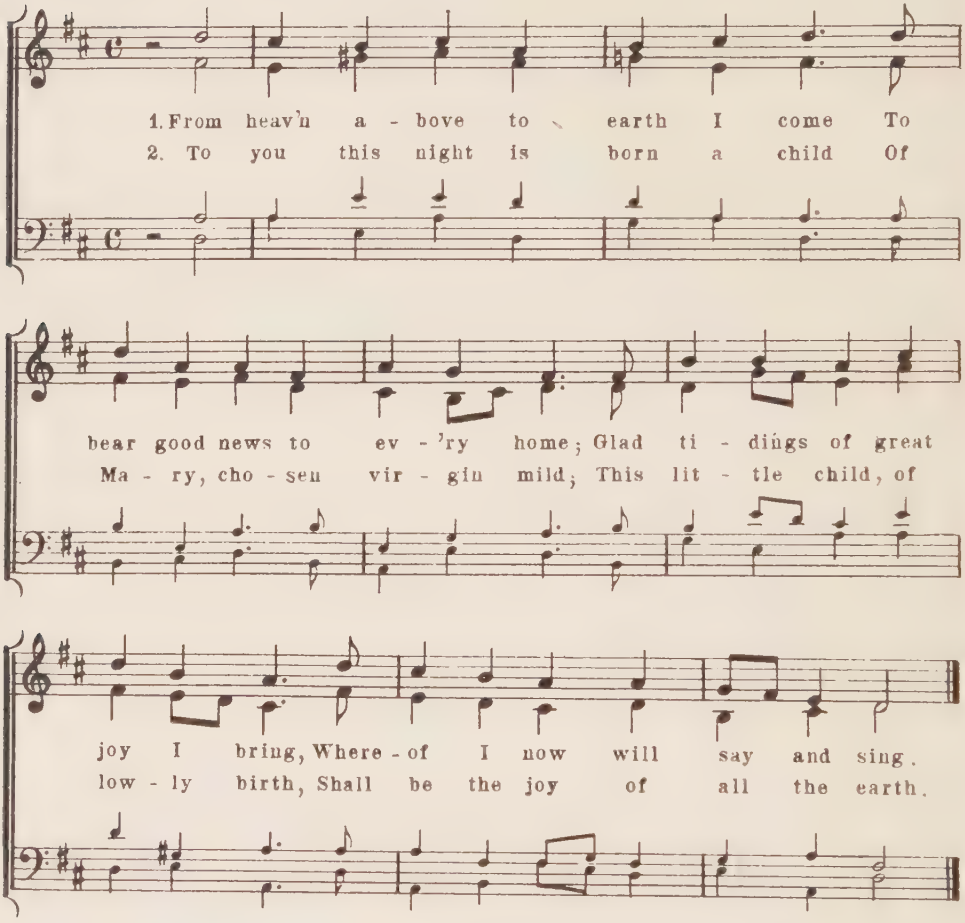
So when we see Thee coming
With angels in the sky,
Hosanna! loud Hosanna!
Shall be Thy children's cry

CHRISTMAS.

4. From Heav'n Above to Earth I Come.

Dr. M. Luther.

Schumann, 1539.



3.

This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself your Savior be
From all your sins to make you free.

4.

Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
Thou com st to share my misery,
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

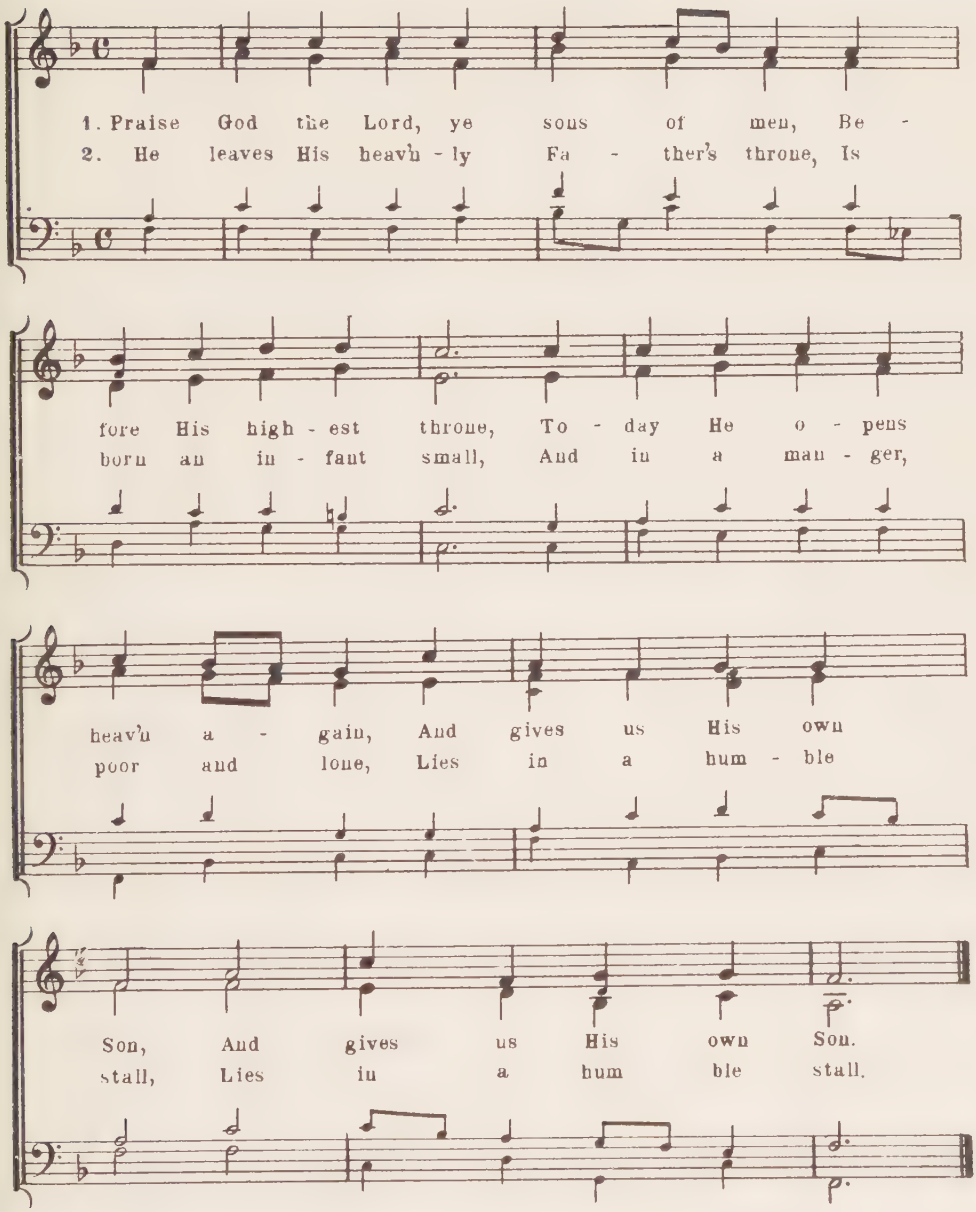
5.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5. Praise God the Lord, Ye Sons of Men.

N. Hermann.

N. Hermann, 1554.



3.

A wondrous change which He doth make,
He takes our flesh and blood,
And lays aside for sinners' sake
His majesty of God.

4.

He opens us again the door
Of Paradise to-day;
The cherub guards the gate no more,
To God our thanks we pay.

A. Crull, Tr. a.

6. Hark! the Herald-Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley

Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;
2. Come, De-sire of na-tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum-ble home;

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!"
Oh, to all Thy-self im-part, Formed in each be-liev-ing heart!

Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;

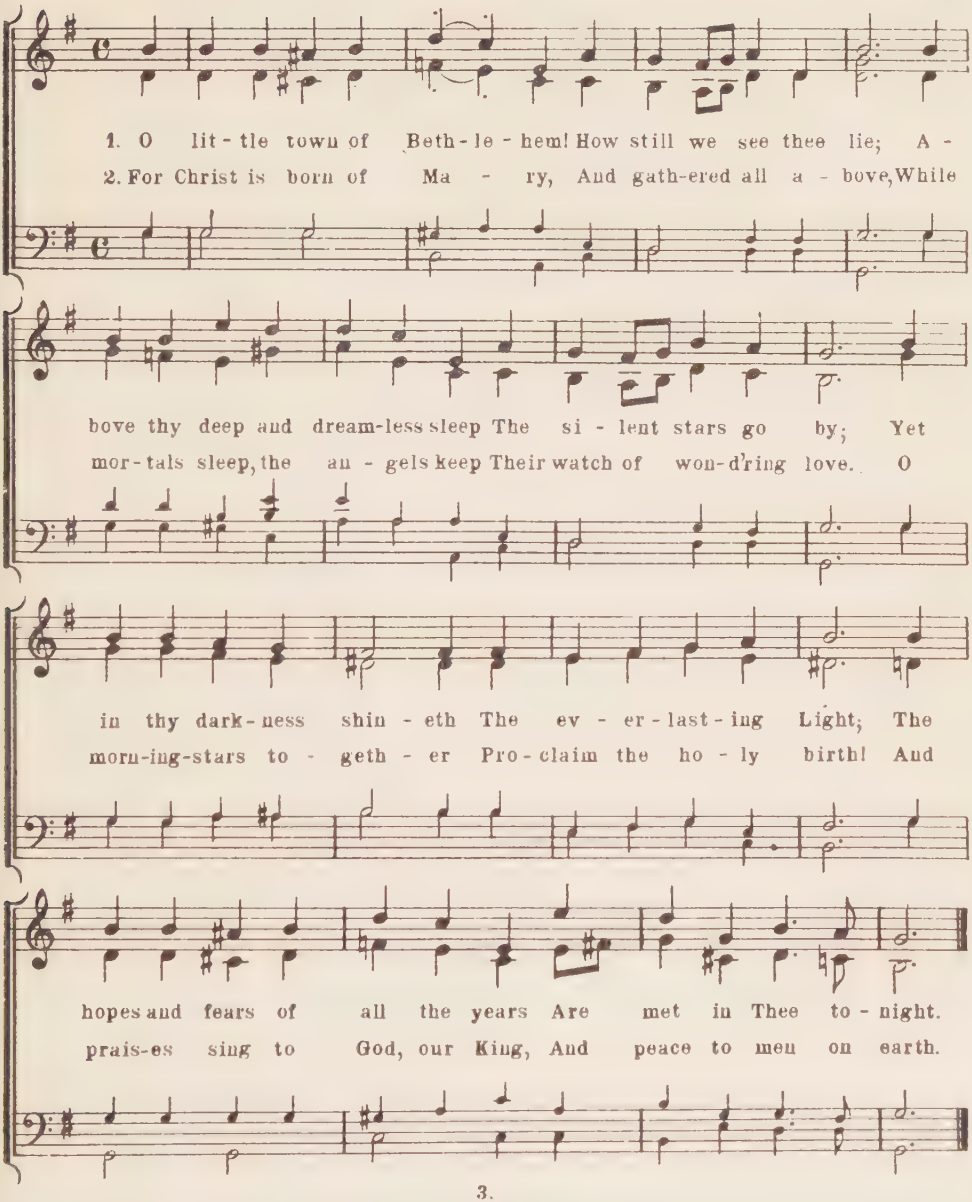
With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ, the Lord is born to-day!
Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!"

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

7. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phil. Brooks.

L. H. Redner.



3.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

8. Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.

Isaac Watts.

Haydn.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room; And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.

3.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

9. Sing, O Sing, This Blessed Morn.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Henry Smart

1. Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born, Un - to us a Son is giv'n, God Him - self comes down from heav'n. Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

2. God of God and Light of Light Comes with mer-cies in - fin ite, Join - ing in a won - drous plan Heav'n to earth and God to man. Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

3. God with us, Im - man - u - el, Deigns for - ev - er now to dwell; He on A - dam's fall - en race Sheds the ful - ness of His grace. Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

4.

God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

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10. Near Bethl'em Town Were Shepherds Meek.

O. F. Rusch.

O. F. Rusch.

1. Near Beth - l'em town were shep-herds meek Their flocks to watch by night. The glo - ry of the Lord ap-peared, Filled them with sore af - fright. There came an an - gel say - ing, "Fear not!" their dread al - lay - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. For un - to you is born this day A Sav - ior, Christ the Lord, And this the sign to find the way, Seek Him with one ac - cord: In a man-ger poor and low - ly The Christ-child pure and ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

3.

And, "Glory be to God on high,
On earth peace ev'rywhere,
Good will toward men," in joyous strain,
And heav'nly melody rare,
The angel choir was singing
God praise, exulting, bringing.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

13. O Christmas-Tree, Thou Lovely Tree.

1. O Christ-mas-tree, thou love-ly tree, Thy beau-ty nev-er turn-ing, A
2. O bliss-ful night with wonders fraught, Thou gav-est us a Sav-ior, The

gar-den small be-low we see, O'er it thy branch-es stretch-ing free With
Lord who our sal-va-tion wrought, If heav'n by Him had not been brought, Man-

blos-soms bright-ly burn-ing, With blos-soms bright-ly burn-ing, Yea, burn - ing.
kind were lost for-ev-er, Man-kind were lost for-ev-er, For-ev - er.

3.

O welcome Him! It is no dream.
He calls your heart His garden,
Where, though too narrow it may seem
He plants a tree of wondrous gleam,
Remains its faithful warden,
Remains its faithful warden,
Yea, warden.

For "Select Songs" by A. Pennekamp, Tr.

14. Candles Gleaming.

1. Can-dles gleam-ing, can-dles gleam-ing, Shed their rad-iance o-ver me. Chil-dren's
2. Wel-come pres-ents, wel-come pres-ents, Brings the glitt-ring Christmas-tree. Treas-ures

fa-ces glad are beam-ing Gath-ered 'round the Christ-mas-tree. Oh, these
heav'n-ly and re-fresh-ing From a-bove are shed on me; For our

can-dles shin-ing bright Tell of God's e-ter-nal light; From the
Sav-ior came this night, Turned our dark-ness in-to light. Bless-ed

man-ger low-ly seem-ing, Ja-cob's star is bright-ly beam-ing.
peace He brings to mor-tals, Wide He o-pens heav-en's por-tals.

3.

Songs of gladness, songs of gladness,
Loud resound our joyful lays!
From our hearts we banish sadness:
God on High, we sing Thy praise!
Can there be a greater love
Than Thy Son's, who from above
Came to die for our salvation?
Lord, we bow in adoration.

For "Select Songs" by A Pennekamp, Tr. a.

15. There Was No Room for Mary There.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Franz Graf von Pocci.

1. There was no room for Ma - ry there In Beth - l'em's
2. In hu-man form came down the Lord To men for -

inn; They knocked and wait - ed ev - 'ry where But
lorn; And yet the world would not af - ford A

no one said, "Come in!" But no one said, "Come in!"
shel - ter to be born, A shel - ter to be born.

3.

And still He standeth at the door
Of ev'ry home;
Alas so many lock the door,
And say, "There is no room." : , :

4.

Dear Lord, come in, I welcome Thee,
Do not depart!
I would that Thou be born in me,
There's room within my heart. :,:

16. Where Are You Going, Children Dear?

G. Schaller.

C. F. Baum.

Duet.

1. Where are you go - ing, chil - dren dear, To -

Chorus.

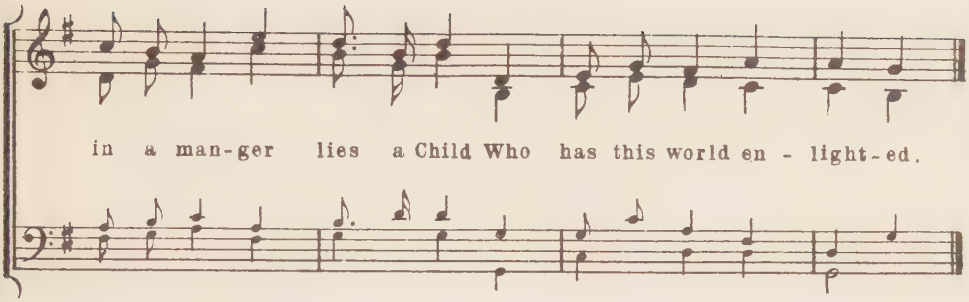
night with all those flow - ers? To Beth - le - hem in Ju-dah's

hills To spend our ev - 'ning hours.

Duet.

Chorus.

What seek ye there in Beth - le-hem, That vil - lage small be-night-ed? There



2.

Duet: Who is that child in Bethlehem?
Oh! tell us this, we pray you.
Chorus: This child is Christ, the Son of God,
Who came this night to save you.
Duet: Who said that He hath come for me,
This child so small and tender?
Chorus: The angel who from heaven came
In majesty and splendor.

3.

Duet: And can I go with you to-night
To worship and adore Him?
Chorus: Yes! come with us unto His throne
And bow your knees before Him.
Full Chorus: Oh! let us all then journey on
To Christ, our Heav'nly Treasure,
And join the angels in their song
To show our joy and pleasure.

4.

All glory be to God on high
And peace to ev'ry nation!
Hosanna! to the glorious King
Who claims our adoration.
Hosanna! sing to David's Son,
All who have tongues and voices—
To-day He's born in Bethlehem,
And heav'n and earth rejoices.

17. O Come, Let Us Worship.

A. C. Wuchter.

G. H. Trebel.

1. O come, let us wor-ship The Beth-le-hem Child, That lay in a man-ger, So ten-der and mild; The stars that shone bright-ly, That night o-ver-head, Still glow in their beau-ty, Though a-ges have fled.
2. O come, let us wor-ship With shep-herds of old, Their sheep and their lamb-kins, All safe in the fold: The song of the an-gels Still floats on the air, And car-ries the mes-sage Of love ev-'ry-where.
3. O come, let us wor-ship; Those Wise Men of old, Wide o-pen their treas-ures Of spic-es and gold; So come to the man-ger, And wor-ship the King, Your love and your ser-vice As trib-ute now bring.

18. Glad Christmas-Bells.

W. Volckmar.

1. Glad Christ-mas-bells, your mu-sic tells The sweet and pleas-ant sto-ry How
2. Where on the hill, all safe and still, The fold-ed flocks were ly-ing; Down

came on earth, in low - ly birth, The Lord of life and glo - ry. How
through the air an an - gel fair On wing of flame came fly - ing. "Fear

from a - far a splen-did star The Wise Men west-ward turn - ing, The
not," said he for tremb-ling - ly The shep-herds stood in won - der, Glad

live-long night saw pure and bright, The live-long night saw pure and bright, A -
news I bring: the prom-ised King, Glad news I bring: the prom-ised King, Lies

bove His birth-place burn - ing, A - bove His birth-place burn - ing.
in a sta - ble yon - der, Lies in a sta - ble yon - der."

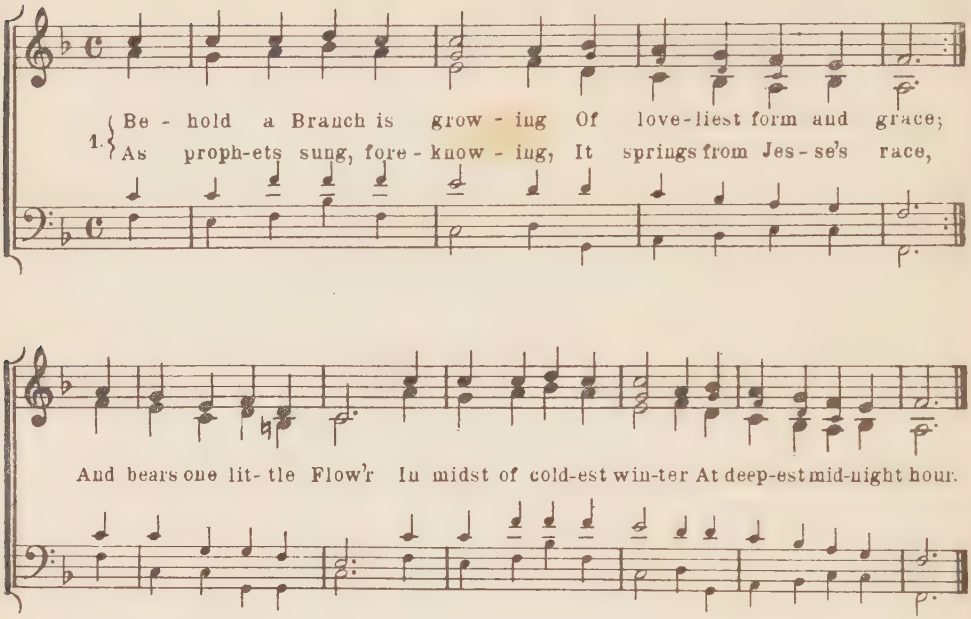
3.

The heav'nly choir, with tongues of fire,
Broke out in joyful singing,
Till with their cry the very sky
From end to end was ringing:
Glory to Thee forever be,
God in the highest, glory!
Good will to men, and peace again :,:
On earth is beaming o'er thee! :,:

19. Behold, a Branch is Growing.

16th Century.

Praetorius.



2.

Isaiah hath foretold it
In words of promise sure,
And Mary's arms enfold It,
A virgin meek and pure.
Through God's eternal will
This Child to her is given
At midnight calm and still.

3.

The shepherds hear the story
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of Glory,
Was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped;
And in the manger found Him
As angel-heralds said.

4.

This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere.
True Man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us
And lightens every load.

5.

O Savior, Child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of Glory,
Who dost our weakness know,
Bring us at length, we pray,
To the bright courts of heaven,
And to the endless day.

Harriet R. Krauth, Tr.

Stanza 5 by John Casper Mattes, 1914.

20. Behold a Branch is Growing.

Praetorius.

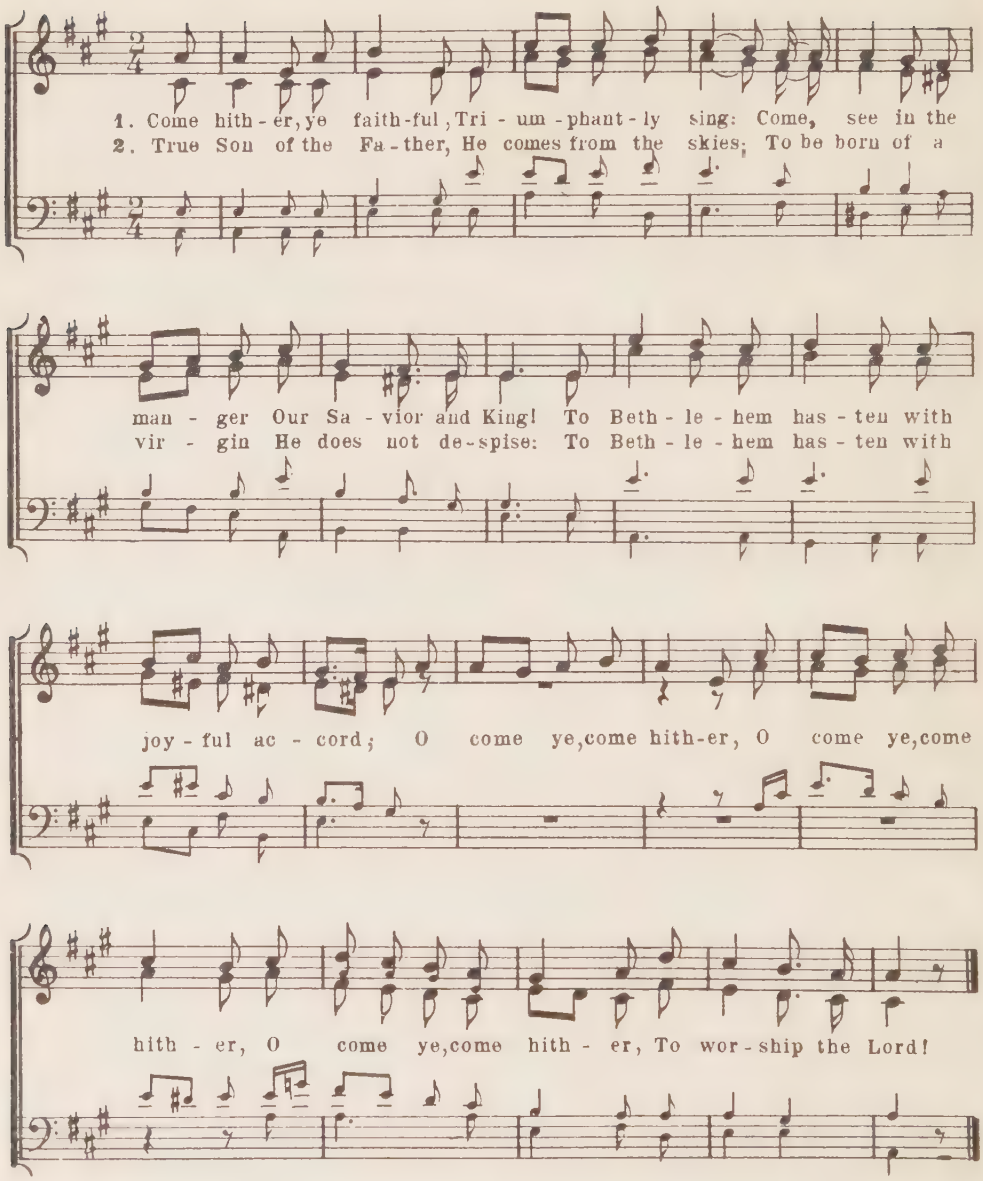
1. Be-hold a Branch is grow-ing Of love-liest form and grace;
As proph-ets sung, fore-kno-wing, It springs from Jes-se's race,

And bears one lit-tle Flow'r, In midst of cold-est

win-ter At deep-est mid-night hour.

21. Come Hither, Ye Faithful.

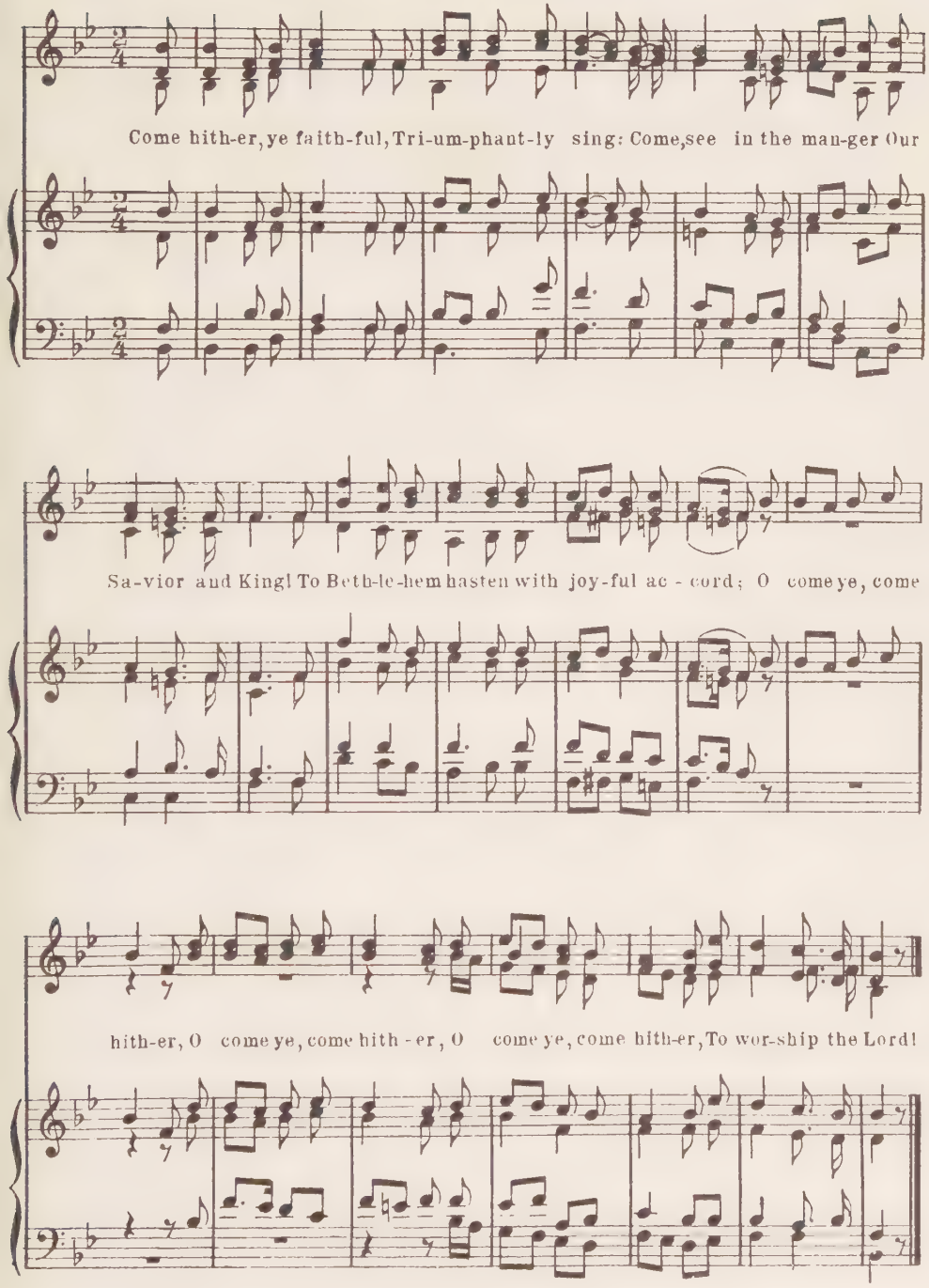
17th Century.



3.

Hark, hark to the angels,
All singing in heaven:
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

22. Come Hither, Ye Faithful.



23. Immanuel, We Sing Thy Praise.

P. Gerhardt.

J. A. Theiss.

1. Im-man-u - el, we sing Thy praise, Thou Prince of Life and
2. With all Thy saints Thee, Lord, we sing, Praise, hon - or, thanks to

Fount of Grace, Thou Flow'r of heav'n and Star of morn, Thou Lord of
Thee we bring, That Thou, O long-ex - pect-ed Guest, Hast come at

lords, Thou Vir - gin-born. Hal - le - - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
last to make us blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

3.

For Thee, since first the world was made,
So many hearts have watched and prayed;
The patriarchs' and prophets' throng
For Thee have hoped and waited long.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

4.

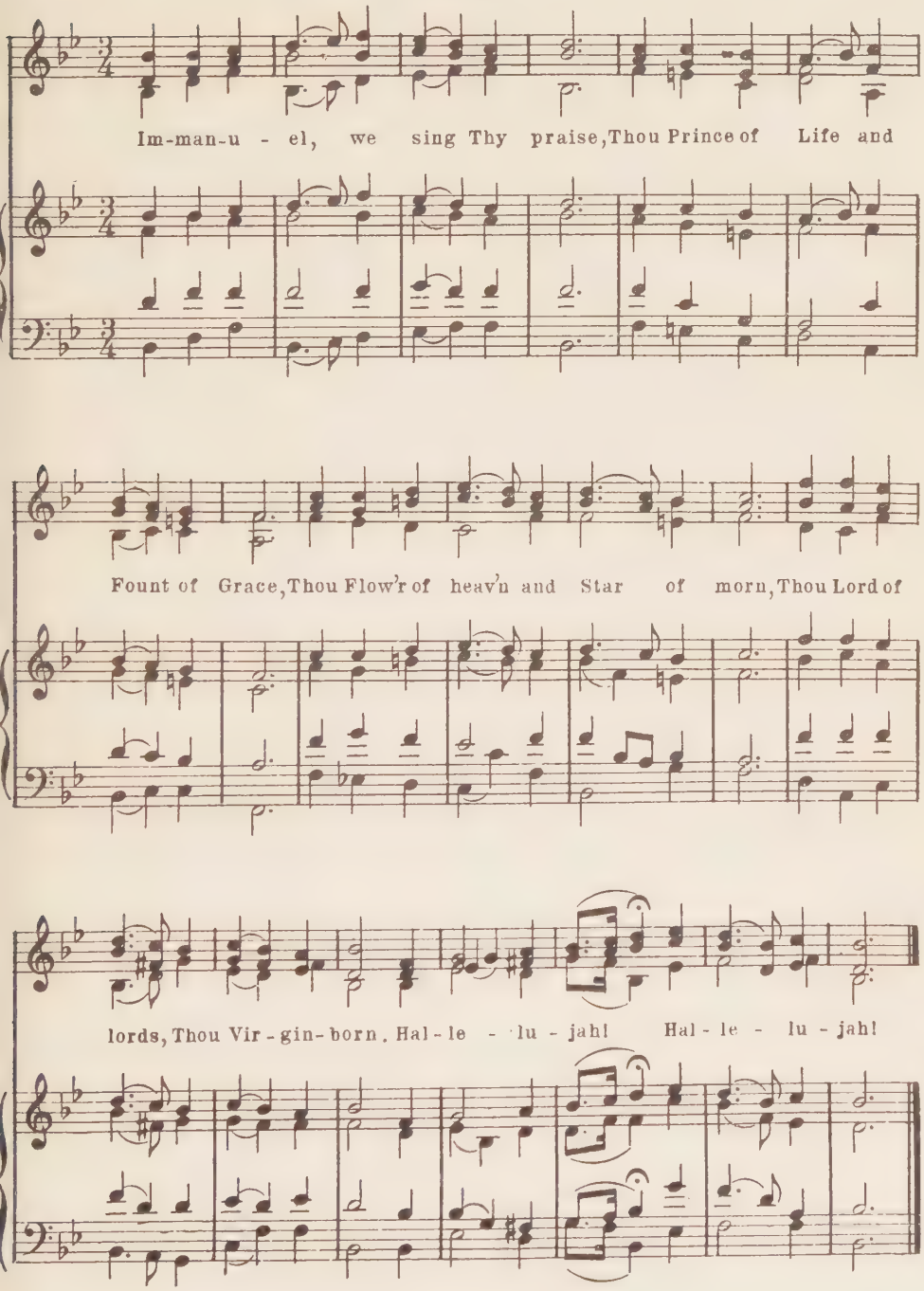
Now Thou art here, Thou Ever-blest,
In lowly manger Thou dost rest;
Who makest all things great and small;
Naked Thyself, who clothest all.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

5.

I'll sing loud Hallelujahs here,
With joyful spirit year by year;
And in Thy courts of joy above
Forever will I sing Thy love.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

24. Immanuel, We Sing Thy Praise.

P. Gerhardt. J. A. Theiss.



25. Oh, How Joyfully.

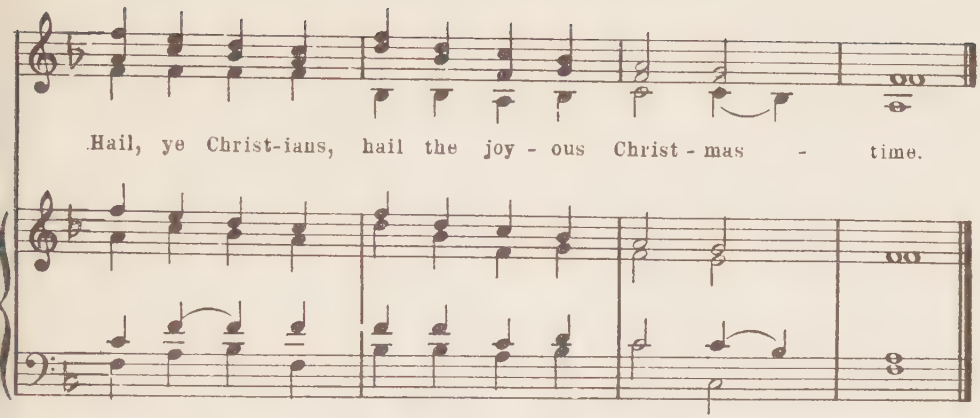
J. Falk.

Two-or three-part. Sicilian Folksong.

1. Oh, how joy - ful - ly, Oh, how mer - ri - ly

Christ - mas comes with its grace di - vine!

Grace a - gain is beam - ing, Christ the world re - deem - ing:



2.

Oh, how joyfully, Oh, how merrily
Christmas comes with its peace divine!
Peace on earth is reigning
Christ our peace regaining,
Hail, ye Christians, hail the joyous
Christmas time!

3

Oh, how joyfully, Oh, how merrily
Christmas comes with its life divine!
Angels high in glory
Chant the Christmas story:
Hail, ye Christians, hail the joyous
Christmas time!

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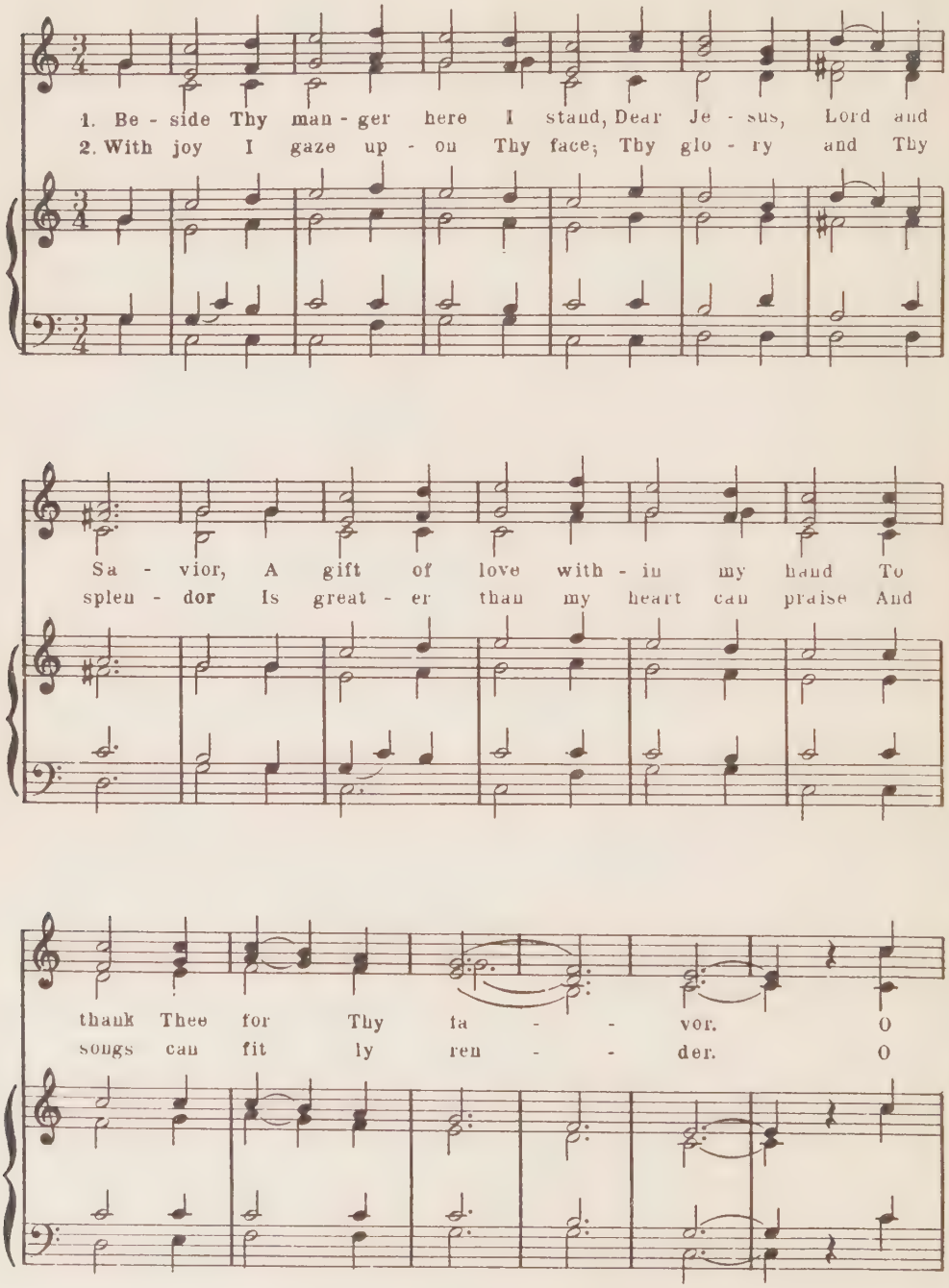
26. Beside Thy Manger Here I Stand.

P. Gerhardt.

Two-or three-part. C. Wonnberger.



take my hum - ble of - fer - ing, My heart, my soul, yea,
how I wish my mind would be As bound - less as the

ev - 'ry - thing Is Thine to keep for ev - er.
deep - est sea,— 'Twould still be lost in won - der.

3.

O grant me this abundant grace—
I hope 'twill meet Thy pleasure—
That I may be Thy dwelling-place,
Dear Savior, Sweetest Treasure!
O let me be Thy manger-bed,
Then shall I lift my lowly head
With joy beyond all measure.

W. M. Czamanske, Tr.

27. Silent Night! Holy Night!

Two-or three-part. Jos. Mohr F. Gruber.

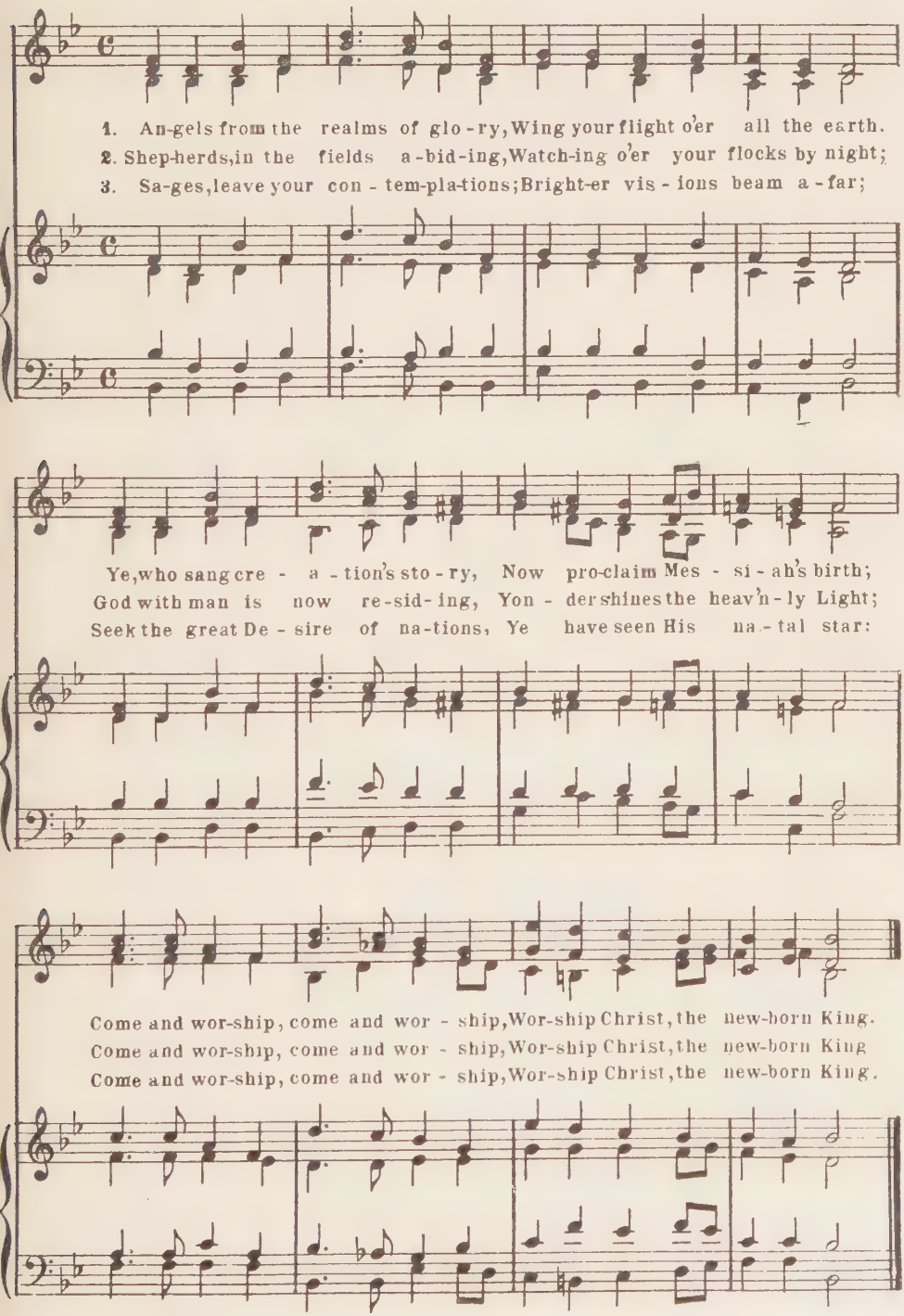
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight.
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly In-fant so ten-der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia!
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem-ing grace,

Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sa-vior, is born! Christ, the Sa-vior, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

28. Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Two-or three-part James Montgomery. Henry Smart.



29. Zion's Daughter, O Rejoice!

Two-or three-part G. F. Haendel.

1. Zi - on's daugh-ter, O re - joice!
2. Hail, ho - san - na, Da - - vid's Son,

Shout a - loud, Je - ru - - sa - lem!
Be Thou by Thy peo - - ple blest!

Lo, Thy King doth come to thee,
Thine e - ter - nal king - dom come!

Yea, He comes, the Prince of Peace.
Praise be sung to Thee on high!

Zi - on's daugh - ter, O re - joice!
Hail, ho - san - na, Da - - vid's Son,

Shout a - loud, Je - ru - - sa - lem!
Be Thou by Thy peo - - ple blest!

3.

Hail, hosanna, David's Son,
Be Thou welcome, gentle King!
Firmly stands Thy Throne of peace,
Thou, the Father's only Son!
Hail, hosanna, David's Son,
Be Thou by Thy people blest!

H. Brueckner, Tr.

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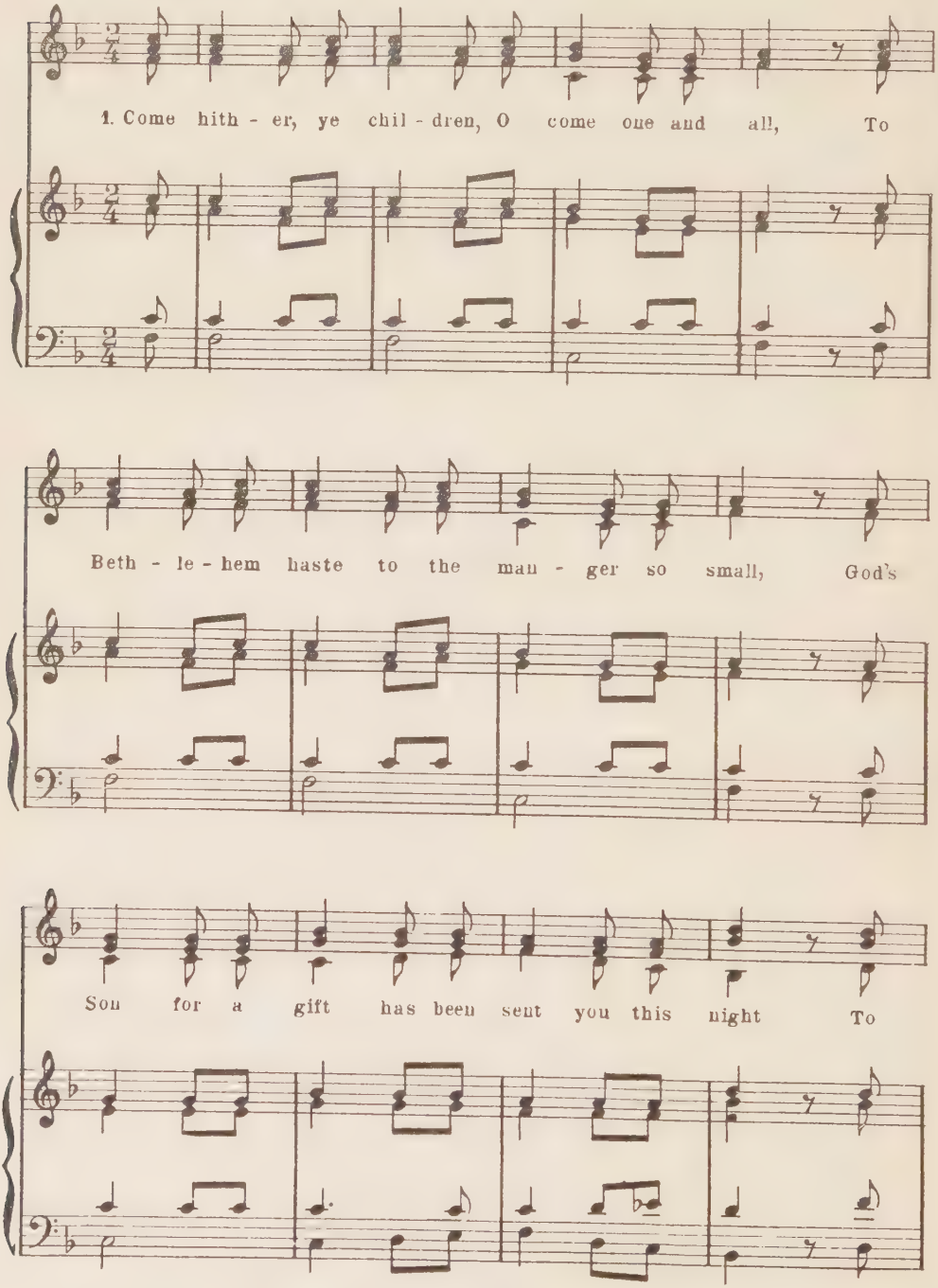
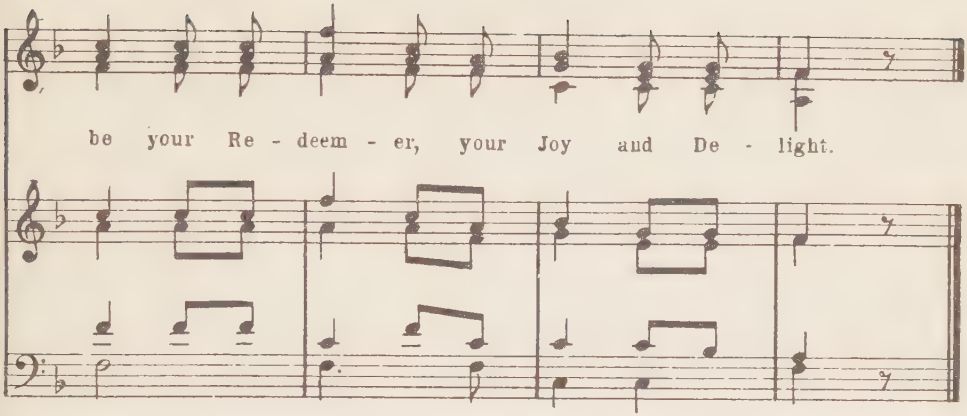
30. Come Hither, Ye Children.

Chr. v. Schmid.

Two-or three-part.

J. A. P. Schulz.





2.

He's born in a stable for you and for me;
Draw near by the bright gleaming starlight to see,
In swaddling clothes lying, so meek and so mild,
And purer than angels—the heavenly Child.

3.

See Mary and Joseph, with love-beaming eyes,
Are gazing upon the rude bed where He lies,
The shepherds are kneeling, with hearts full of love,
While angels sing loud Hallelujahs above.

4.

Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds to-day
Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they;
Rejoice that a Savior from sin you can boast,
And join in the song of the heavenly host.

31. O Did You Hear the Wondrous Story?

G. Schaller.

J. A. Theiss.

1. O did you hear the won-drous sto-ry, And have you learn'd the news so blest? The
2. God's ver-y Son comes down from heav-en In man's poor flesh and blood to dwell, A
3. Then, dear-est Child, let me en - fold Thee And fond-ly draw Thee to my breast; My

King of kings and Lord of glo - ry, From heav'n de-scends to be our guest! Be-
Sa-vior by the Fa-ther giv - en, Glad cher - u - bim the tid-ings tell, Oh,
heart's De-light, firm will I hold Thee, In Thy great love for-ev - er blest. Be -

hold in Beth-le-hem a moth - er Be - side her new-born babe re-cline, A
if this Child by an-gels cher-ished, Had not ap-peared our race to save, Man-
fore Thy man-ger kneel-ing ev - er Thy pov - er - ty my wealth shall be, Nor

lit-tle child like an-y oth er, So hu-man and yet all di-vine.
kind in sin and death had per-ished As Sa-tan's help-less trem-bling slave.
life nor death my love shall sev-er From Thee un-til Thy face I see.

Solo.

Christ-child, Christ-child, Thy great love I prize, Bring me, O bring me to sweet
Christ-child, Christ-child, Thy great love I prize, Bring me, O bring me to sweet
Christ-child, Christ-child, Thy great love I prize, Bring me, O bring me to sweet

Tutti

Par - a - dise
Par - a - dise Bring me, O bring me to sweet Par - a - dise.
Par - a - dise

F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

32. In the Silence of the Midnight.

Emily B. Johnson.

Mildred J. Hill.

1. In the si - lence of the mid - night,
2. Soon the shep - herds and the wise men,
3. Though so rude and poor His cra - dle,

In an old Ju - de - an town, Lay a Ba - by
Led by Beth - lem's guid - ing star, Came with won - der,
Though so sim - ple was His dress, King of kings the

in a man - ger, Lov - ing an - gels look - ing down.
awe, and wor - ship, Bring - ing rich gifts from a - far
an - gels named Him, And He came the world to bless.

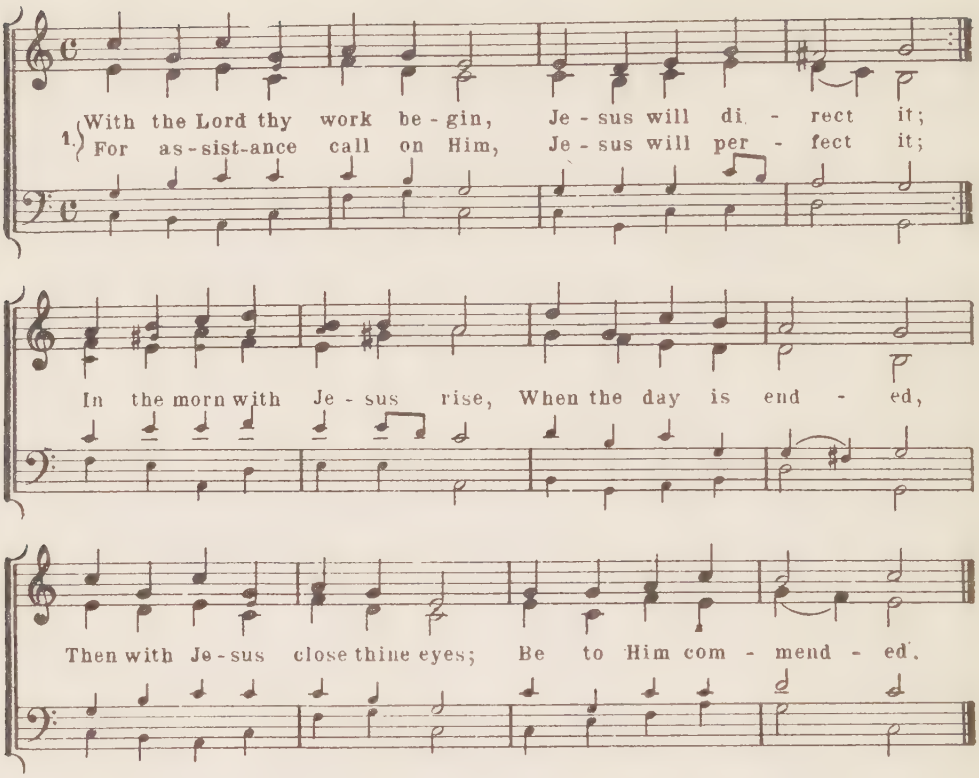
Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Peace on earth, good will to men; Sing - ing glo - ry,
Peace on earth, good will to men; Sing - ing glo - ry,
Peace on earth, good will to men; Sing - ing glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, good will to men.
glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, good will to men.
glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, good will to men.

NEW YEAR

33. With the Lord Thy Work Begin.



2.

Early in the morn should we
Jesus be addressing,
Pray that He our Aid may be
In all needs distressing;
Morning, evening, and at night
He is ever near us;
O'er the tide of Satan's might
He will safely bear us.

3.

If Thy Jesus near thee be
Foes may storm in fury,
From their craft He shieldeth thee,
He will well secure thee.
All thy confidence repose
In the mighty Master;
Only trust Him, Jesus knows
How to stem disaster.

4.

If thine efforts thus shall be
By thy God directed,
Free from cares thou then shalt see
All thy hopes perfected,
Blessings thou on earth shalt know,
Thee success be given,
And at last God shall bestow
Thee thy part in heaven.

5.

Here, Lord Jesus, unto Thee
All my cares I tender,
Life and death submissively
I to Thee surrender.
Jesus, in Thy name begun
Be henceforth my service;
May it thus be all well done;
Amen, Jesus, hear us.

34. With the Lord Thy Task Begin.

C. C. Hohlfeldt.

C. Wonnberger.

1. With the Lord thy task be-gin: Child-like faith in Him pos-sess-ing, Look thou
2. With the Lord thy task be-gin: Him for thy true Lead-er tak-ing, Nev-er-

on - ly for His bless-ing, Hum-bly say - ing this with - in: With the
more His ways for - sak - ing, Thou art sure thy goal to win: With the

ritard.

Lord thy task be - gin, With the Lord thy task be - gin.
Lord thy task be - gin, With the Lord thy task be - gin.

3.

With the Lord thy task begin:
Courage He, thy Helper, lendeth,
Happily thy labor endeth,
Wrought in God and not in sin:
With the Lord thy task begin. :,:

H. Brueckner, Tr.

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EPIPHANY.

35. As with Gladness Men of Old.

W. C. Dix.

C. Kocher

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright:

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee.

2.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed soul at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

PASSION.

36. O Bleeding Head and Wounded.

P. Gerhardt.

Hans Leo. Hassler, 1601.

1. O bleed-ing Head, and wound-ed, And full of pain and scorn,
In mock-er-y sur-round-ed With cru-el crown of thorn!

Oh Head! once crowned with glo-ry And heav'n-ly maj-es-ty, But now de-spised and go-ry; Yet here I wel-come Thee.

2.

My burden in Thy passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression,
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
Have mercy, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, spurn me not!

3.

When hence I must betake me,
Lord, do not Thou depart!
O nevermore forsake me,
When death is at my heart!
When soul and body languish,
O leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish,
By virtue of Thine own!

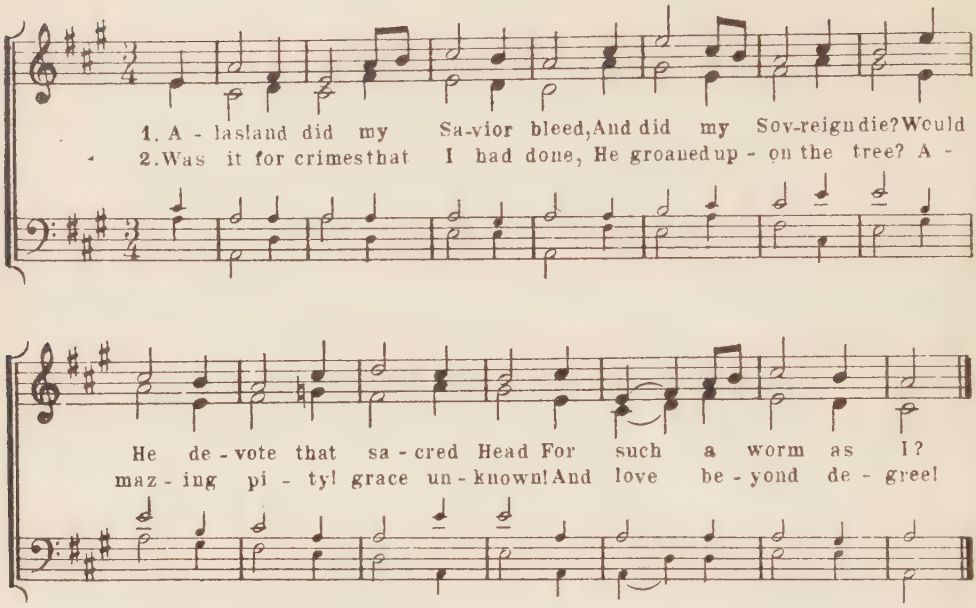
4.

Be Thou my Consolation
And Shield when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion,
When my last hour draws nigh,
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee,
Who dieth thus, dies well!

37. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed.

Isaac Watts.

H. Wilson.



3.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

4.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

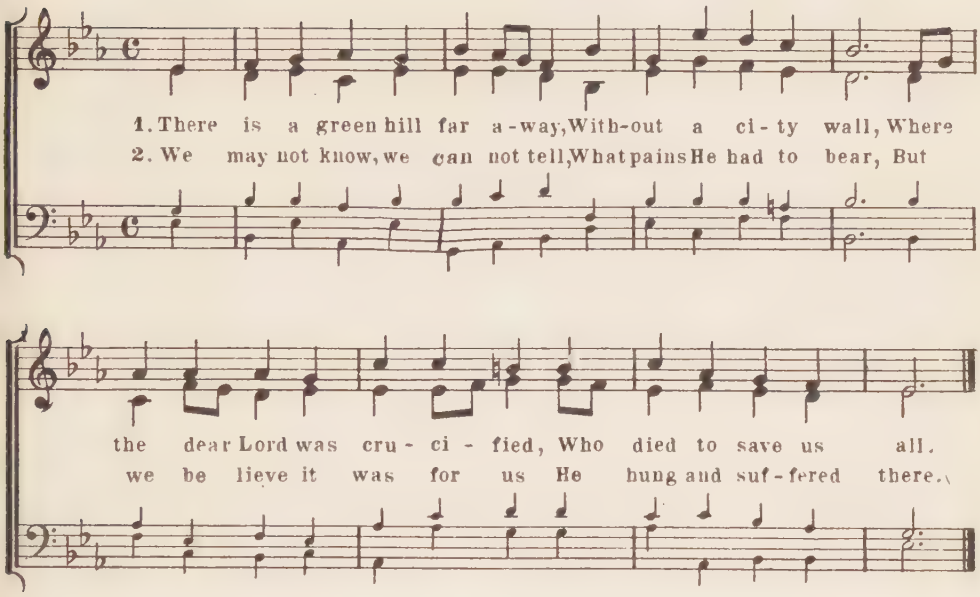
5.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

38. There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

C. F. Alexander.

W. Horsley, 1844.



3.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n,
Saved by His precious blood.

4.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

5.

Oh, dearly, dearly He has loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

39. Savior, Thy Dying Love.

S. D. Phelps.

Rob. Lowry.

1. Sa - vior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble

ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Thy won drous love de-clare; Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.

3.

Give me a faithful heart,
Likness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4.

All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

40. Good Friday.

Dr. C. F. W. Walther.

Dr. C. F. W. Walther

1. O thou Day, what shall I call thee, When our Sa-vior paid the price
2. If they do to fair, green Branch-es These things woe un-to the dry!

For our sins, and cross up - lift-ed, Hung a - bleed-ing sac-ri - fice;
If the Guilt-less thus must suf-fer, Whith-er, sin - ner, wilt thou fly?

When "Tis fin-ished!" loud He cried Sink-ing in-to death's dark tide.
O thou Day when wrath so dread Stands ful-filled, as God's Book said.

3.

Not for sins that He committed
Did the Lord of Glory die;
Love that never can be measured
Brought Him to such agony.
God's eternal Son was slain
Birthright for lost man to gain.

4.

Therefore sing, my heart, rejoicing
Sing the song of jubilee!
Sweetest comfort! for all sinners
Christ hath died upon the tree!
If One pays the sins for all,
All are ransomed from the fall.

5.

O with boundless joy I hail thee,
Blessed Friday, day of grace!
Lowly sinners, not the righteous
May thy precious gifts embrace.
My sins, too, were washed away,
On that blest Atonement Day!

For "Select Songs" by F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

PALM SUNDAY.

41. Sing Hosanna.

Sing Ho-san-na! Bless-ed be He that com-eth in the name of the Lord, Ho-

san-na in the high-est! He that com-eth in the name of the Lord, He that

com-eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho-

san - na in the high-est! Ho - san - na in the high-est!

42. When, His Salvation Bringing.

John King

B. Tours, 1875

1. When, His sal - va-tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The
2. And since the Lord re tain - eth His love for chil-dren still, Though

chil-dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His Name. Nor
now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n-ly Hill, We'll

did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He
flock a-round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne, And

let them still at - tend, Him And smiled to hear their song.
cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Dav - id's Roy - al Son!"

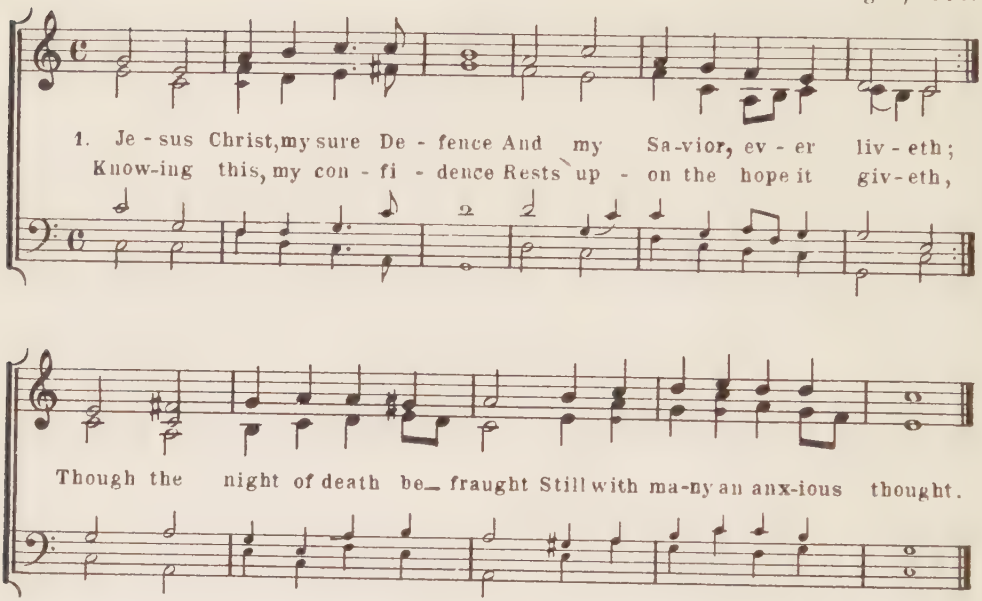
3.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

EASTER.

43. Jesus Christ, My Sure Defense.

J. Crueger, 1656.



2

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I, too, unto life must waken;
Endless joy my Savior gives;
Shall my courage then be shaken?
Shall I fear? or could the Head
Rise and leave His members dead?

3

Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope forever;
Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never;
Even death now cannot part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

4

I am only flesh and blood,
And on this corruption seizeth;
But I know my Lord and God
From the grave my body raiseth,
That with Him eternally
In His glory I may be.

C. Winkworth, Tr.

44. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

S. Medley.

J. Hatton.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er. lives! What com-fort
2. He lives, tri - umph - ant from the grave, He lives, e -

this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, He lives who
ter - nal - ly to save; He lives, all - glo - rious

once was dead. He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
in the sky, He lives, ex - al - ted there on high.

3.

He lives, to bless me with His love,
He lives, to plead for me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.

4.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

5.

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

45. Hallelujah! Lo, He Wakes.

B. Schmolck.

1 Hal - le - lu - jah! lo, He wakes! Lives o'er death and hell vic-
2 Hal - le - lu - jah! see the tomb, Ye who o'er His death are

to-rious; Earth in awe with trem-bling quakes, As the he - ro
pin-ing: Dry your tears, to joy give room, While the ra-diant

ri - ses glo-rious; He who died on Gol - ga - tha, Je - sus
sun is shin ing Hear the an - gels' Glo - ri - a! Je - sus

lives, sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus lives, sing Hal - le - lu - jah!
lives, sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus lives, sing Hal - le - lu - jah!

3.

Hallelujah! why seek ye
Yet among the dead the living?
Christ is ris'n in majesty!
Hence away with gloomy grieving,
Join with her of Magdala:
Jesus lives, sing Hallelujah! :,:

4.

Hallelujah! then I cry;
Christ, too, will from death restore me,
Take me to His throne on high,
Whither He has gone before me.
Faith exhults: Victoria!
Jesus lives, sing Hallelujah! :,:

E. Cronenwett, Tr.

46. We Will Carol Joyfully.

Arr. from Kullak.

1 We will car - ol joy - ful - ly, On this ho - ly fes - tal day;
2. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly, As with sweet ac - cord we bring

To our ris - en Lord and King Grate-ful hom-age we will bring.
Praise from ev - 'ry heart and voice To our ris - en Lord and King.

Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol, car - ol To our ris - en Lord and King.
Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol, car - ol To our ris - en Lord and King.

3.

We will carol joyfully,
While our love and thanks we give
To our risen Lord and King,
Him who died that we might live.
Carol, carol, etc.

4.

We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our off'rings bring
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

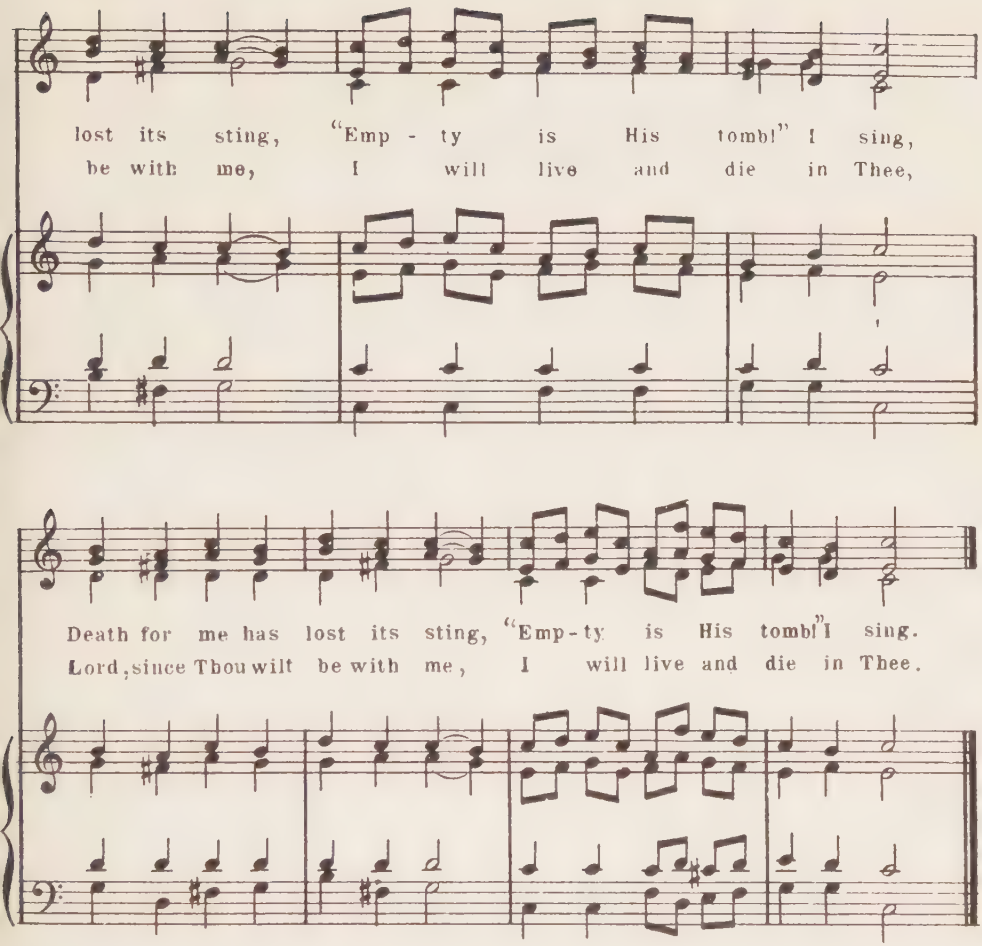
47. Jesus Rose Victoriously.

Two- or three-part

1. Je - sus rose vic to - rious - ly, Peace pos - ses - sion
2. Soar, my spir - it, up - ward soar; Up - ward learn to

now has tak - en Of my tomb; the morn I'll see
strive towards heav - en. Christ Him - self has gone be - fore,

When from rest - ful sleep I wak - en, Death for me has
Lives, and life to thee has giv - en, Lord, since Thou wilt



3.

Now I need not fearful be;
Death has lost its sting infernal.
For my Savior I shall see,
Raised from death to life eternal,
And the darkness of His tomb
Has dispelled my grave's dark gloom.

4.

Death my greatest blessing is;
It will end all pain and sadness.
Jesus knows us, we are His,
He calls us from tears to gladness.
See, the hour is coming fast,
When we'll be at rest at last.

J. H. F. Hoelter, Tr.

48. He Is Risen.

C. F. Alexander.

1. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice;
He has burst his three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice:

Death is con-quered, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

2.

Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks the Easter sun;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell today.

3.

Come with high and holy gladness,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims His Resurrection Day;
Brightly dawns the radiant East,
Brighter far our Easter Feast.

4.

He is risen! He is risen!
He has opened heaven's gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

ASCENSION.

49. Lo, God to Heav'n Ascendeth!

Dr. G. W. Sacer.

1. Lo, God to heav'n as - cend - eth! Through - out its re - gion vast
With shouts tri - um - phant blend - eth The trum - pet's thrill - ing blast:

Sing praise to Christ, the Lord! Sing praise with ex - ul - ta - tion, King

of each hea - then na - tion, The God of hosts a dored!

2.

With joy is heaven resounding,
Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord, who set them free:
Bright myriads thronging come;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

3.

No more the way is hidden,
Since Christ, our Head, arose;
No more to man forbidden
The road to heaven that goes.
Our Lord is gone before,
But here He will not leave us,
In heav'n He'll soon receive us;
He opens wide the door.

4.

When on our vision dawning,
Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all-glorious morning
When Christ shall come with power?
O come, thou welcome day!
When we our Savior meeting,
His second advent greeting,
Shall hail the heav'n-sent ray.

F. E. Cox, Tr. a

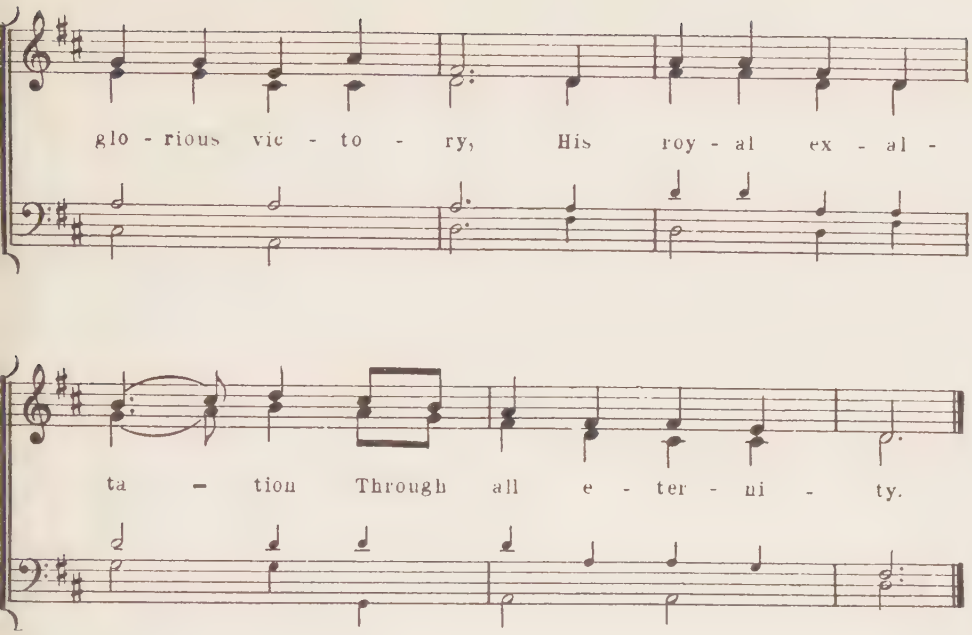
50. Come, Wave Your Palms and Branches.

1. Come wave your palms and branch - es In

hon - or of your King! Be - deck His sa - cred

al - tars With trib - utes of the

spring, And sing of His sal - va - tion, His



2.

The angels bow before Him,
The cherubim adore,
The seraphim are singing
His praises evermore.
They hail the mighty Victor,
Ascending to the skies,
In honor of their Maker
Their sacred songs arise.

3.

O Jesus, Lord and Savior,
When shall Thy day appear,
The day of our redemption
From all our sorrows here?
O guide us to the mansions,
The homeland bright and fair,
And crown our weary waiting
With endless glory there.

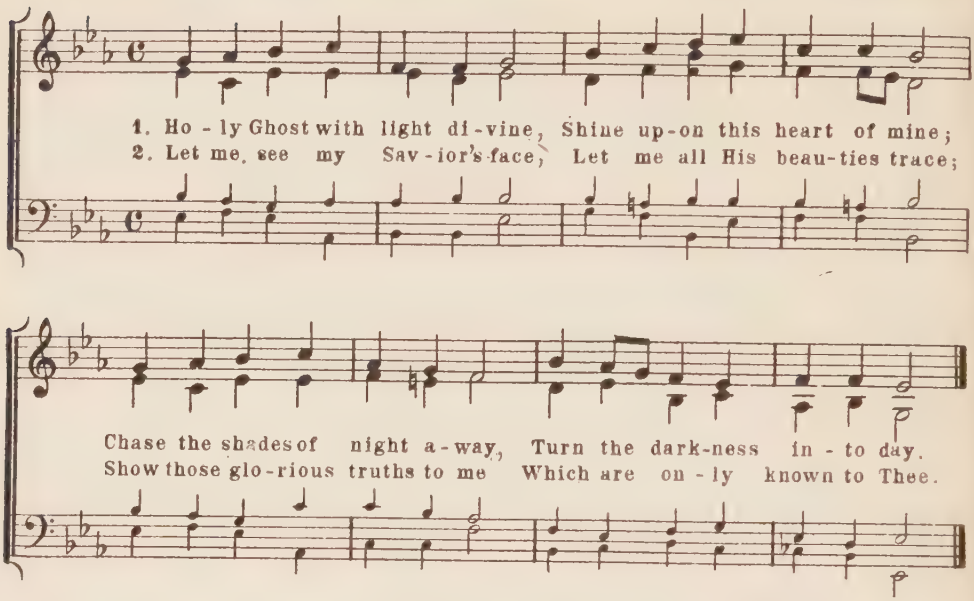
W. M. Czamanske, Tr.

PENTECOST.

51. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

Andrew Reed.

O. Gibbons, 1623.



3

Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.

4

Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace;
Let it grow and still increase.

5

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme and reign alone.

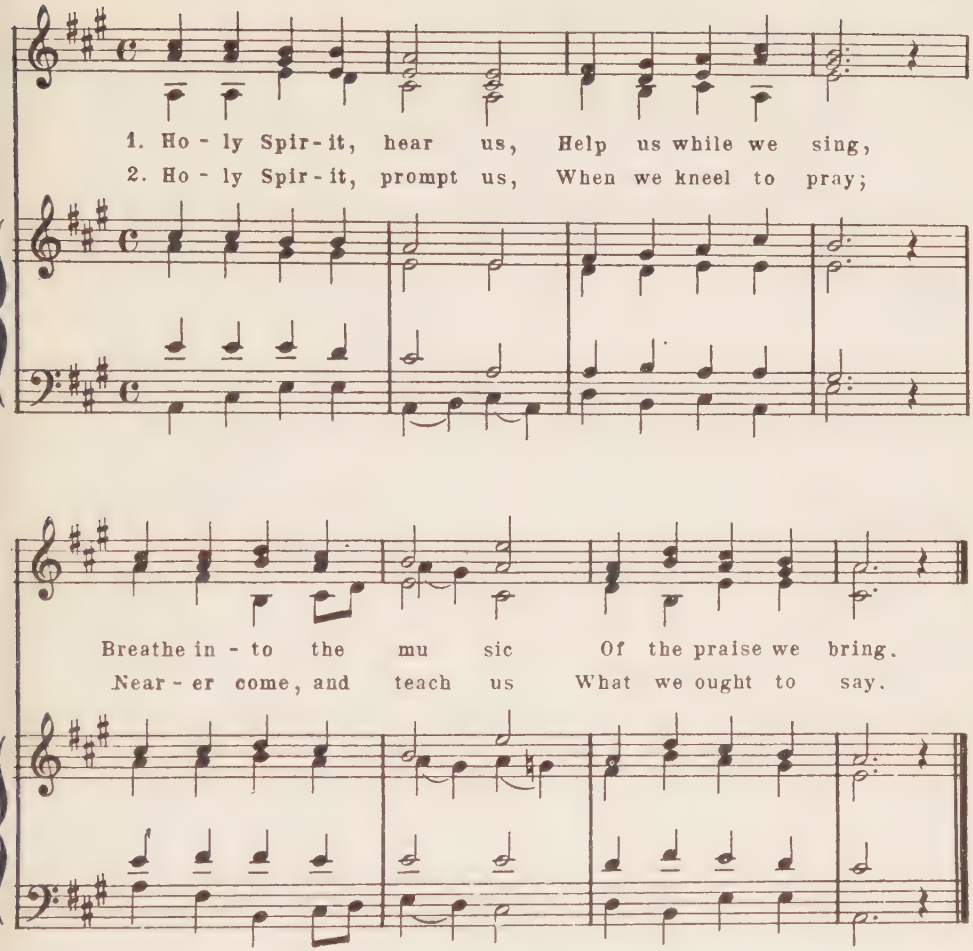
6

See, to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through ev'ry part:
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

52. Holy Spirit, Hear Us.

W. H. Parker.

Rinck.



3.

Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Guild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4.

Holy Spirit, give us
Each a holy mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5

Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by Thy might
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

TRINITY.

53. Let Me Be Thine Forever.

N. Selnecker.

1536

1. Let me be Thine for - ev - er, Thou faith - ful God and Lord,
2. Let me for-sake Thee nev - er, Nor wan - der from Thy Word;

Lord, do not let me wa - ver, But give me stead-fast - ness, And

for such grace for - ev - er, Thy ho - ly name I'll bless.

3.

Lord Jesus, my Salvation,
My Light, my Life divine,
My only Consolation,
O make me wholly Thine!
For Thou hast dearly bought me
With blood and bitter pain;
Let me, since Thou hast sought me,
Eternal life obtain.

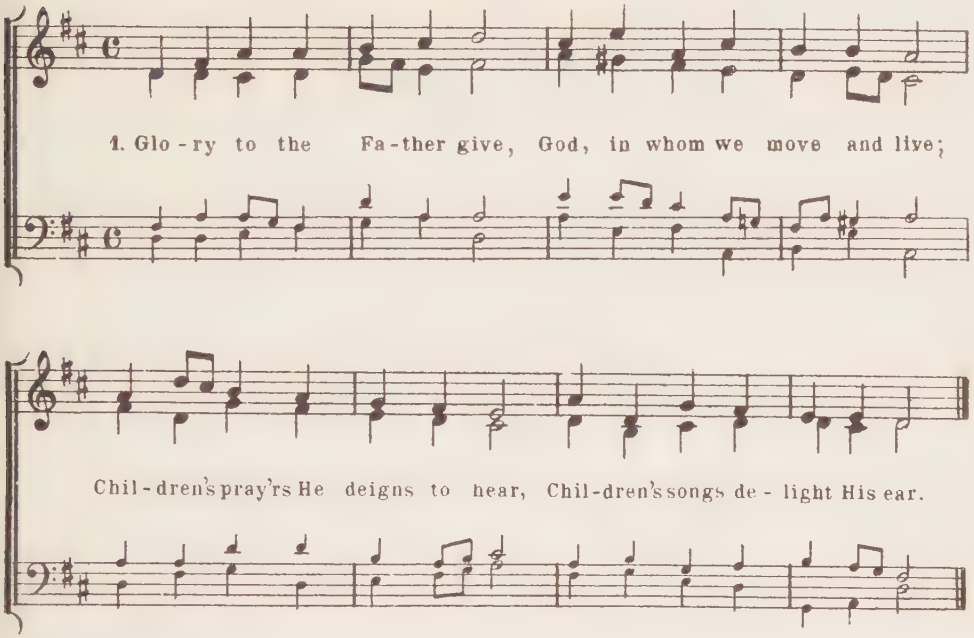
4.

And Thou, O Holy Spirit,
My Comforter and Guide,
Grant that in Jesus' merit
I always may confide,
Him to the end confessing,
Whom I have known by faith.
Give me Thy constant blessing,
And grant a Christian death.

54. Glory to the Father Give.

James Montgomery

J. A. Freylinghausen.



2.

Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3.

Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

55. Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al -
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a -

Four-part setting

might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a -

song shall rise to Thee! Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and

Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y
Se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,

God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty
Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shall be.

3.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4

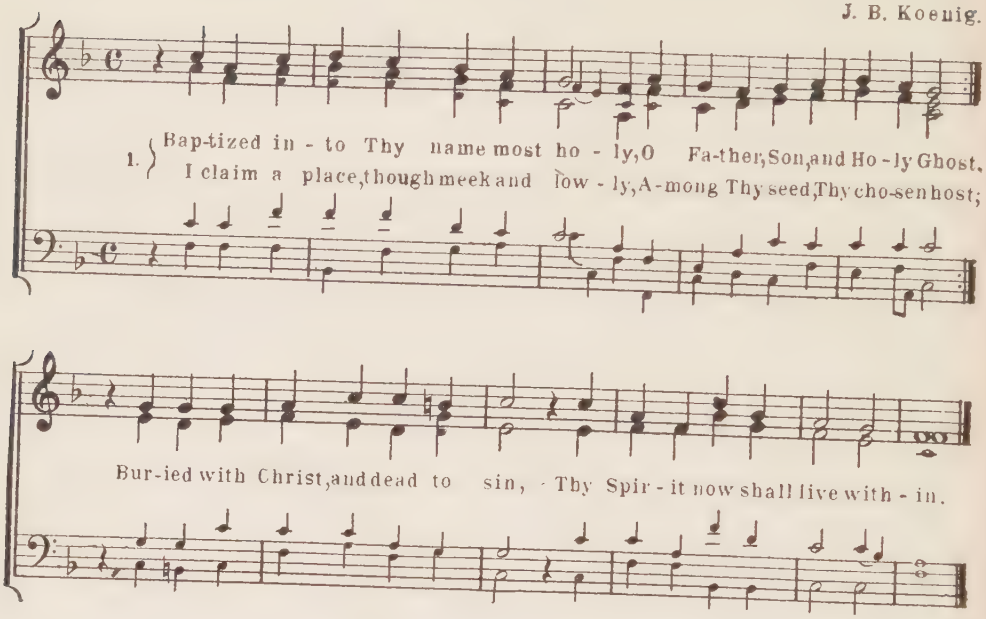
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty:
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

CONFIRMATION.

56. Baptized into Thy Name Most Holy.

J. J. Rambach.

J. B. Koenig.



2.

My loving Father, Thou dost take me
To be henceforth Thy child and heir;
My faithful Savior, Thou dost make me
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share,
Thou Holy Ghost, will comfort me,
When darkest clouds around I see.

3.

And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Holy Spirit move me,
And freely pledged myself Thine own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil unto death.

4.

My faithful God, Thou failest never,
Thy cov'nant surely will abide;
O cast me not away forever,
Should I transgress it on my side;
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

5.

And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.

C. Winkworth, Tr. a.

57. My Maker, Be Thou Nigh.

J. J. Rambach.

F. H. Meyer.

1 My Mak - er, be Thou nigh The light of life to give,
And guide me with Thine eye While here on earth I live.

Be - hold, my heart I ten - der, And all my powers sur - ren - der
In sin - gle fixed en - deav - or To love and serve Thee ev - er.

Up - on Thy prom - ise I re - ly; My Mak - er, be Thou nigh!

2.

My Savior, wash me clean
With Thy most precious blood,
That takes away all sin
And seals our peace with God.
A sinner self-desparing
To Thee in faith repairing,
From wrath and condemnation
Grant me complete salvation.
Helpless, on Thee alone I lean:
My Savior, make me clean!

3.

My Comforter, give pow'r,
That I may stand secure
When in temptation's hour
The world and sin allure
The Son to me revealing,
Inspire my thought and feeling
His words of grace to ponder;
Nor let me from Him wander,
On me Thy gifts and graces show'r:
My Comforter, give pow'r!

4.

O Father, Spirit, Son,
To whom I all things owe,
Since Thou my heart hast won,
Thine image there bestow.
Me, lowest of the lowly,
Choose for Thy temple holy;
Where praise shall rise unending
For grace so condescending.
Thrice blest am I to call my own
Thee, Father, Spirit, Son!

Ed. Taylor, Tr.

58. Jesus, Still Lead On.

Zinzendorf.

A. Drese.

1. Je - sus, still lead on Till our rest be won;
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near,

And al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol - low calm and fear-less:
Let no faith - less fears o'er-take us; Let not faith and hope for-sake us;

Guide us by Thy hand To our fa ther_ land
For through man-y a woe To our home we go.

3.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, control, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Jane Borthwick, Tr.

59. Savior, I Shall Be Forever.

K. J. P. Spitta.

J. A. Theiss.

1. Sa - vior, I shall be for - ev - er Thine to all e - ter - ni - ty;
Naught from Thee my soul shall sev-er, Thou art all in all to me.

Ev - 'ry joy and sa - cred pleas-ure, All I want I find in Thee;

Thou, my dear-est Friend and Treas-ure, Thine for - ev - er let me be.

2.

Savior, ev'ry gift and blessing
Shed upon my path each day,
Moves my soul to loud confessing
Of Thy mercies' tender sway
Faithful Friend and true Defender,—
Love divine has conquered me!
Soul and body I surrender,
I will give my all to Thee.

3.

Sweet and precious is the story
Of Thy gracious work for me;
Calvary, thy love and glory
Charms my soul unceasingly.
Dearest Jesus, holy Savior,
So much Thou hast done for me!
Oh, then shall each pulse forever
Beat in grateful love for Thee.

4.

Savior, when the fatal hour
Ushers in death's awful night,
Let me find Thy grace my power
And Thy love my guiding light.
When my straining eyes are breaking,
And my groans forebode the end:
Let me see at my awaking
Thee, my Savior and my Friend.

For "Select Songs" by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

60. Dearest Savior, Hear My Promise.

C. Boehner.

J. H. Luetzel.

1. Dear-est Sa-vior, hear my prom-ise, And re-cord my vows of love!
Wean my heart from ev - 'ry weak-ness With Thy bless-ings from a-bove!

Make me faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful, Keep me in the nar-row way;

My en-deav - or shall be ev - er To ful - fil Thy wish each day.

2.

Thou, O Lord, art all my treasure,
Peace, and joy, and happiness.
Sweetest praises cannot measure,
Nor my heart Thy love express.
Make me faithful, ever faithful,
Fearless of the battle's strife,
Till the dawning of the morning
Brings the crowning day of life.

W. M. Czamanske, Tr.

61. Be Thou Faithful Unto Death.

1. Be thou faith-ful un - to death, Be thou faith - ful
2. Be thou faith-ful un - to death, Be thou faith - ful

un - to death; Let not pain or sor - row ev - er
un - to death; See the prom - ised crown of glo - ry

From the cross of Christ thee sev - er; Though thou suf - fer,
In ce - les - tial light be - fore thee. Thy as - cend - ed

may thy faith Nev - er wa - ver un - to death.
Sa - vior saith: Be thou faith - ful un - to death.

3.

Be thou faithful unto death, :,:
I will constantly endeavor,
Thou, O Savior, help me ever,
While I draw this fleeting breath,
To be faithful unto death.

Translated by J. H. Horstmann for "Christian Hymns." By permission of Eden Publishing House.

MISSION.

62. Have Pity on the Heathen.

A. W. Erk.

1. Have pit - y on the hea - then poor, Their
2. They wor - ship worth - less im - a - ges And

wretch - ed - ness and sin; O Fa - ther, help them
bow to wood and stone; They do not know the

find the way Thy life and peace to win.
bless - ed truth, That Thou art God a - lone.

3.

They do not know that on the cross
Their Savior suffered, died,
That not to me who trust in Him
Salvation be denied.

4.

O Father kind and merciful,
O Lord of love and might;
When is the glorious day at hand
That ends their awful night?

5.

A greater love for them that are
In spirit deaf and dumb
Grant us, and help us pray and work
That soon Thy Kingdom come.

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63. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

L. Mason.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor- al strand, Where
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall

Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From
we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal-

man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm-y plain, They
va - tion, O Sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till

call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Me - si - ah's name.

3.

Waft, waft ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

64. We Have a Gentle Shepherd.

Palmer.

1. We have a gen - tle Shep - herd Who holds us ver - y
2. That we might find the Sav - ior He took us by the

dear, Whose love for dy - ing sin - ners Drew
hand, Else we were like blind peo - ple As -

Him to us so near, Drew Him to us so near
tray in for - eign land, As - tray in for - eign land

3.

And He would daily guard us,
The children's faithful friend,
And daily send upon us
His blessings without end.

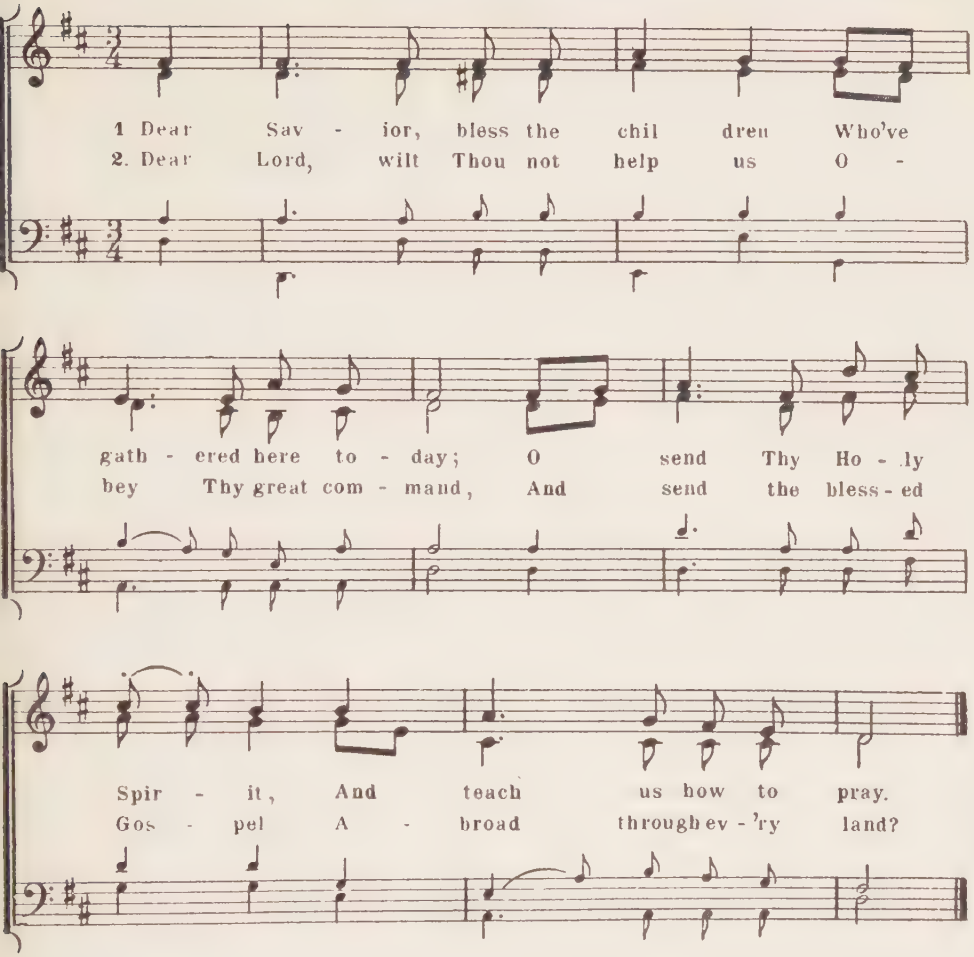
4.

O Shepherd kind and gentle,
We praise Thy saving love;
O keep us safe and lead us
To Thy blest home above!

For "Select Songs" by F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

65. Dear Savior, Bless the Children.

St. Albans.



3

May missionaries carry
The message of Thy love,
The wonderful salvation
Christ brought us from above.

4

Lord, bless the work we're doing
O bless our gifts, though small,
And hear our prayer for Jesus' sake,
Who died to save us all.

REFORMATION.

66. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

Dr. Martin Luther.

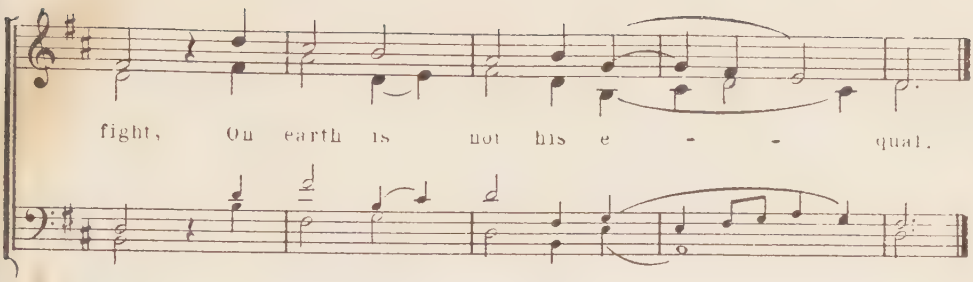
Dr. Martin Luther.

1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A
He helps us free from ev - ry need That

trust - y Shield and Weap - on;
hath us now o'er tak - en.

The old e - vil Foe Now means dead - ly woe:

Deep guile and great might Are his dread arms in



2.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One,
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever.

3.

Though devils all the world should fill,
All eager to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They shall not overpower us
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word can fell him

4.

The word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it,
He's by our side upon the plain
With His good gifts and Spirit.
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife.
Let these all be gone,
They yet have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

67. Praise, O Zion, God, Thy Lord.

W. Burhenn.

1. Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord, Who to thee His Word has giv-en!
2. Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord, Gath-er-ing His saints en light ed

Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord, Who has brought thee nigh to heav-en;
From the vain and boast-ing horde Of the wick-ed and be-night-ed;

Praise His bless-ings nev-er ceas-ing, Ev-er new and e'er in-creas-ing.
Praise His won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Praise His pow'r and ex-al-ta-tion,

Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord! Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord!
Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord! Praise, O Zi-on, God, thy Lord!

3

Praise, O Zion, God, thy Lord,
Come with fervid joy before Him!
Praise, O Zion, God, thy Lord,
With angelic hosts adore Him!
Rise and tell the wondrous story
Of His boundless love and glory,
Praise, O Zion, God, thy Lord!:,

For "Select Songs" by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

68. Come, Children, Sing Rejoicing.

1. Come, chil-dren, sing re - joic - ing To God, His prais - es
2. The man, by God e - lec - ted, Who our es-cape ef -

voic - ing, This is the day that set us free From
fect - ed, Was Mar - tin Lu-ther, true and tried. To

po - per - y's dark er - ror, Its per - se - cu - tion's
Je - sus Christ God brought him And, in se - clu - sion,

ter - ror, That brought us Christ and lib - er - ty.
taught him The Gos - pel - truth he tes - ti - fied.

3.

To battle God then sends him
And mightily defends him,
Gives victory unto His Word.
His Church now FREE salvation
Declares to ev'ry nation.
All glory be to Thee, O Lord!

For "Select Songs" F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

69. In Darkest Night a Vessel Frail was Tossed.

J. P. Beyer.

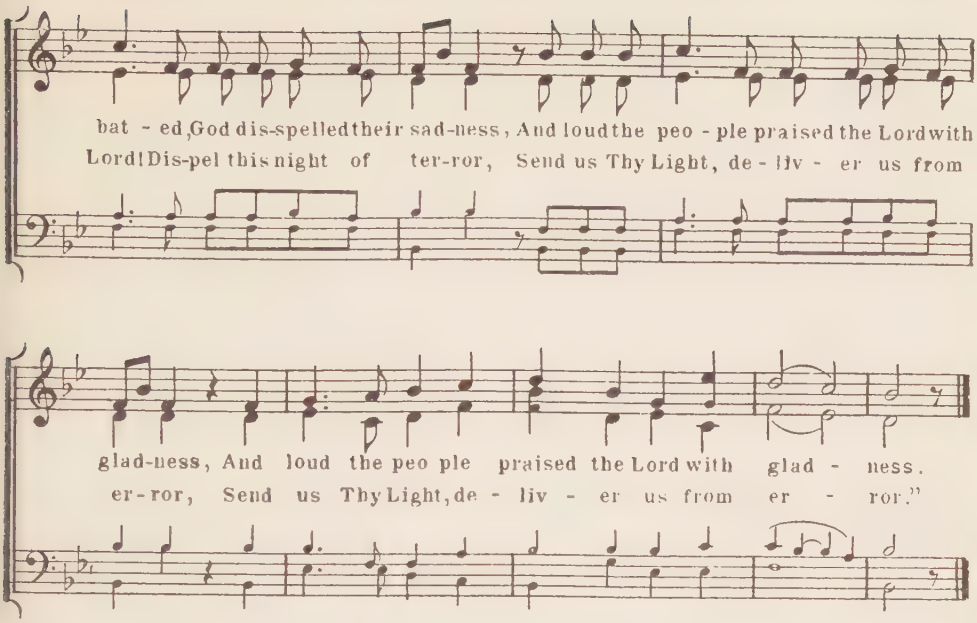
F. Faerber.

1. In dark-est night a ves-sel frail was tossed Up - on the ra-ging
2. The Church, God's ves - sel on the sea of time, Was once in sore af-

bil - lows, The sail-ors cried de-spair-ing, "We are lost!" The
flic - tion, Dis-sent-ing waves at-tacked the ship sub-lime, Fierce

masts were bent like wil - lows. Then in the hour of need The
storms of con - tra - dic - tion. Then cried the band for - lorn, "O

dawn ap-proached with speed, The dawn ap-proached with speed. The storm a-
Christ, Thou Star of Morn, "O Christ, Thou Star of Morn, Save us, O



3.

Then came the dawn, the clouds were rent apart,
Behold, here comes the savior!
'Twas Martin Luther, man of pious heart,
Of brave and bold behavior.
Nor emperor, nor pope
Can overthrow his hope. :,:
His compass is the Gospel, bright and glorious,
And with the aid of God he is victorious. :,:

4.

"A mighty Fortress is our God," he sang;
And thousands joined in chorus.
Across the sea their joyful voices rang,
"Praise God in heaven o'er us!
There is no cause to fear;
For He is ever near. :,:,
Through faith we'll reach the blessed port of heaven."
Preserve Thy Word, O Lord, which Thou hast given! :,:

J. H. F. Hoelter, Tr.

70. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton.

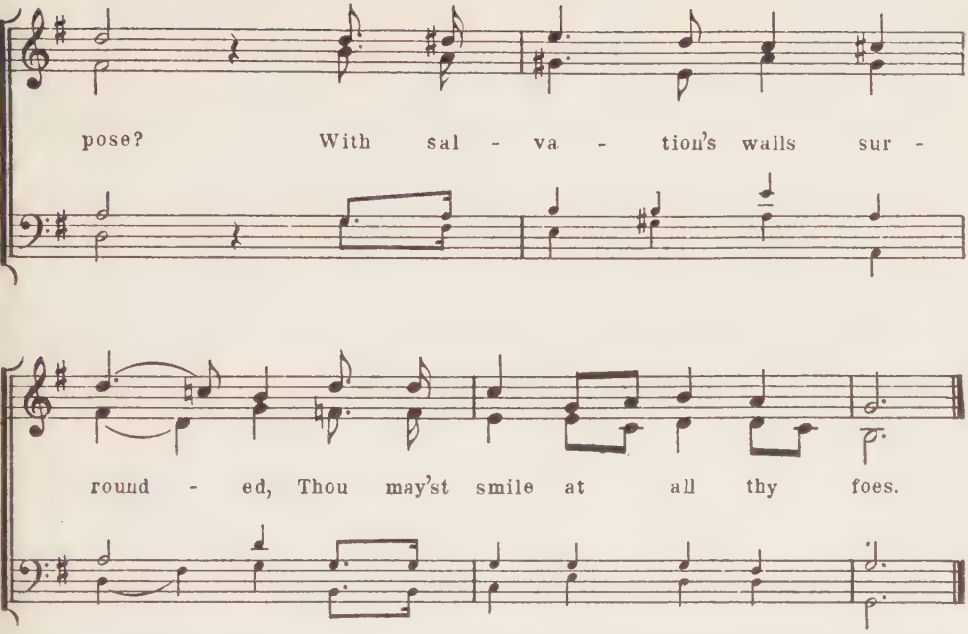
J. A. Theiss.

1. Glor - ious things of thee are spok en, Zi - on,

cit - y of our God; He, whose word can - not be

brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode. On the

Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re -



2.

See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3.

Savior, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

71. I Love the Church. (Dedication.)

A. C. Coxe.

1. I love the Church, the ho - ly Church, The
2. I love the Church, the ho - ly Church, That

Sav - ior's spot - less Bride; And O, I love her
o'er our life pre - sides The birth, the brid - al,

pal - a - ces, Through all the world so wide.
and the grave. And man - y an hour be - sides.

3.

Be mine through life to live in her,
And when the Lord shall call,
To die in her, the Spouse of Christ,
The Mother of us all.

72. My Church! My Church! My Dear Old Church!

F. Giardini.

1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fa-ther's and my own! On
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My glo-ry and my pride! Firm

Proph-ets and A-pos-tles built, And Christ the Cor-ner-stone! All
in the faith Im-man-uel taught, She holds no faith be-side. Up-

else be-side, By storm or tide, May yet be o-ver-thrown; But
on this Rock, 'gainst ev-'ry shock, Though gates of hell as-sail, She

not my Church my dear old Church My fa-ther's and my own.
stands se-cure, with prom-ise sure, "They nev-er shall pre-vail."

3.

My Church! my Church! my dear old Church!
I love her ancient name;
And God forbid, a child of hers
Should ever do her shame!
Her mother-care I'll ever share,
Her child I am alone,
Till He who gave me to her arms
Shall call me to His own.

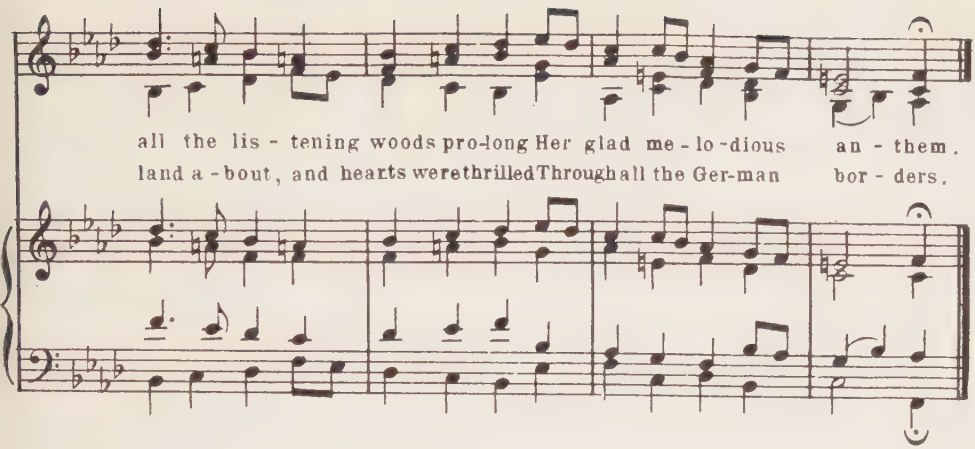
73. In Lonely Dell, When Dreary Night.

F. Lindemann.

1. In lone - ly dell, when drear - y night, Each tune-ful song - ster
2. The Church of Christ, for a - ges past, In dark-ness lay ap -

hush - es, A home - ly bird its note so bright, Strikes up a-mong the
pall - ing, When rose a low - ly monk at last, With clar-ion voice a -

bush - es. Forth peals the night - in - gale's sweet song, And
call - ing. From Wit - ten - berg a song now filled The



3.

It was a song no minstrel famed
E'er sang at Wartburg's portals,
A song long ages unproclaimed
To ear of dying mortals,
A song so new and yet so old,
A melody so clear and bold
It filled the earth with wonder.

4.

It was the song God's love so great
On prophet tongue had planted;
That loud from heaven's bursting gate
Angelic choirs had chanted;
The song the brave apostles' band
Had carried over sea and land,
That Luther came a-singing.

5

Christ's waking bride with wonder hears
That precious song indited,
No other through the long, sad years
Hath so her heart delighted.
Christ's saving Gospel, as of yore.
Is heard in Zion's halls once more
Like strange, yet happy tidings.

F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

74. Great and Almighty God.

1. Great and Al - might - y God, Mer - ci - ful, gra - cious Lord,
Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Ev - er I fol - low Thee,

2. From all e - ter - ni - ty God has pre - des - tined Thee,
Thou wilt re - ceive them all, Cleanse and re - lieve them all,

Je - sus, our heav - en - ly glo - ri - ous King,
Bod - y and soul as Thy off - 'ring I bring,

Dear - est Re - deem - er, the sin - ner's best Friend.
Guard - ing and guid - ing them safe to the end.

All will I give _____ Thee, On - ly re - ceive me!
Life and sal - va - tion, Sweet con - so - la - tion,

All that I___ long for, and___ val - ue, and___ own,
Might - y pro - tec - tion Thy___ love does pro - vide,

All shall be___ Thine, O Lord Je - sus, a - lone.
Bless - ed Lord Je - sus, our Strength and our Guide.

3.

Through the dark vale of tears,
Through the swift change of years,
Jesus forever be Thou our bright Light.
Hold Thy hand over us,
Graciously cover us,
Conquer our enemies by Thy dread might.
Through all temptation
And tribulation
Lead us, Thou sov'reign, unchangeable Love,
To the blest mansions in heaven above.

For "Select Songs" by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

THANKSGIVING.

75. O Lord, I Sing with Mouth and Heart.

Paul Gerhardt.

J. L. Koenig, 1739.

1. O Lord, I sing with mouth and heart, Joy
2. Thou art the Fount of grace I know, And

of my soul to Thee: To earth Thy knowl-edge
Spring so full and free, Whence sav - ing health and

I im - part, As it is known to me.
good - ness flow Each day so bount eous ly.

3

For what have all that live and move
Through this wide world below,
That does not from Thy bounteous love,
O heav'nly Father, flow?

4.

Did not His love, and truth, and power
Watch o'er thy childhood's day?
Has He not oft in threatening hour
Turned dreaded ills away?

5.

His wisdom never plans in vain,
Ne'er falters or mistakes;
And all His counsels did ordain
A happy ending makes

76. The Corn is Ripe for Reaping.

J. Farmer.

1. The corn is ripe for reap - ing, Fields glow with rud - dy grain, And
2. Thine, Fa - ther, is the riv er That mak - eth rich the earth; Through

we must now be keep - ing Our har - vest feast a - gain; With
Thee, O gra - cious Giv - er, The bur - ied seed had birth; Thou,

voice of joy and sing - ing, Our praise to God shall rise, Who,
on the fur - rows rain - ing, Didst make them soft with show'rs, The

while the seed was spring - ing, Rained bless - ings from the skies.
thirs - ty crop main - tain - ing Through si - lent sum - mer hours.

3.

The year, by Thee anointed,
Is now with goodness crowned;
Clad in the robes appointed,
With gladness girded round;
We thank Thee for the blessing
Which meets us on our way,
And come, Thy love confessing,
With happy hearts to-day.

Other Sacred Songs.

OPENING HYMNS.

77. Father, Bless Our School To-day.

J. A. Freylinghausen.

1. Fa-ther, bless our school to-day; Be in all we do or say;
2. Je-sus, well-be-lov-ed Son, May Thy will by us be done,

Be in ev-'ry song we sing, Ev-'ry prayer to Thee we bring.
Come and meet with us to-day; Teach us, Lord, Thy-self, we pray.

3.

Holy Spirit, mighty power,
* Consecrate this Lord's day hour;
Unto us Thy unction give;
Touch our souls that we may live.

**Var. 2d line*: Grace and blessings on us shower

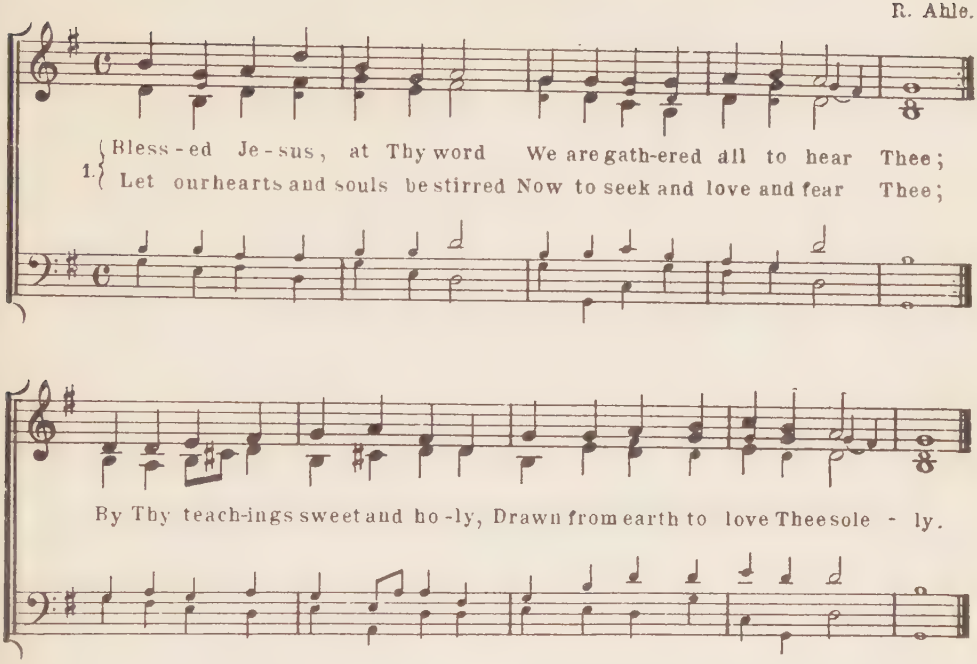
4.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.

78. Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word.

T. Clausnitzer.

R. Ahle.



2.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3.

Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

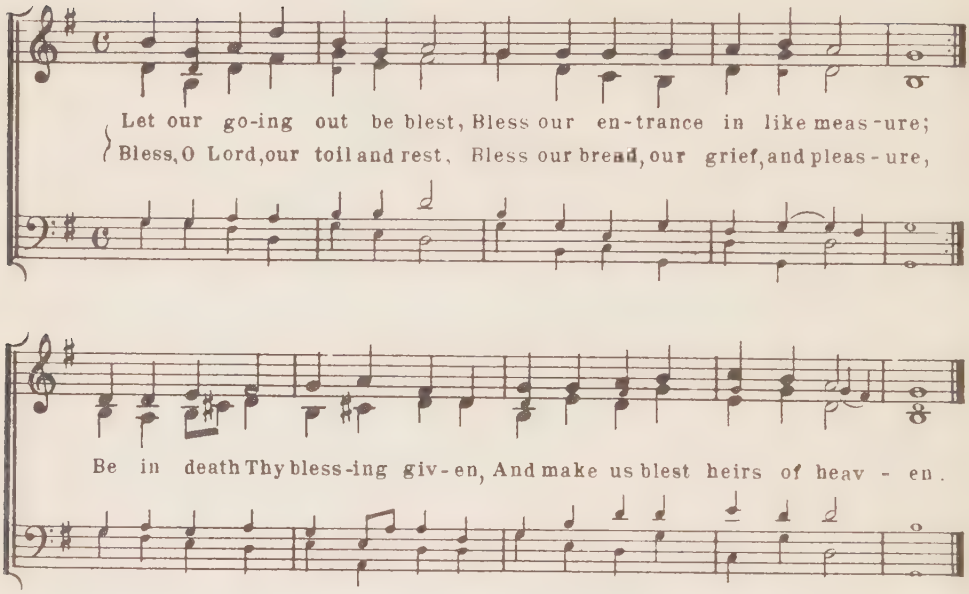
4.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise to Thee and adoration!
Grant that we Thy Word may trust,
And obtain true consolation,
While we here below must wander,
Till we sing Thy praises yonder.

CLOSING HYMNS.

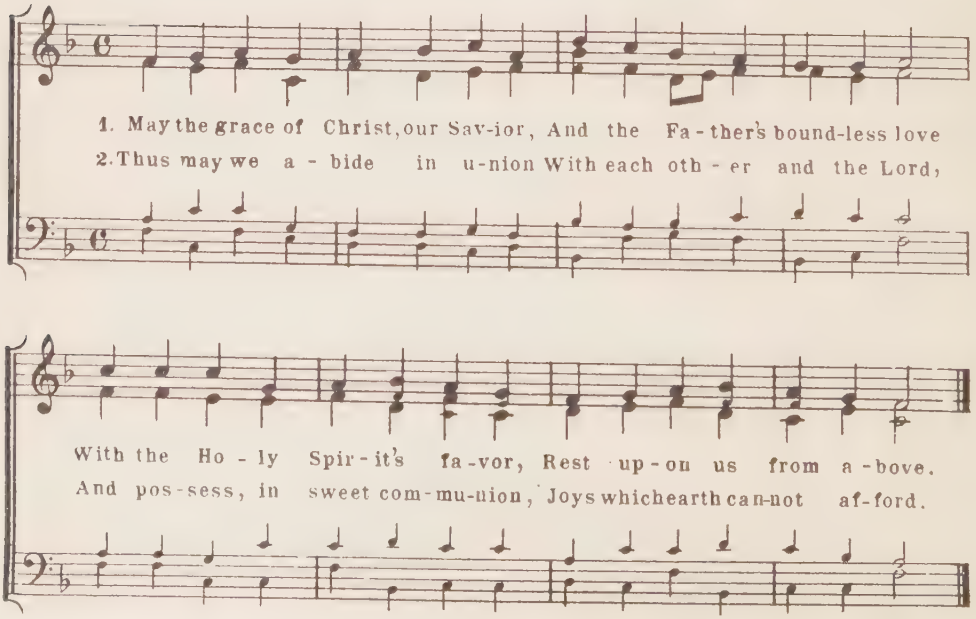
79. Let Our Going Out Be Blest.

R. Ahle.

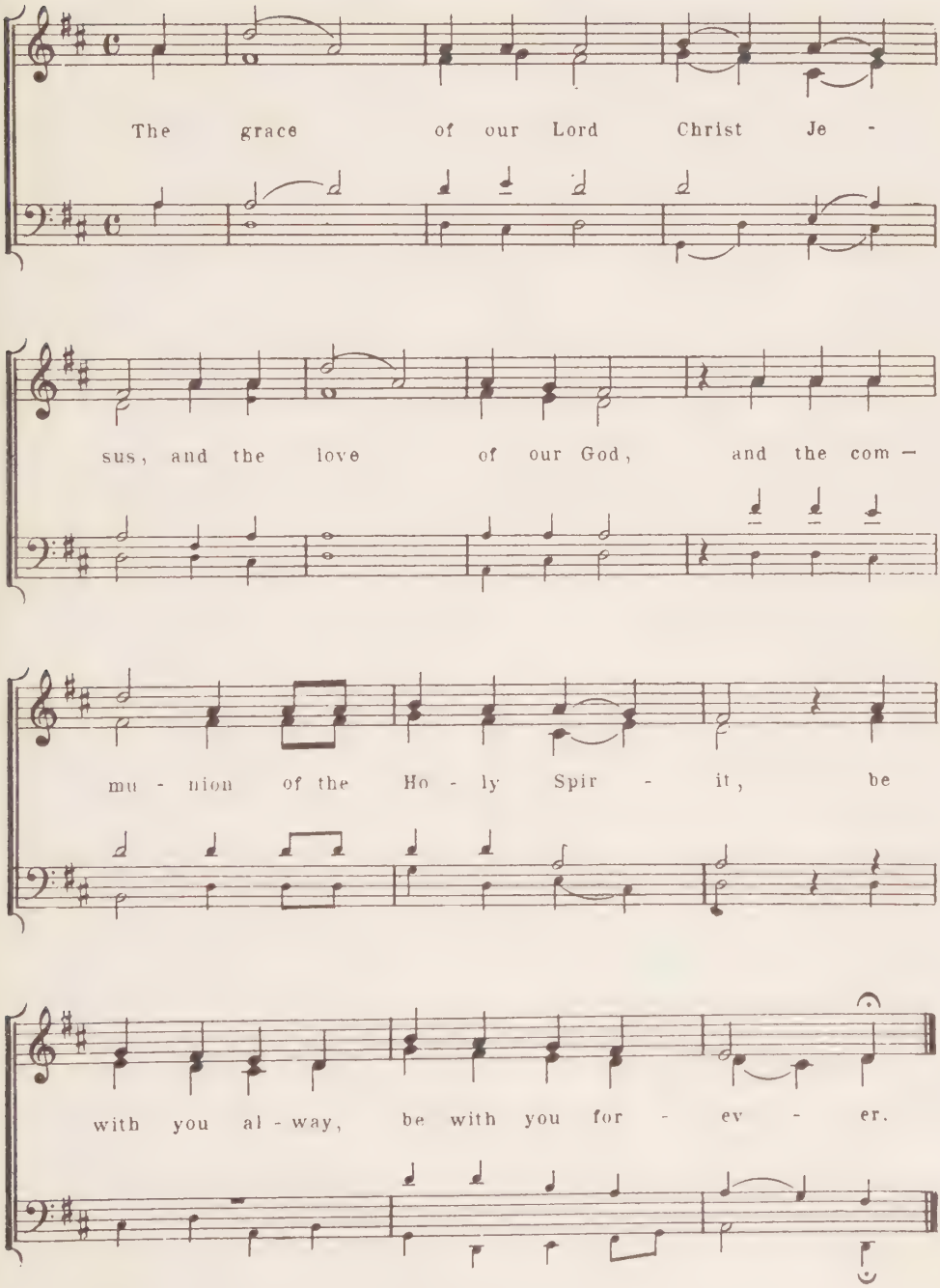


80. May the Grace of Christ, Our Savior.

John Newton.

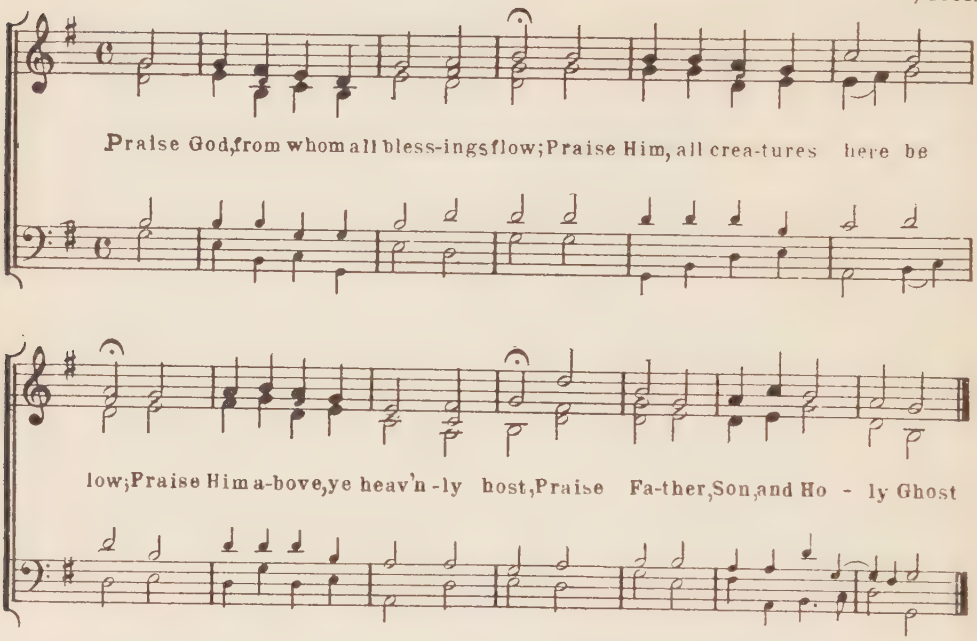


81. The Grace of Our Lord Christ Jesus.



82. Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Geneva Psalter, 1551.



83. From All that Dwell Below the Skies.

(Tune: Praise God, from whom All Blessings Flow No. 82)

1.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy Word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

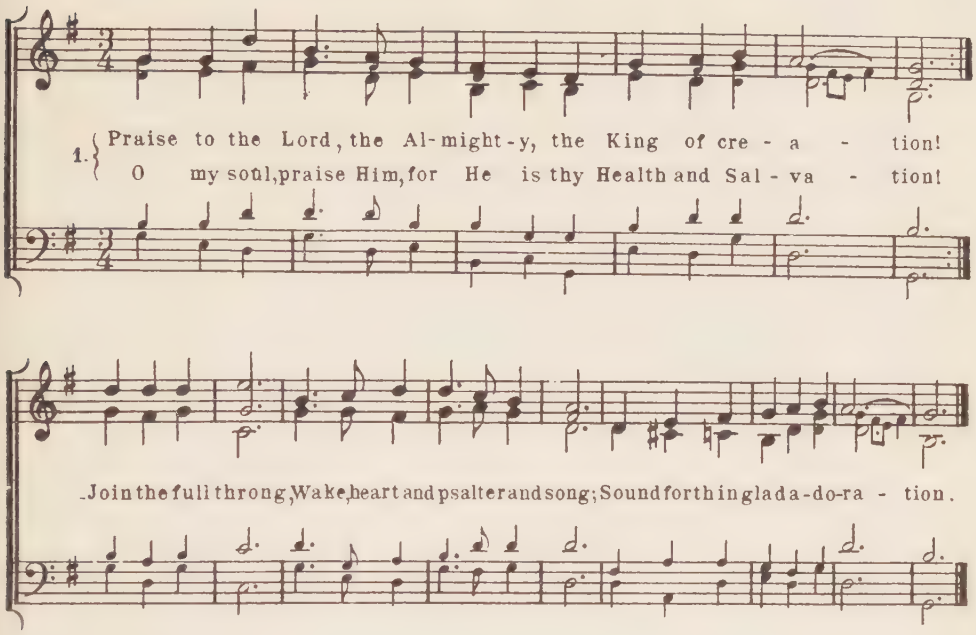
4.

In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong,
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

84. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation.

J. Neander.



2.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so
wondrously reigneth,
Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth,
sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires all have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3.

Praise to the Lord, who hath fearfully,
wondrously made thee;
Health hath vouchsafed, and when heedlessly
falling hath stayed thee;
What need or grief
Ever hath failed of relief?
Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

4

Praise to the Lord, who doth visibly
bless and defend thee;
Who, from the heavens, the streams of
His mercy doth send thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

5.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in
me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now
with praises before Him!
He is thy Light;
Soul, keep it always in sight;
Gladly forever adore Him!

C. Winkworth, Tr. a.

85. Now Thank We All Our God.

Martin Rinckart

J. Krueger.

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es.

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our

way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to day.

2.

O may this bounteous God
Through all this life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

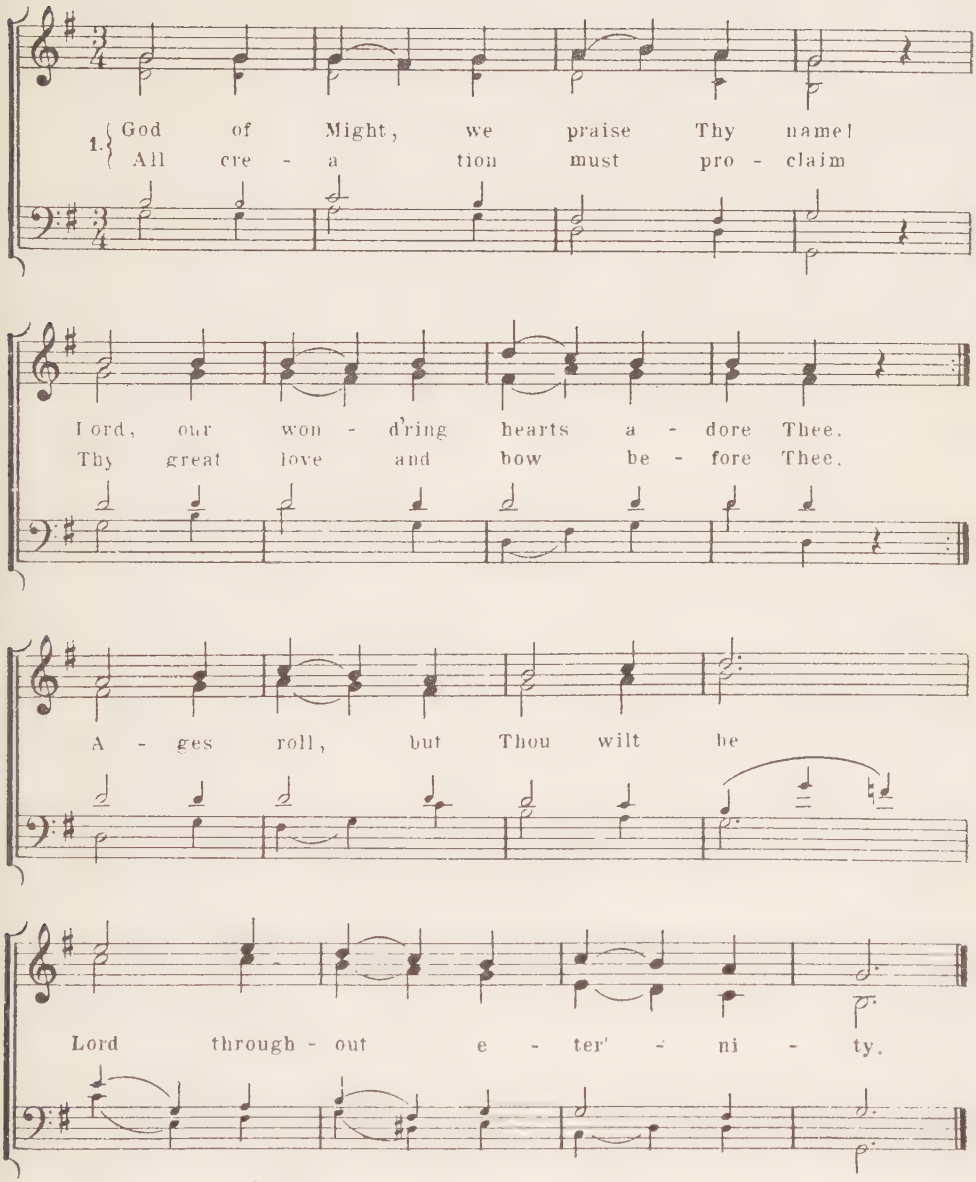
3

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. Winkworth, Tr.

86. God of Might, We Praise Thy Name.

Ritter.



2.

Thou the Father's only Son,
Now our mortal frame art wearing,
Coming to us from Thy throne
And our lowly nature sharing:
Thou hast brought us saving grace,
Freed from guilt our sinful race.

3.

Oh, have mercy on us, Lord!
Shed on us Thy richest blessing.
Keep us steadfast in Thy Word,
Ever Thy great name confessing.
Lord, we trust alone in Thee,
Save us through eternity.

F. W. Herzberger, Tr. a

87. Thank Ye the Lord.

Two- or three-part. (*Sing two-part in Bb.*)

1. Thank ye the Lord! Give thanks to the Lord, for
2. Praise ye the Lord! My soul, sing His praise With
3. His is the power. Al - might - y is God. He

He is gra - cious, His mer - cy shall en - dure for - ev - er -
joy and glad - ness, For - get - ting not His man - y ben - e -
rul - eth wise - ly, And ev - 'ry morn His kind - ness is re -

more, En-dure for - ev - er - more, En-dure for - ev - er - more.
fits, His man - y ben - e - fits, His man-y ben - e - fits.
newed, His kind-ness is re - newed, His kind-ness is re - newed.

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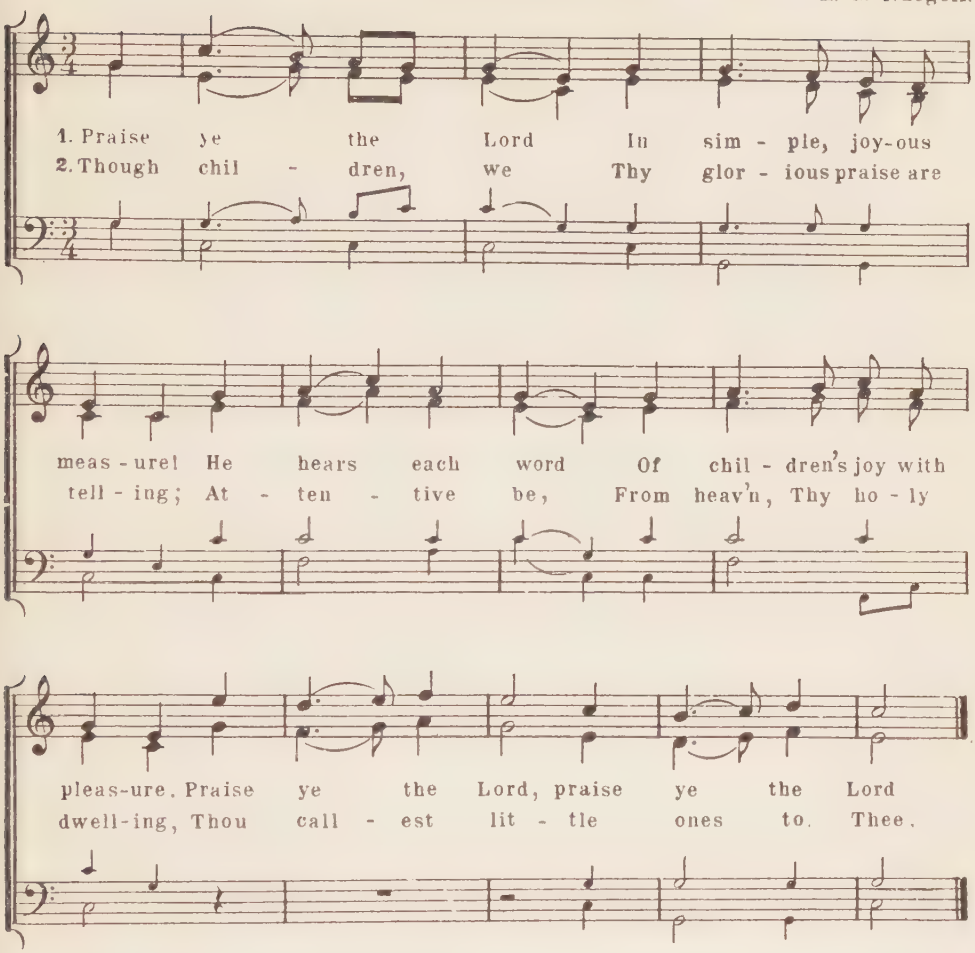
H. Brueckner, Tr.

88. Praise Ye the Lord.

G. Gessner. H. G. Naegeli.



3.

Thy praise alone
Our hearts would render ever,
Up to Thy throne
Ascends our weak endeavor,
Our outpoured song accept and own.

4.

Our stammering,
Our feeble voice Thou hearest,
O gracious King,
Een for our praise Thou carest;
Triumphant then to Thee we sing

5.

In glory we,
Our heav'nly Father praising,
Shall happy be,
New songs unnumbered raising,
Unceasing through eternity.

H. R. Spaeth, Tr.

89. Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven.

H. F. Lyte. H. J. Gauntlett.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring; Ran-somed
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress! Praise Him
3. An-gels, help us to a-dore Him, Ye be-hold Him face to face; Sun and

healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Who like thee His praise shall sing? Praise Him!
still the same as ev-er, Slow to chide and swift to bless; Praise Him!
moon bow down be-fore Him, Dwell-ers all in time and space. Praise Him!

praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King!
praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glor-ious in His faith-ful-ness!
praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

90. Praise the Lord, Whose Word Created.

Two- or three-part. Gunlich.

1. Praise the Lord, whose word cre-a-ted, And whose glo-ries
2. Praise the Lord! with joy and glad-ness, Let our grate-ful

dai - ly shine; Him, who clothed the earth in beau - ty,
mus - ic flow; Let our acts of love and kind-ness

And whose good - ness is di - vine. Praise the Lord, whose
All our paths with mer - cy strew. Praise the Lord, whose

word cre - at - ed, And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine.
word cre - at - ed, And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine

3

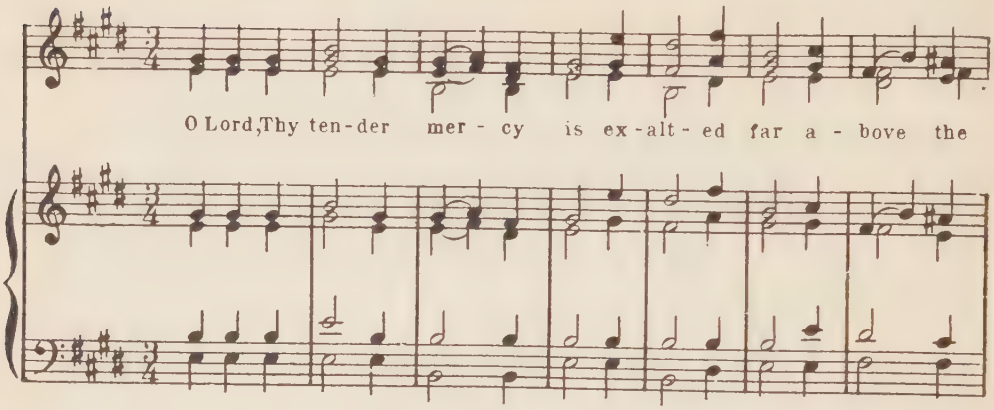
Praise the Lord, whose word created,
And whose goodness still sustains;
And when life's short day is ended,
Praise in everlasting strains.
Praise the Lord, etc.

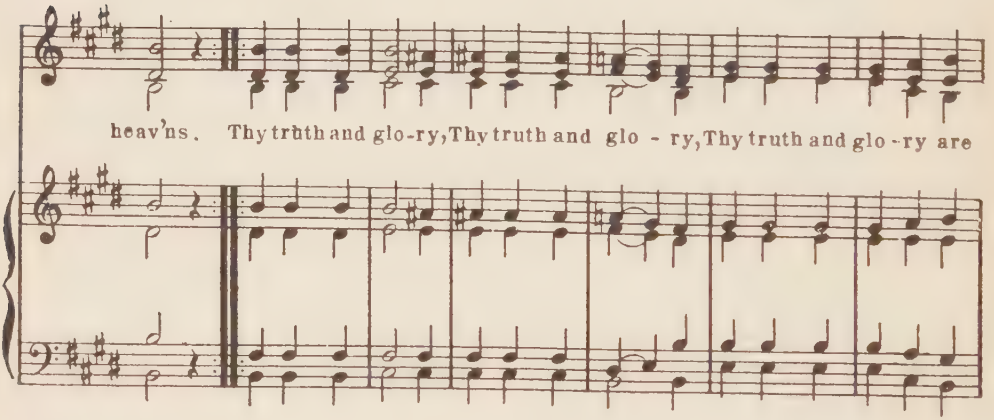
Text from Whiting's Music Reader V. By permission of the publishers, D. S. Heath & Co.

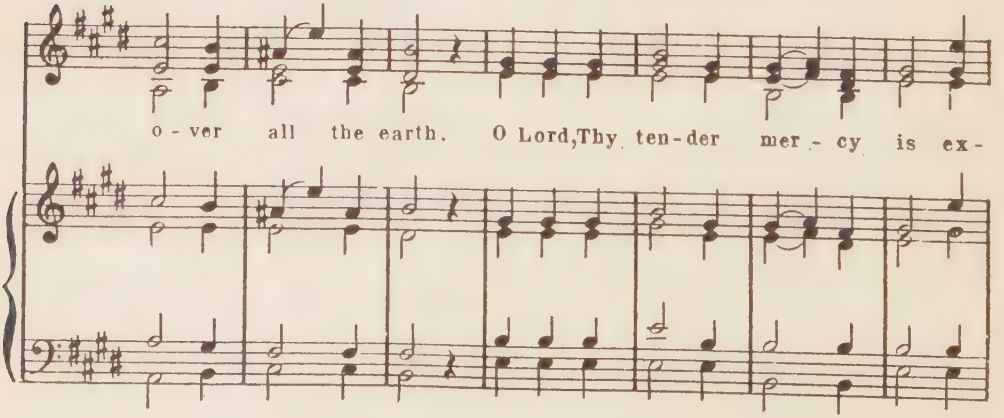
91. O Lord, Thy Tender Mercy.

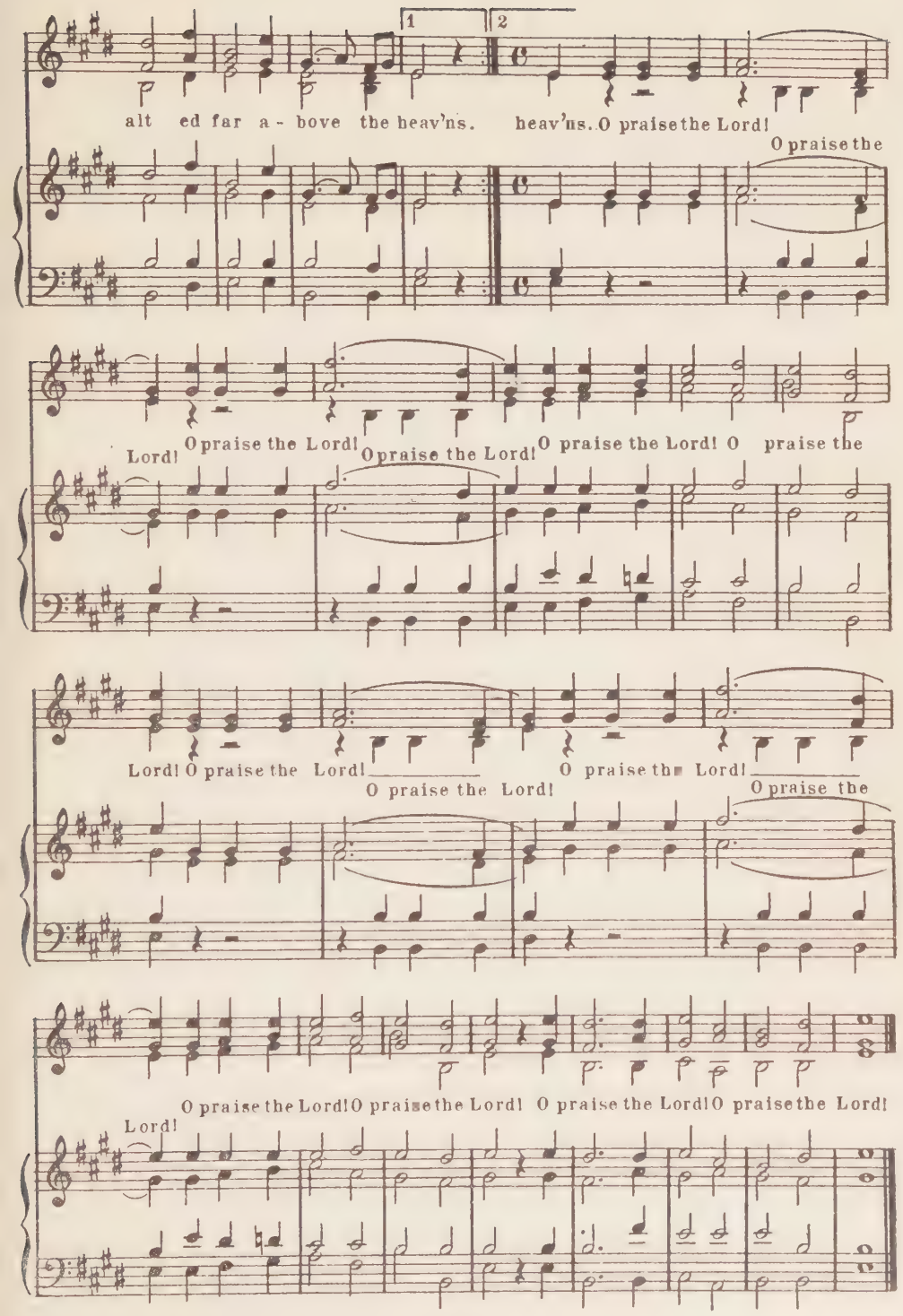
(Ps. 108, 4, 5.)

A. E. Grell.








1
2
alt ed far a - bove the heav'ns. heav'ns. O praise the Lord!
O praise the
Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the
Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
O praise the
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
Lord!

PRAYER.

92. Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte.

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens, Lord with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in

fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!

3.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!

4.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'ns morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

93. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

H. F. Ganse.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Near - er, my Lord, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Who to Thy

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
cross did st come Dy - ing for me. Strength-en my will-ing feet,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Hold me in ser-vice sweet Near-er, O Christ, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

3.

Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee!
Who with my loving Lord
Dwellest with me!
Grant me Thy fellowship!
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4.

But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steeps
Angels have trod:
Here where Thy cross I see,
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Then evermore to be
Nearer to Thee!

94. Thine Forever! God of Love.

Mary F. Maude.

G. Hews.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear me
2. Thine for - ev - er! Oh, how blest They who

from Thy throne a - bove! Thine for - ev - er may we
find in Thee their rest! Sav - ior, Guar - dian, heav'n-ly

be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty!
Friend, Oh, de fend us to the end!

3.

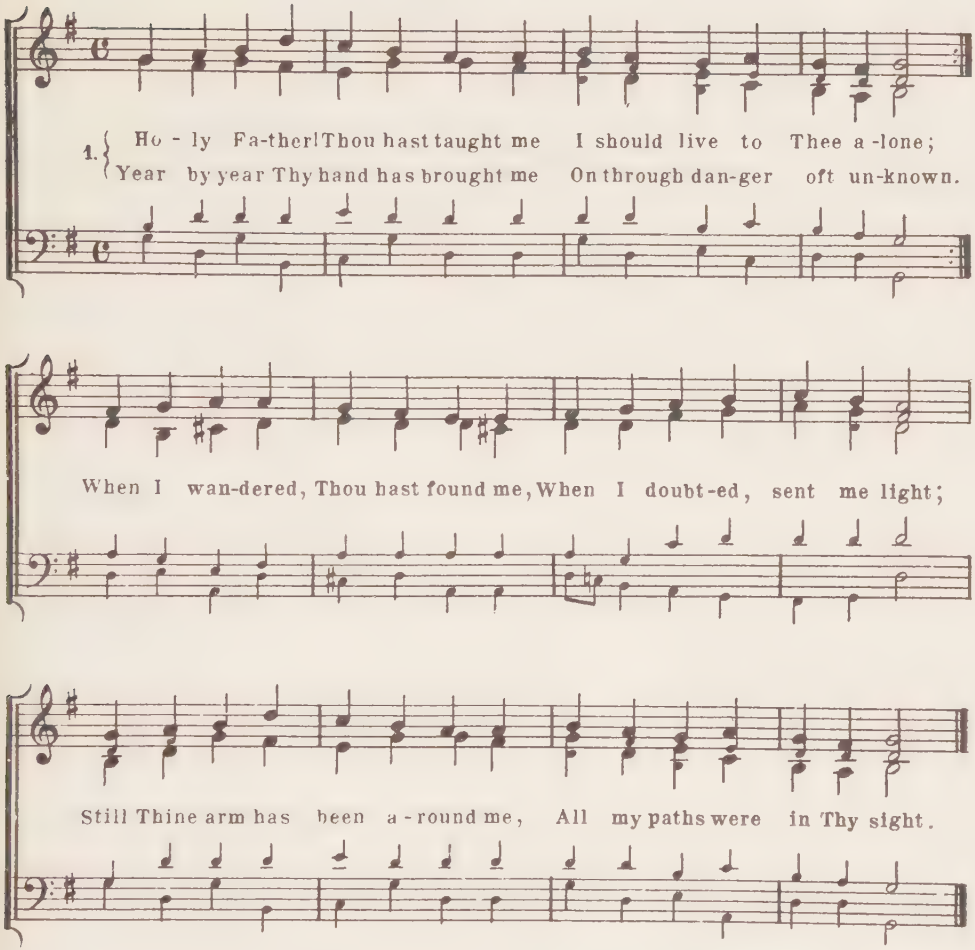
Thine forever! Savior, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4.

Thine forever! Thou our Guide,—
All our wants by Thee supplied,—
All our sins by Thee forgiv'n,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n!

95. Holy Father! Thou Hast Taught Me.

John M. Neale, a.



2.

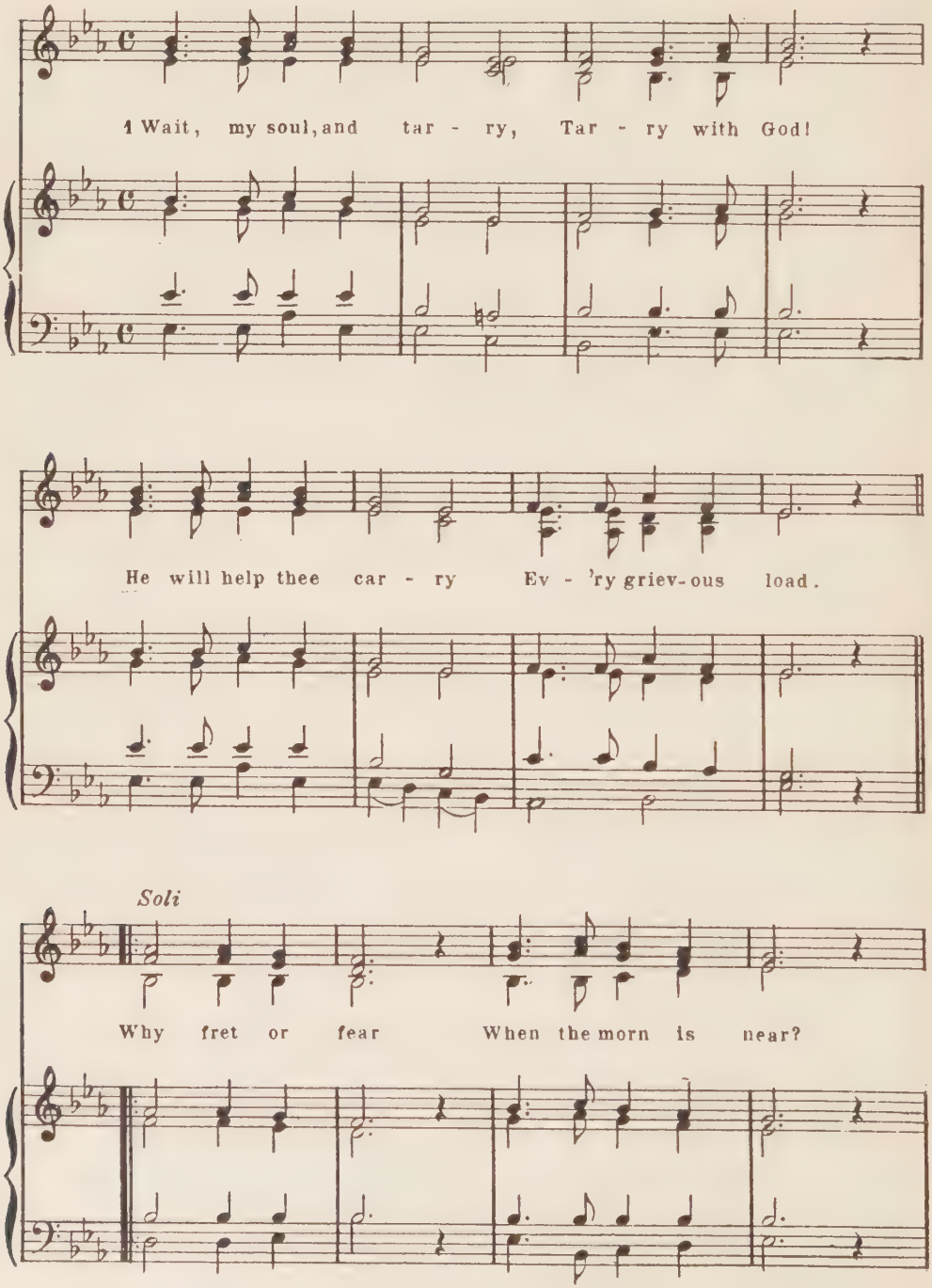
In the world will foes assail me,
Crafty, stronger far than I,
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need,
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou mine only Guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

96. Wait, My Soul, and Tarry.

Two-or three-part Fried. Raeder. C. S. Malan.



Repeat full chorus

With the pass-ing win - ter, Spring will re - ap - pear.

When storms dis - tress thee, In ev - 'ry ill,

God will sure - ly bless thee, My soul, be still!

2.

Wait, my soul, and tarry,
Tarry with God!
He will help thee carry
Ev'ry grievous load
When all things fail,
God will still prevail;
He can safely lead thee
Through the darkest vale.
Lord God eternal,
Lead to the goal!
Christ, forever faithful,
Save Thou my soul!

W. M. Czamanske, T.

97. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.

p

1 Lead, kind - ly Light; a - mid th'en-circ - ling gloom

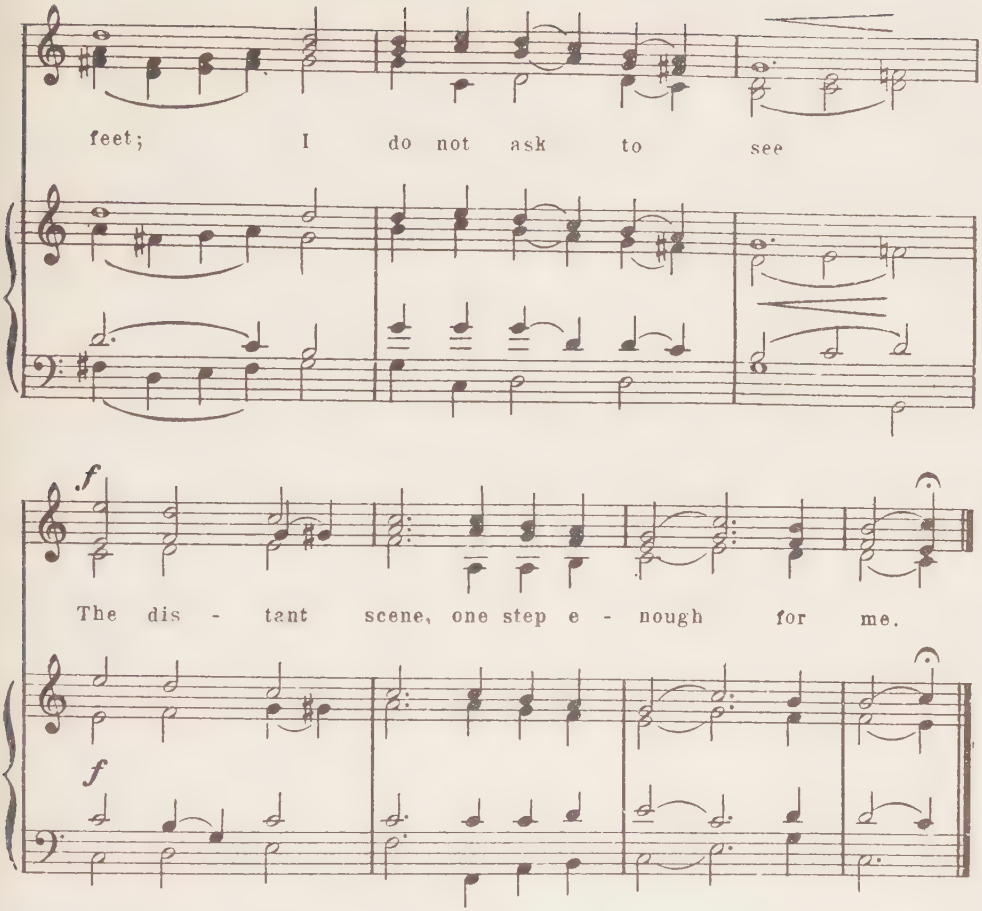
p

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from

mf

home Lead Thou me on, Keep Thou my

mf



2.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3.

So long Thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

4.

Till then, along the path Thyself hast trod,
Jesus, lead on;
Be Thou my Strength, my Help, O Son of God,
Till heav'n is won, —
Till with Thy folded flock my soul shall rest
In that calm peace, where all Thy saints are blest.

stanza 4, Rev Jos. A. Seiss, D. D.

THE REDEEMER.

98. Abide, O Dearest Jesus.

Dr. J. Stegmann.

Vulpius, 1609.

1. A - bide, O dear-est Je - sus, A-mong us with Thy grace, That
2. A - bide, O dear Re - deem - er, A-mong us with Thy Word, And

Sa - tan may not harm us, Nor we to sin give place.
thus now and here - af - ter True peace and joy af - ford.

3.

Abide with heav'nly brightness
Among us, précious Light;
Thy truth direct, and keep us
From error's gloomy night.

4.

Abide with richest blessings
Among us, bounteous Lord;
Let us in grace and wisdom
Grow daily through Thy Word.

5.

Abide with Thy protection
Among us, Lord, our Strength,
Lest world and Satan fell us,
And overcome at length.

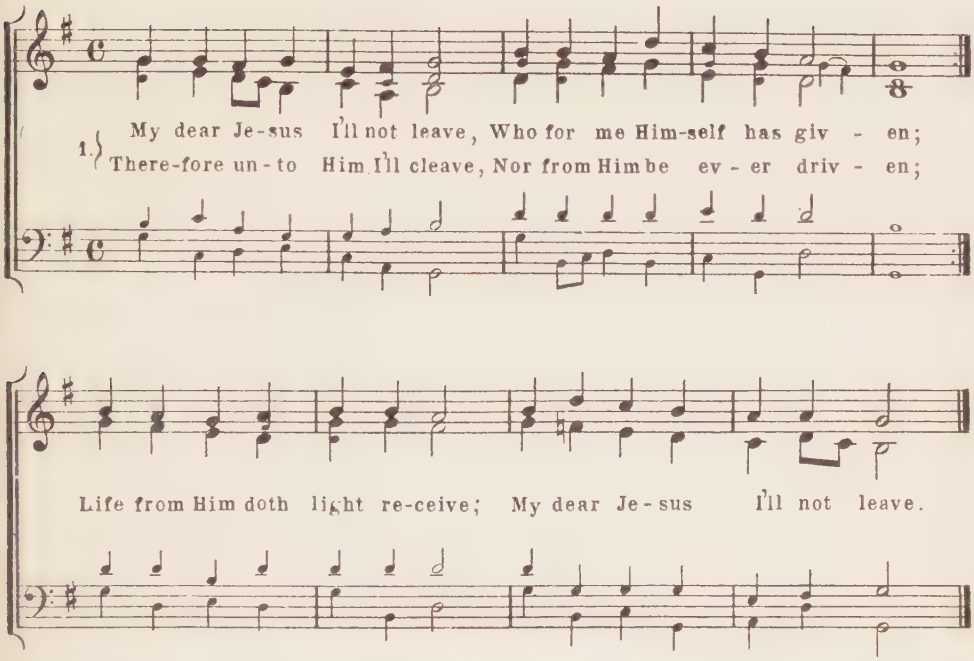
6.

Abide, O faithful Savior,
Among us with Thy love,
Grant steadfastness, and help us
To reach our home above.

A. Crull, Tr.

99. My Dear Jesus I'll Not Leave.

Chr. Keymann.



2.

Jesus I will never leave
While on earth I am abiding;
My full trust He shall receive;
What I have, without dividing,
All to Him I freely give,—
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

3

Though my eyesight pass away,
Hearing, taste, and feeling fail me
Though the earth's last light of day
Shall o'ertake and sore assail me;
E'en when my last sigh I heave
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

4.

Nor will I my Jesus leave
When at length I shall come thither
Where His saints He will receive,
That in bliss they live together;
Endless joy to me He'll give;—
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

5.

Not for earth's vain joys I crave,
Not for heaven's glorious pleasure,
Jesus, who my soul did save,
Shall be my Desire and Treasure:
He redemption did achieve;—
My dear Jesus I'll not leave

6.

Jesus I shall never leave,
To His side still firmly clinging.
Christ leads all who Him receive
To life's waters ever springing.
Blessed they who to Him cleave!—
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

100. Thee Will I Love, My Strength, My Tower.

J. Scheffler.

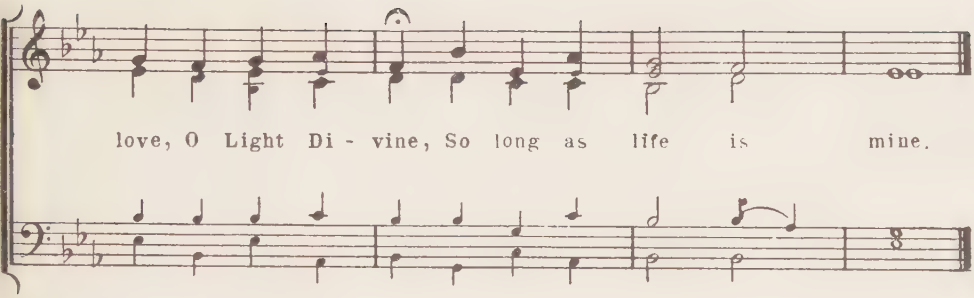
B. Koenig.

1. Thee will I love my Strength, my

Tow - er, Thee will I love, my Hope my Joy,

Thee will I love with all my pow er, With

ar - dor time shall ne'er de - stroy. Thee will I



2.

Thee will I love, my Life, my Savior,
Who art my best and truest Friend;
Thee will I love and praise forever,
For never shall Thy kindness end;
Thee will I love with all my heart,
For Thou my Bridegroom art

3.

O teach me, Lord, to love Thee truly
With soul and body, head and heart,
And grant me grace that I may duly
Practise fore'er love's sacred art;
Grant that my ev'ry thought may be
Directed e'er to Thee.

4.

Thee will I love, my Crown of gladness,
Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
Amid the darkest depths of sadness,
Not for the hope of high reward,
For Thine own sake, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine.

C. Winkworth, Tr.

101. Take Thou My Hands and Lead Me.

J. V. Haussmann.

F. Silcher.

1. Take Thou my hands and lead me O'er life's rough way,
With heav'n-ly man-na feed me From day to day.

A-lone, my foot-steps fal-ter, Or strag-gle wide; Lord,

who my life canst al-ter, Be Thou my Guide.

2.

Take Thou my heart and hide it
In folds of grace,
Though weal or woe betide it,
To know Thy face.
Draw, Lord, of Thy good pleasure,
Thy child to Thee.
And grant me faith's full measure,
Though naught I see.

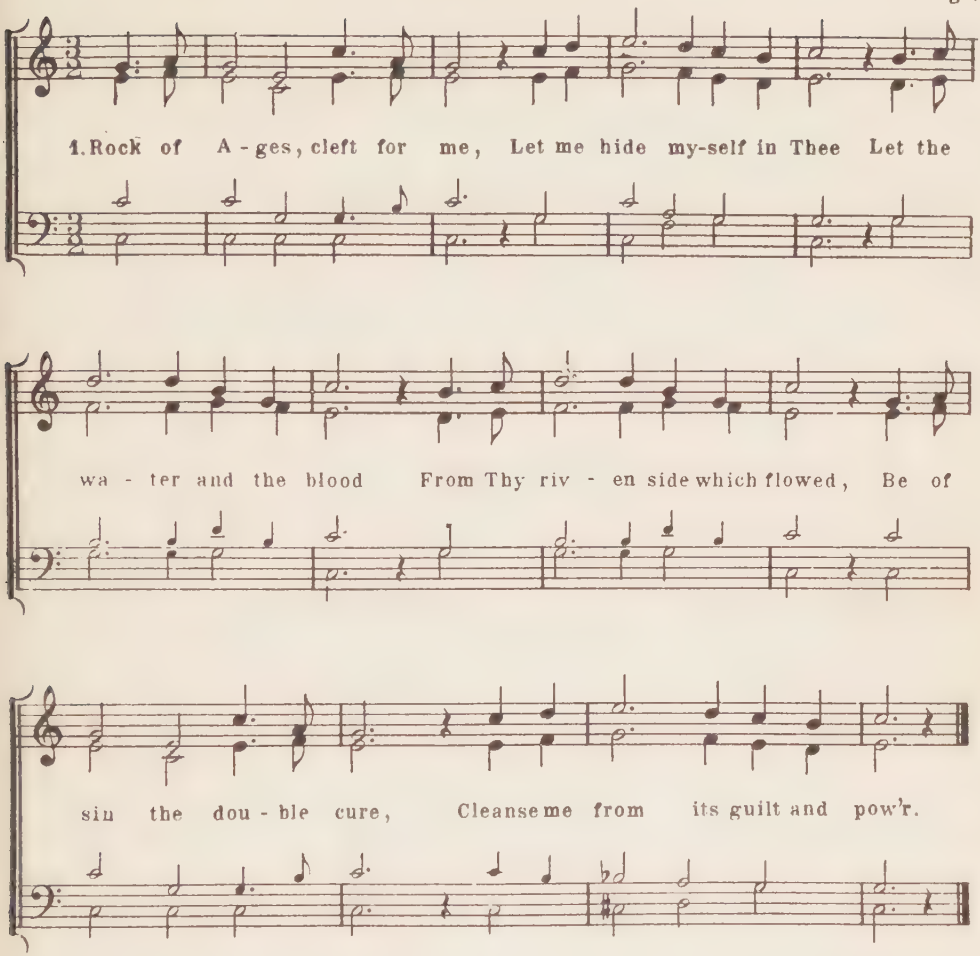
3.

Full oft methinks Thou hidest
Thy wondrous might;
Still to my goal Thou guidest
Me through dark night.
Take then my hands and lead me
Till life is o'er,
With heav'nly manna feed me
Forevermore.

102. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

T. Hastings.



2.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

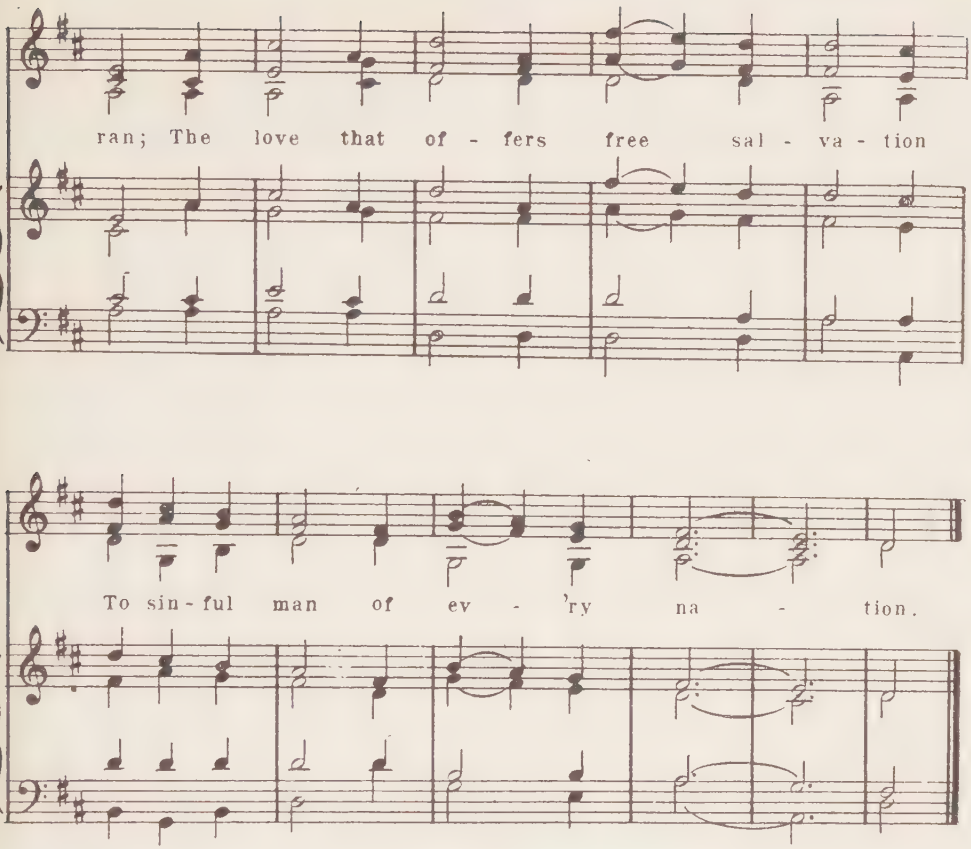
103. I Sing the Praise of Love Unbounded.

Two-or three-part. Tersteegen. D. Bortniansky.

1. I sing the praise of love un - bound - ed Which God in

Christ has shown to man; I sing of love that

hath been foun - ed Ere yet the stars their cours - es



2.

The love of God planned my salvation
Before I saw the light of day,
And took away the Law's damnation
Of him whose feet had gone astray.
God's love is mine, O blessed mortal;
To me is opened heaven's portal.

3.

While life shall last, I'll sing the glory
Of Christ, the Savior, and His love;
With angel hosts I'll tell the story
Of Christ in Zion's home above;
God's love is mine, death cannot sever
Me from the heart that loves forever.

Translated by R. A. John for "The Evangelical Hymnal."
By permission of Eden Publishing House.

104. Jesus, Sun of Gladness.

Groos.

1. Je - sus, Sun of Glad - ness, Foun-tain Thou of grace;
Cure for ev - 'ry sad - ness, Turn to me Thy face;

Look in mer - cy ten - der On Thy child to - day,

Help and sol - ace ren - der, Be my staff and stay.

2.

Purge me, O my Savior,
By Thy precious blood;
Teach me true behavior,
O my highest Good.
Ev'ry day and hour
Suffer me to see,
Lord, the saving power
Of Thy death for me.:,:

3.

Lord, my sole desire
Is to serve Thee well,
And I would aspire
E'er with Thee to dwell.
Joyous praise be given
To Thy name, O Lord,
Who art both in heaven
And on earth adored.:,:

H. Brueckner, Tr.

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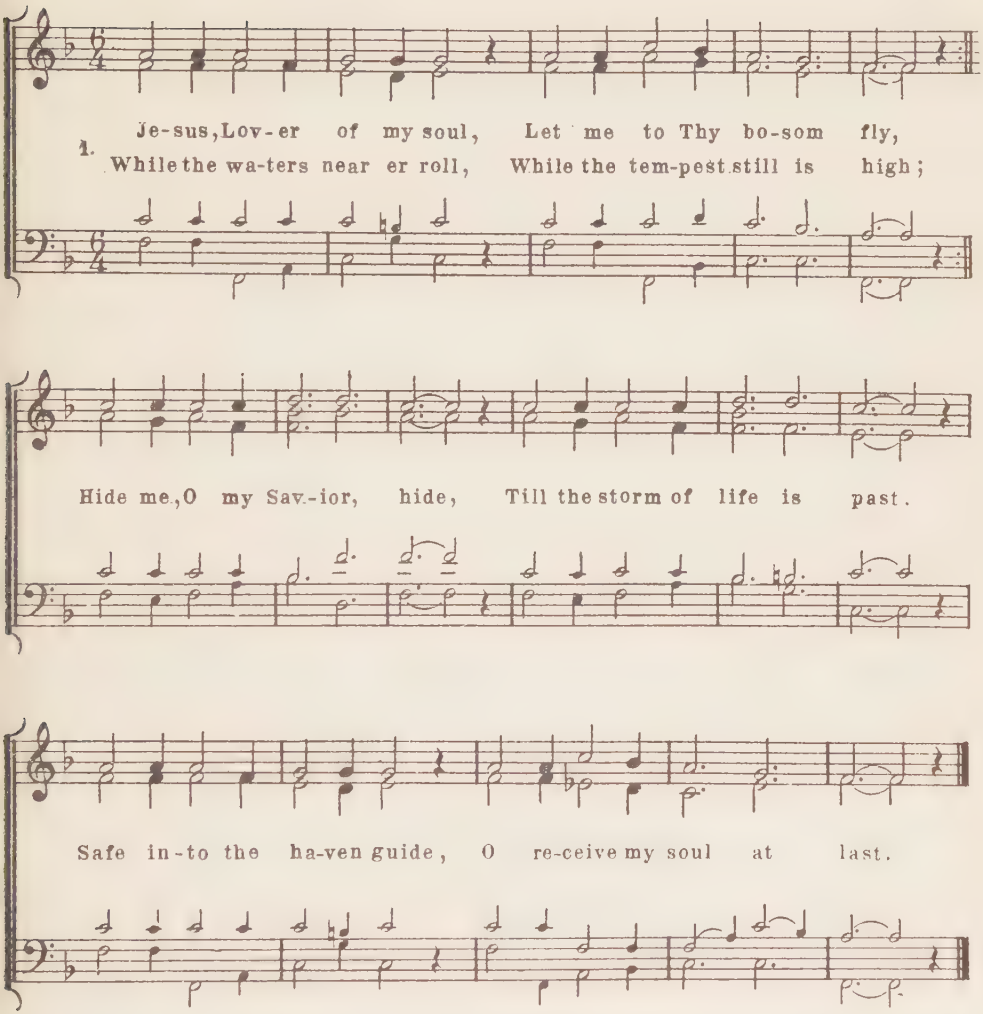
105. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.



2.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

106. The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

F. Rouse.

W. Gardiner.

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In pas - tures green; He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make With - in the paths of right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake.

3.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4.

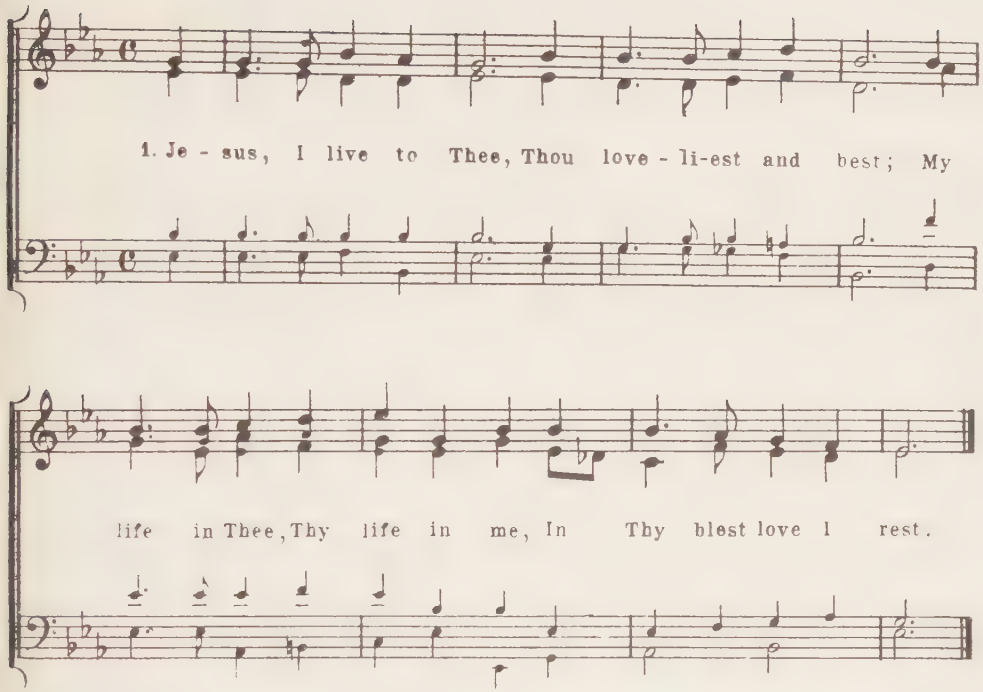
My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

5.

Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

107. Jesus, I Live to Thee.

H. Harbaugh.



2.

Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

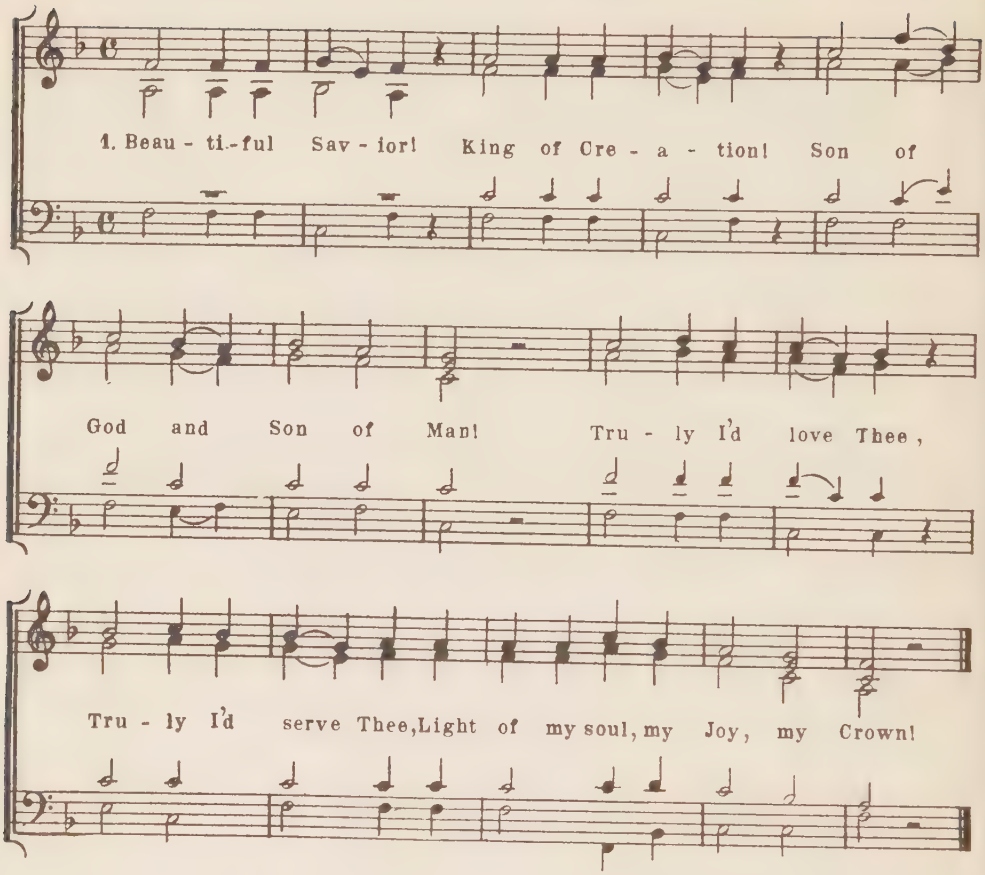
3

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest

4

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heav'n forever mine.

108. Beautiful Savior.



2.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flow'rs of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer;
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

3.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fair is the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

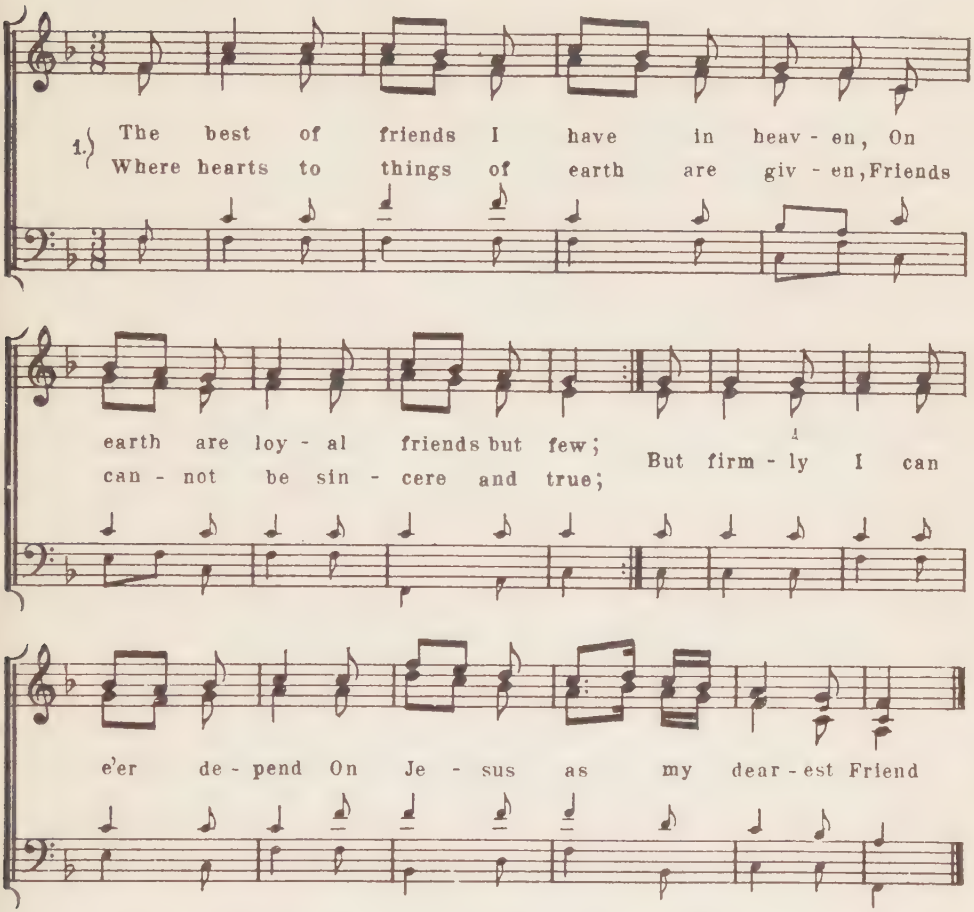
4.

Beautiful Savior!
Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine!

J. A. Seiss, Tr.

109. The Best of Friends I Have in Heaven.

B. Schmolck.



2.

The love of man is not abiding,
While that of Jesus never wanes;
Whatever storms and ills betiding,
This ever-faithful Friend remains:
In joy and sorrow to the end
My Savior is my dearest Friend.

3.

The world bestows its greatest favors
On those who can and will repay;
Whenever fortune's friendship wavers,
It's favors, too, will pass away;
With Jesus such is not the end,
He always is the dearest Friend.

4.

'Twas love for me that made Him suffer
And shed for me His precious blood;
'Tis love alone that makes Him offer
To make my ev'ry trespass good;
From sin and death He can defend
And is, indeed, my dearest Friend.

5.

He is the Friend above all others,
Whose heart and soul is wholly mine;
Whose love is stronger than a brother's
And stands beyond the end of time:
Then praise with me unto the end
My Savior as the dearest Friend

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110. There is a Tender Shepherd.

Jul. B. Cady.

1. There is a ten-der Shep-herd Who watch-es o'er His sheep, And they need fear no e-vil, Who in His pas-ture keep; Christ Je-sus is that Shep-herd: O grant, dear Lord that we With-in Thy pleas-ant pas-tures May safe and hap-py be!

2. There is a Friend most ten-der, A Friend that's ev-er near; To all our wants and sor-rows He bows a list-'ning ear. That Friend is Christ, our Sav-ior; His heart is full of love; Dear Je-sus, may we prize Thee, All oth-er friends a-bove..

3.

There is a glorious heaven,
A sinless happy home,
Where death can never enter,
And sorrow never come:
And to that blessed heaven
Christ only is the way,
While keeping close to Jesus
We can not go astray.

4.

O blessed, holy Jesus,
Thou Shepherd kind and strong,
Thou Friend so true and loving,
May we to Thee belong;
Our only hope of heaven,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
May we, with sins forgiven,
Praise Thee in endless lay.

111. Just as I Am, Without One Plea.

Ch. Elliott

W. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2. Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3.

Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

112. There's a Friend for Little Children.

Alb. Midlane.

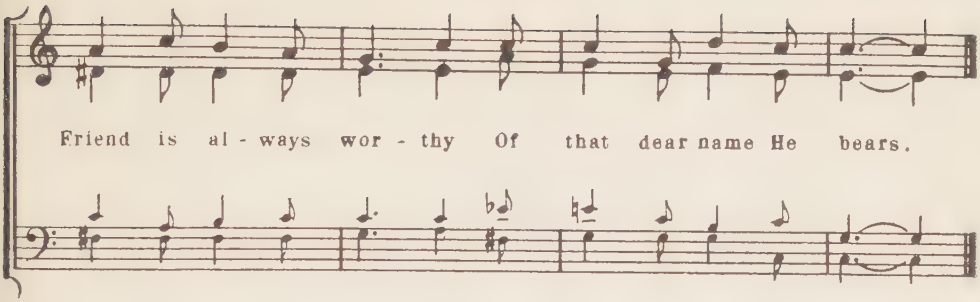
A. R. Watson.

1 There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue

sky, A Friend that nev - er chang - es, Whose

love will nev - er die; Our earth - ly friends may

fail us, And change with chang - ing years, This



2.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For ev'ry one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

3.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Savior,
And walk with Him below.

4.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music,
And palms of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone:
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

113. Let Me Have But Jesus.

Novalis.

1. Let me have but Je - sus, Make Him all my
2. Hav-ing Je - sus with me All things I for -

own; With a heart for - ev - er trust - ing His great
sake; With my pil-grim staff I wan - der Lone-ly

faith-ful - ness a - lone. Then no tears op - press
paths my Lord did take, Well con - tent, though know -

me, Ad - o - ra-tion, love, and joy pos - sess me!
ing, Mul - ti - tudes far bright-er paths are go - ing.

3.

Where'er I'm with Jesus
Is my fatherland;
Ev'ry treasure, ev'ry pleasure
As a gift comes from His hand;
Long-lost brothers ever
In His faithful folds I now discover.

For "Select Songs" by F. W. Herzberger, Tr. a.

114. How Great the Joy to Be a Lamb of Jesus.

J. J. Rambach.

Palmer.

1 { How great the joy to be a lamb of Je - sus, And
Earth's great-est hon - ors how - so - e'er they please us, Com

to be guid-ed by His shep-herd's staff; Yes, what this world can
pared to this are vain and emp - ty chaff;

nev-er give; May, through the Shep-herd's grace, each need-y sheep re - ceive.

2.

Here is a pleasure, rich and never failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow;
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:
He banishes all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to everlasting life

3.

Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,
Must come to Christ and join His flock in speed;
Here is a feast prepared without measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks must feed.
Those sheep may share in ev'ry good,
Whose Shepherd does possess the treasuries of God.

For "Select Songs" by F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

115. There Is a Gentle Gard'ner.

M. v. Schenkendorf. W. A. Mozart.

1. There is a gen-tle Gard-'ner, Who owns a gar-den fair, Where
2. They fond-ly love the Gard-'ner, And all to Him in - cline, While

count-less bloom-ing flow - ers En - joy His ten - der care He
with their cling-ing ten - drils They seek Him to en - twine And

grants them ra-diant sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain; Thus nur-tured they must
when their day is end - ed He takes them to His breast; And heav-en-ward He

flour-ish, And sweet-est fra-grance gain, And sweet-est fra-grance gain.
bears them To re-gions ev - er blest, To re-gions ev-er blest.

3.

There shall those flowers glisten
In beauty evermore,
Nor cold, nor frost shall blight them
On that celestial shore.
Thou Gard'ner true and gentle,
Care for us ev'ry day,
That we in yonder garden
:,: May thrive and bloom for aye. :,:

H. Brueckner, Tr.

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116. Where, O Lord Jesus, Could I Find Salvation?

Fleming.

1. Where, O Lord Je - sus, could I find sal - va - tion, If Thy dear blood were not my con - so - la - tion? How could a sin - ner 'neath his bur-den bend - ing, Else - where be wend - ing?

2. Where could a pil - grim, help - less, wea - ry rov - ing, Find such a ref - uge, such a heart so lov - ing? Thou art my Help - er, Thou my dear-est Bro - ther, I know no oth - er.

3.

Therefore I come with gladness and with singing
For all the grace and blessing Thou art bringing.
Thou, Lord, hast called me when I walked in blindness;
O blessed kindness!

For "Select Songs," by W M Czamanske, Tr.

117. Savior, Blessed Savior.

G. Thring.

M. Davis, 1848.

1. Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior, List - en while we sing,
2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee,

Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.
Deep in a - do - ra - tion, Bend - ing low the knee;

All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be,
Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.

3

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

118. The Lamb of Calvary.

W. M. Czamanske.

1. Sweet - er than the fra - grant ro - ses,
2. Bet - ter than a faith - ful bro - ther,
3. Strong - er than a might - y ar - my,

Pur - er than the morn to me, Fair - er than the
Near - er than a friend to me, Dear - er than a
Great - er than a king to me, Rich - er than the

star at ev-'ning, Is the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
lov - ing moth- er Is the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
gold - of O - phir, Is the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

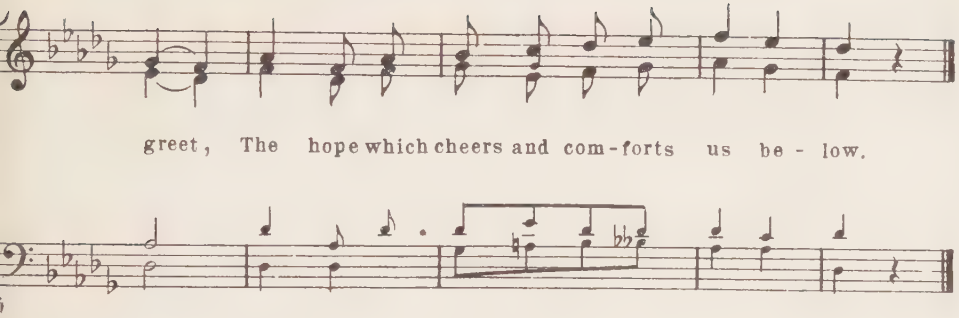
119. Eternal Peace and Glorious Vict'ry Rare.

1. E - ter - nal peace and glo - rious vic - t'ry rare!
And we re - turn from wan - d'ring here and there

When the last con - flict of our life is o'er,
To our dear home through heav'n's e - ter - nal door. When

we shake off the last dust from our feet, When we wipe off the

last drop from our brow, And our de - part - ed friends once more shall



2.

Eternal bliss! When we ourselves shall see
Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
And from all guilt and sin entirely free,
Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's sight;
No longer from His holy presence driven,
Conscious of guilt, and stung with inward pain;
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of His celestial train.

3.

Eternal joy! Who have in Christ believed,
What, through His grace, will be our sweet reward?
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived,
What God for those who love Him hath prepared:
Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,
Our toil and labor will be well repaid;
Let us haste onward till in God's good time
We reap the fruit— a crown that does not fade.

Rich. Massie, Tr. a.

120. Let Me Go.

Knak

Voigtlaender.

1. Let me go, let me go, Lord, to me Thy pres-ence
2. Sweet-est Light, sweet-est Light, Sun that scat - t'rest clouds in

show, Thith - er still my heart is turn - ing, For Thy
flight, O when shall I come be - fore Thee, When shall

heav'n - ly court is yearn - ing, There Thy per - fect rest to know.
I with saints a - dore Thee, Dwell-ing in Thy pres - ence bright.

3.

Ah, how clear, ah, how clear,
Ring the angel voices there!
While my soul for wings is sighing,
Wings o'er vale and mountain flying—
Now in Zion to appear.

4.

What shall be, what shall be,
All the joy laid up for me,
Lord, I know not, eyes are holden
Till Jerusalem the Golden
In its beauty I shall see.

5.

Paradise! Paradise!
Fairest fruits delight our eyes,
Where the Tree of Life is planted,
Bliss beyond our dreams is granted;
Bring us, Lord, to Paradise!

Harriet Reynolds Krauth, Tr.

121. How Sweet the Saints Repose.

Beneken.

1. How sweet the saints re-pose In bliss-ful slum - ber!
2. O ho - ly Sa - vior, So, too, didst Thou re-pose!

No tears, no toils, no woes, Their hal-lowed rest en - cum-ber.
But not for - ev - er Could death's grim pow'r en - close.

Peace-ful - ly sleep-ing, Free from all sor - row,
Thee in the pris - on; Through graves strong por - tal

In Christ's safe keep - ing, Till life's to - mor - row.
The Lord is ris - en To life im - mor - tal.

3.

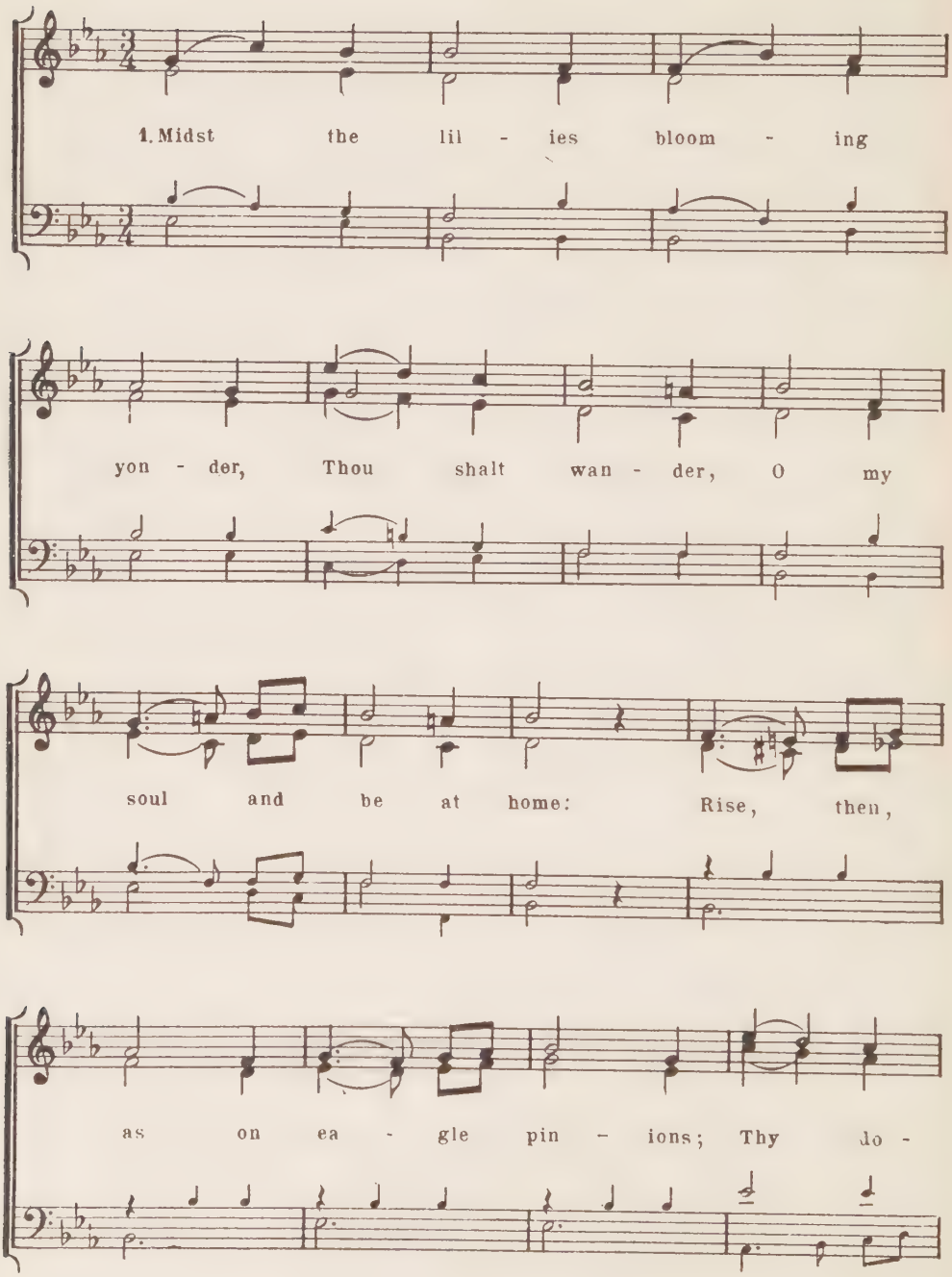
Lord, when my hour is come
And with the saints I sleep,
Then in Thy heav'nly home
My weary soul do keep;
Till morn is breaking
And from death's portal
I rise, awaking,
To life immortal.

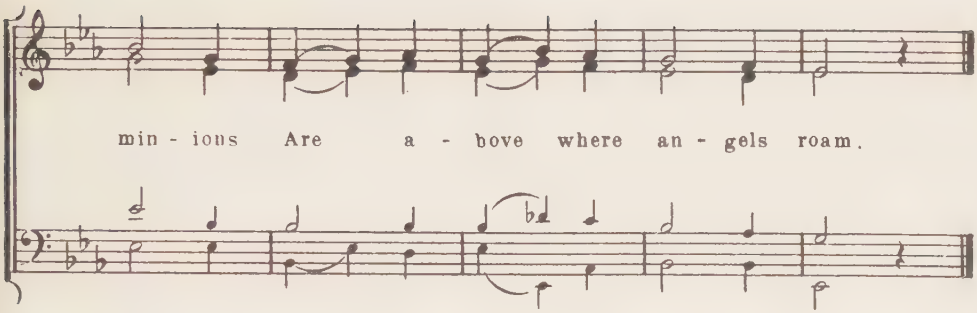
For "Select Songs," by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

122. Midst the Lilies Blooming Yonder.

Allendorf.

Voigtlaender.





2.

Guide my ship, Thou First-born Brother,
To no other
Than that peaceful haven, where,
Sheltered from all storms forever,
I shall never
Know of sorrow, sin, or care.

3.

Thou canst fill our mouths with laughter
And hereafter
Make our tongues to sing Thy praise;
Thou canst softly lead us mortals
Through death's portals
And above all evils raise.

4.

For our sins and grievous errors
All the terrors
Of the cross Thou didst endure:
Death, thy sting for aye has vanished,
Thou art banished,
And I rest from thee secure.

H. Brueckner, Tr.

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123. The Haven of Rest.

Two-or three-part

1. O where is the ha - ven of rest for the soul, The
2. For - get things of earth with their sor - row and care And

peace and the joy which it seeks for its goal? Can no place be
strive for that glo - ri - ous home o - ver there! Je - ru sa - lem,

found on this earth free from sin, No ci - ty of ref - uge, no
heav - en - ly ci - ty of gold, Thou on - ly art tru - ly the

safe - ty to win? Vain, vain, vain, vain, All here is
home of the soul! Fair, fair, fair, fair, Won-drous-ly

vain. With Je - sus a - bove is the home we must gain.
fair, The ha - ven of rest which the faith - ful will share!

3.

O think of the heavenly joy of that rest
With Jesus, the Savior, and host of the blest,
Where music celestial and cherubim's song
Replace sin and sorrow and suffering long.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Gloriously sweet,
The peace and contentment and joy so complete!

4.

From all earthly tumult and sorrow we flee
With hearts full of yearning, O Savior, to Thee;
'Tis greatest of blessings to sit at Thy feet
And share with the ransomed this fellowship sweet:
Home, home, home, home,
No more to roam!
Grant us, our Redeemer, this heavenly home!

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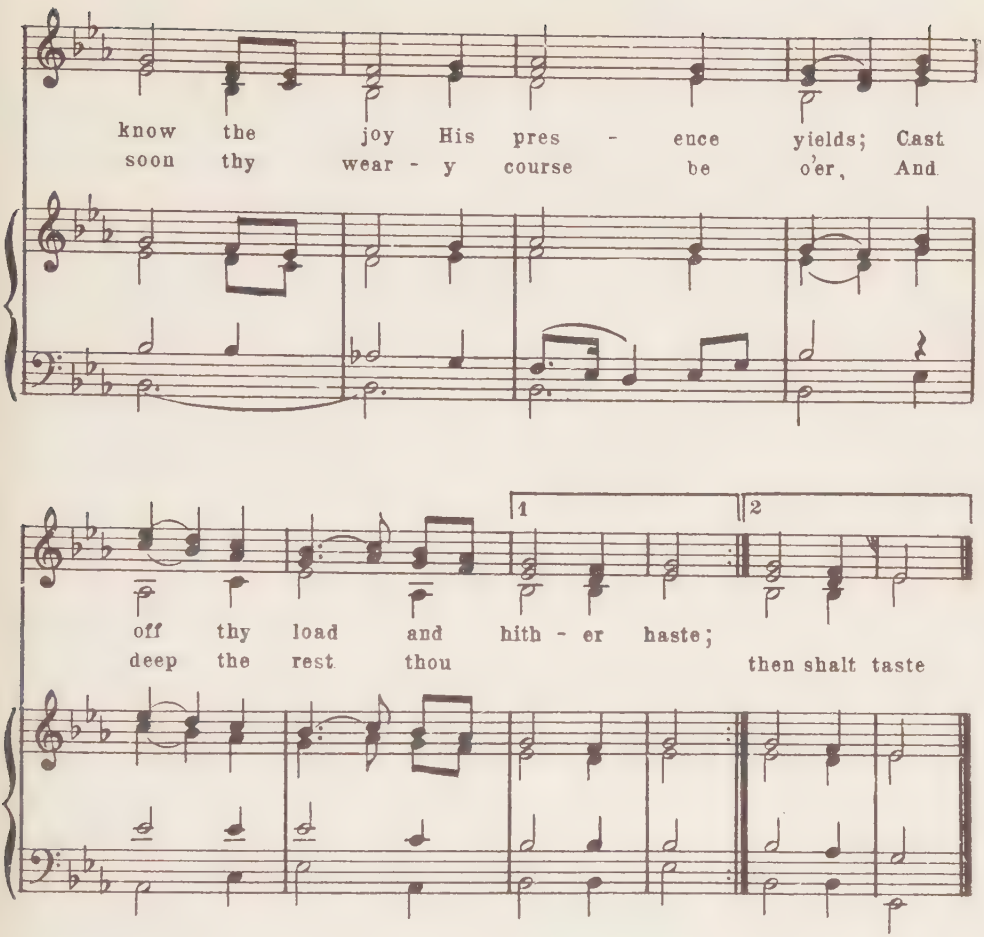
124. Yes, There Remaineth Still a Rest.

Two- or three-part. John S. Kunth.

1. Yes, there re - main - eth still a rest! A
By heav - y care and pain op - prest, On

rise, sad heart that dark - ly pines,
whom no sun of glad - ness shines.

Look to the Lamb! in yon bright fields Thou'lt
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more, Soon,



2.

The rest appointed thee of God,
Eternal is this rest above;
That ere this earth by man was trod
Was set apart for thee by love.
Our Savior gave His life to win
This rest for thee; Oh, enter in!
Hear how His voice sounds far and wide,
Ye weary souls, no more delay,
Loiter not faithless by the way,
Here in my peace and rest abide.

3.

There is untroubled calm and light,
No gnawing care shall mar our rest;
Ye weary, heed this word aright,
Come, lean upon your Savior's breast
Fain would I linger here no more,
Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
And join that bright expectant band
O raise, my soul, the joyful song
That rings through yon triumphant throng;
Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.

C. Winkworth, Tr.

INSTALLATION OF A TEACHER.

125. Send, O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit.

J. G. Kunz.

1. Send, O Lord, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it On Thy ser - vant
Let him prove a faith - ful shep-herd To Thy lit - tle
now we pray; Thy pure doc - trine to pro - claim,
lambs al - way.
To ex - tol Thy ho - ly name, And to feed Thy
lambs a - right, Make his aim and sole de - light.

2.

Thou, O Lord, Thyself hast called him
O'er Thy blood-bought lambs to reign;
But without Thy Spirit's guidance
All his labor is in vain.
Grant him wisdom from above,
Fill his heart with holy love;
In all weakness strength supply,
O Good Shepherd, hear our cry!

3.

Help, Lord Jesus, help him nourish,
Our dear children with Thy Word,
That in constant love they serve Thee
Till in heav'n their song is heard.
Boundless blessings, Lord, bestow
On his faithful toil below,
Till he lives, through Thy blest grace,
Glory-crowned before Thy face.

F. W. Herzberger, Tr. a.

OUR DEAR SCHOOL.

126. Let Egypt Boast Her Pyramids.

F. W. Herzberger.

1. Let E - gypt boast her pyr - a-mids And Greece her tem-ples proud, We
2. O hap - py days that saw us meet With in that hal-lowed shrine, To

sing a far more glo - rious shrine Than e - ven Rome a - vowed. We
learn with our com - pan - ions dear A wis - dom all di - vine. O

sing of our dear Lu-th'ran school, Its sav - ing Gos-pel lore, Whose
bless - ed school that leads us on In paths our Sav - ior trod, Which

price - less treas-ures still are ours When time shall be no more.
reared us loy - al to our land And loy - al to our God.

3.

The years may come, the years may go,
The nations rise and fall,
But long as years shall last for us
We pledge here, one and all:
"Our grateful hearts shall ne'er forget
The school that made us wise,
To live and die as Christians should
And gain fair heaven's prize!"

127. God Bless Our School.

O. Kaiser.

Henry Carey.

1. Our Fa - ther, 'tis to Thee We bring this earn - est plea,
2. Our Sav - ior, from a - bove Guide with Thy ten - der love

God bless our school! Thy sav - ing Word is here, Fill us with
Our Lu-th'ran school; Help us our work to do, Teach us to

ho - ly fear, Make this a place most dear: God bless our school!
e'er be true; Our num - ber large or few, God bless our school!

3.

Spirit of God, so near,
Our Guide and Comforter,
Rule in our school;
Here purify each heart,
Faith, love, and hope impart;
Our Sanctifier Thou art;
God bless our school!

4.

Great God, blest Trinity,
Thou who art One and Three,
Bless this our school!
Now hear us while we pray,
Take all our sins away,
Meet with us ev'ry day;
God bless our school!

MISCELLANEOUS.

128. Where Is My Home?

1 Where is my home? Where is my home? On
2 Where is my home? Where is my home? God's

earth I have my pil - grim home, Where wan - der - ing I
ho - ly tem - ple is my home, Where seek - ing rest I

go and come. There is my home, There is my
go and come, There is my home, There is my

home, On earth my pil - grim home.
home, At church, there is my home.

3.

:,: Where is my home? :,:
My Father's mansions are my home,
Where nevermore to leave I come;
:,: There is my home, :,:
In heaven is my home.

For "Select Songs," by J. T. Mueller, Tr. &.

129. God Is Love.

P. T. Buazin.

1. God is Love, His mer - cy bright-ens All the
2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His
3. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and

paths in which we rove; Bliss He wakes and
change-less good - ness prove; From the gloom His
com - fort from a - bove; Ev - 'ry - where His

woe He light - ens. God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
bright-ness stream - eth. God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
glo - ry shin - eth. God is Wis - dom, God is Love.

130. O Blessed House.

C. J. P. Spitta.

1 { O bless-ed house, that cheer-ful - ly re - ceiv - eth Thy vis-its,
That, far be - yond all oth - er guests, be - liev - eth It must to

1. 2.

Je-sus Christ, the soul's true Friend,
Thee its warm-est cheer ex - tend: Where ev'ry heart to Thee is fond-ly

turn-ing, Where ev-'ry eye for Thee with pleasure speaks, Where all to

know Thy will are tru-ly yearn-ing, And ev'ry one to do it prompt-ly seeks.

2.

O blessed house, where little children, tender,
Are laid upon Thy heart, with hands of prayer,
Thou Friend of children, Who wilt freely render
To them more than a mother's loving care,
Where round Thy feet they gather, to Thee clinging,
And hear Thy loving voice most willingly,
And in their songs Thy hearty praises ringing,
Rejoice in Thee, O blessed Lord, in Thee.

3.

O blessed house, the joys of which Thou sharest,
And never art forgot in scenes of joy;
O blessed house, for whose sad wounds Thou carest,
Where all the sick, Thy healing power employ;
Until, at last, the day's work fully ended,
All, finally, in joyful rapture, fly
To that blest House to which Thou hast ascended,
Unto the blessed Father's House on high.

Chas. W. Schaeffer, Tr.

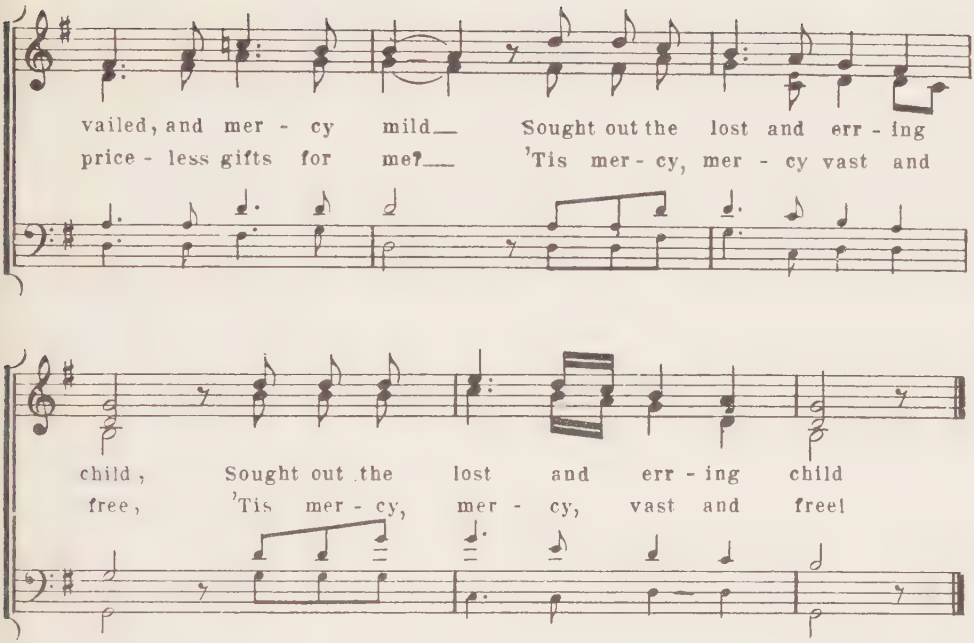
131. O Boundless Joy! There Is Salvation.

1. O bound-less joy! There is sal - va - tion For me, a
2. Wrath should be mine and con - dem - na - tion, And hell with

sin - ner, vile and base For quite un - wor - thy of com -
all its end - less pain! Yet here is heav - en and sal -

pas - sion, And spurn - ing oft the Sav - ior's
va - tion, Christ's sav - ing blood to make me

grace; And spurn-ing oft the Sav - ior's grace: Yet love pre -
clean, Christ's sav-ing blood to make me clean: Oh, why such



3.

O Lord, forever and forever,
My ransomed soul should voice Thy praise!
And to Thy mercy, blessed Savior,
:,: My ever-grateful hymns I raise. :,:
O wondrous Gospel, holy theme!
:,: Christ came us sinners to redeem! :,:

4.

O Mercy! Never shall Thy glory
Be dimmed by time and fade away.
My hope is rooted in Thy story,
:,: With Thee I fear not when I pray. :,:
With Thee I dread no earthly loss
:,: With Thee I bear each painful cross.

5.

With Thee, in death's dark, solemn hour
I take my journey not alone;
With Thy sustaining hope and power
:,: I come before the judgment throne. :,:
And there in endless song of Thee
:,: I'll sing through all eternity. :,:

For "Select Songs", by J. T. Mueller, Tr. a.

132. Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord.

T. H. Gill

1 Thy Word is like a gar-den, Lord, With flow-ers bright and fair; And
2 Thy Word is like a star-ry host; A thous-and rays of light Are

ev-'ry-one who seeks may pluck A love-ly clus-ter there. Thy
seen to guide the trav-el-er, And make his path-way bright. Thy

Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew-els rich and rare Are
Word is like an ar-mo-ry, Where sol-diers may re-pair, And

hid-den in its might-y depths For ev-'ry search-er there.
find, for life's long bat-tle day, All need-ful wea-pons there.

3.

O, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I it's fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!
O, may I find my armor there!
Thy Word, my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with ev'ry foe
The battle of the Lord.

133. Upon a Mount There Stood a Tree.

H. Brueckner, Tr. a.

1. Up - on a mount there stood a tree, With gold - en fruit weighed down; That
2. Yet while so man - y pluck its fruit, Now as in days of yore, The

tree was seen through-out the land And great was its re - nown. In
good - ly tree no bare-ness shows, Nor loss - es of its lore. Who

count-less num-bers peo - ple came, Some ear - ly and some late; They
knows this tree of won - drous fame With fruit for you and me? I'm

shook the tree with ea - ger hand, And of its fruit they ate.
sure you all will guess a - right: The Bi - ble is the tree.

H. Brueckner, Tr. a

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134. As O'er the Realm of Nature.

C. A. Gebauer.

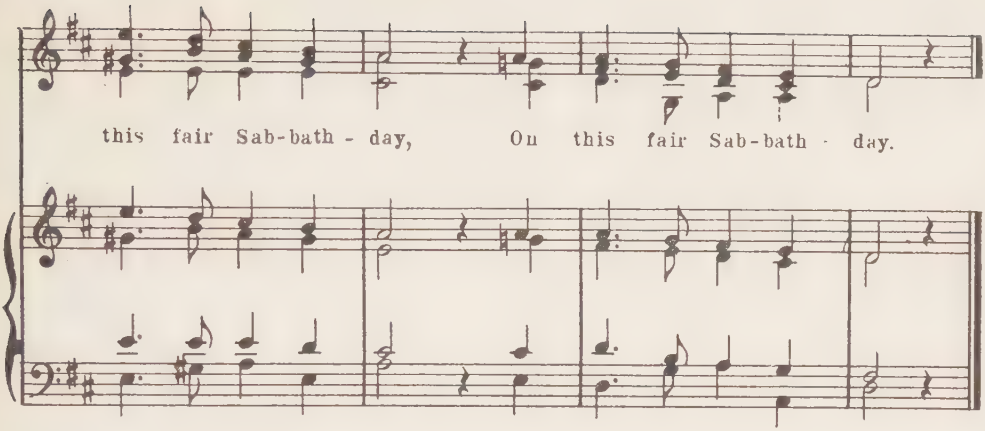
Two-or three-part

G. H. Trebel

1. As o'er the realm of na - ture Deep

calm - ness now holds sway, So let my heart be

qui - et On this fair Sab - bath - day, On



2.

The bells, like solemn voices,
Are heard both far and near;
To God's own house they call us
:,: His holy Word to hear. :,:

3.

Who would not gladly follow
Their call so strong and clear?
Who would not share the blessing
:,: So rich in love and cheer? :,:

4.

And, like the star of Bethl'em,
The light of faith divine
Doth show the heart the highway
:,: To yonder sacred shrine. :,:

5.

From ev'ry earthly sorrow
And vain desire made free,
The soul in blissful stillness
:,: Alone with God will be. :,:

H. Brueckner, Tr. a.

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135. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S.B. Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God:

With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. Christ the Roy-al
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the Saints have trod. We are not di -

Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For ward in-to bat - tle
vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine,

Chorus

See His ban ners go. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to
One in char-i - ty.

war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

3.

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song.
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

Chorus: Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Secular Songs.

MORNING.

136. While the Morning Bells are Ringing.

1. While the morn - ing bells are ring - ing
2. When the night was fold - ed o'er us,

We to Thee our songs would raise,
Heav - y dark - ness shut us in;

Thank - ing Thee for Thy pro - tec - tion,
But we slept in peace - ful quiet,

Bring - ing Thee our songs of praise
Thou our faith - ful Guard hast been

3.

Thanks to Thee, our heav'nly Father,
For Thine all-protecting arm.
Through the day, we pray Thee, keep us
Free from sin and ev'ry harm.

137. See, Daylight is Coming.

Methfessel.

1. See, day - light is com - ing with all her gay train, To
2. The wild birds now car - ol their sweet morn-ing song, And

earth bring-ing beau - ty and bright - ness a - gain; Night's
hill - side and moun - tain the ech - oes pro - long, The

shad-ows are flee - ing now swift - ly a - way, While
riv - u - let mur - murs a mel - o - dy sweet Which

light is pro - claim - ing the her - ald of day.
earth and the o - cean in cho - rus re - peat.

3.

While all else rejoices, shall man silent be?
No! We'll join the chorus with earth and with sea,
And praise Him who gave us the morn bright and gay,
And ask His protection throughtout the glad day.

138. Dewdrops.

W. M. Czamanske. Karl Haase.

1. Whence come the spar-kling dew-drops To greet our sleep-y eyes Like
2. So noise-less is their com-ing, We fail to hear their tread, And

lit - tle deeds of kind-ness That take us by sur prise? They
dark-ness hides the se - cret Of how these tears are shed. Who

hang their dia-monds on the flowr, And crown the sun-ny green With
brings these treas-ures from the skies Be - fore the dawn of day, These

jew-els and with di - a - dems Much fair - er than a queen.
ti - ny, shi - ny lit - tle globes In all their bright ar - ray?

3.

Are they the tears of angels
In sacred gladness born?
Methinks our Master sends them
As tokens of the morn
When glory gleams around the throne
In pearly heights above,
That we might learn how good He is
And thank Him for His love.

139. Praise the Lord! The Sun of Morning.

Two- or three- part.

J. H. Rolle.

1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! The sun of morn-ing Wakes the slum-b'ring plains a - gain; All the earth to life re - turn-ing Lifts to God a joy - ous strain.

2.

Praise the Lord! :,: The dewy flowers
Bloom the praises of the King;
Heights, and fields, and leafy bowers
Ring with gladdest caroling.

3.

Praise the Lord! :,: From hills and mountains
Sounds aloud the thankful lay.
Stir, my soul, thy nobler fountains,
Bless the Lord for new-born day.

140. See the Shining Dewdrops.

Rinck.

1. See the shin - ing dew - drops On the flow - ers strewed,
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood,

Prov - ing as they spar - kle, "God is ev - er good."
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, "God is ev - er good."

3.

Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."

4.

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
All things join to tell us;
"God is ever good."

EVENING.

141. Father, Hear Thy Children.

1. Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren, Day-light is gone, And the ev-'ning
2. Fa-ther, take Thy chil-dren, Close to Thy breast When the mid-night

shad-ows Dark-ly draw on; O-cean and earth are still,
reign-eth, Oh,— give them rest! Drive e-vil thoughts and things

Wea-ry are we, Guard us from ev-'ry ill, We look to Thee.
Far from our sleep, Fold us be-neath Thy wings, In slum-ber deep.

3.

Father, when the morning
Brightens the sky,
Make Thy children waken,
Feeling Thee nigh;
To our first thoughts impart
Longings divine;
Enter each waking heart,
Seal it for Thine.

142. How Gently the Shadows are Falling!

C. M. Becker.

1. How gent - ly the shad - ows are fall - ing Like
2. How friend - ly the heav - ens are shin - ing! How

dew in the mead - ows so deep! How
sooth - ing the cool ev-'ning air! Com -

sweet - ly the zeph - yrs are call - ing And
mend - ing our soul and re - clin - ing, We

lull - ing the wea - ry to sleep!
rest from our sor - row and care.

3.

How welcome the moments of slumber,
Sweet gift from our Maker above,
When burdens no longer encumber,
The heart that is sure of His love.

For "Select Songs" by W. M. Czamanske, Tr

143. I Saw the Smiling, Golden Sun!

1. I saw the smil - ing, gold - en sun Sink to his

rest when day was done; Me-thinks I heard this part-ing

strain: Loved friends, I'll greet you soon a - gain.

2.

Then starry ev'ning floated down,
And spread her veil o'er field and town;
And when white moonlight tipped the hill,
:,: Noise fled away, and all was still. :,:

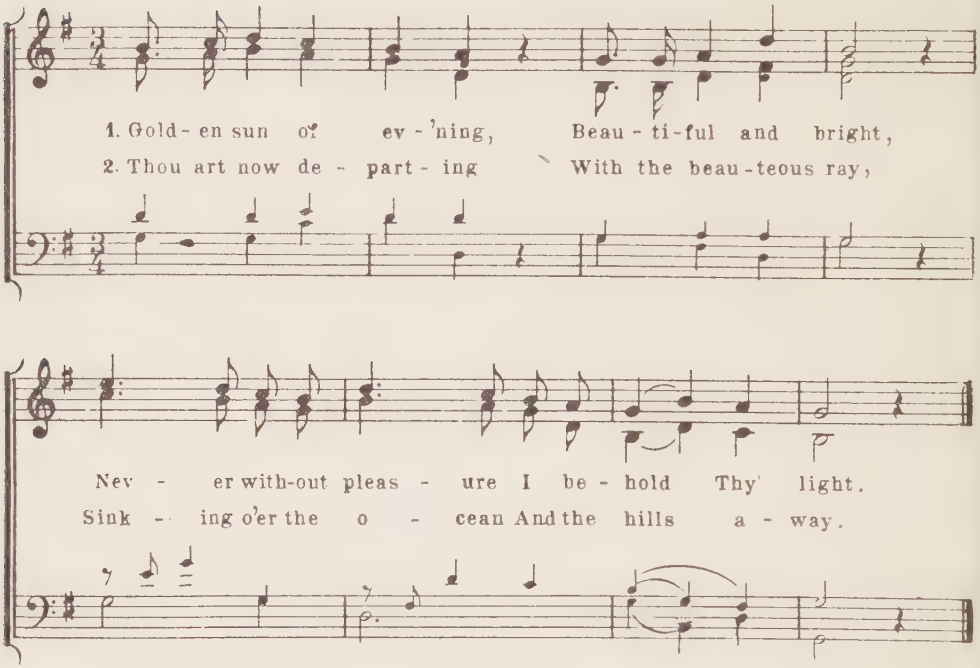
3.

And now in sleep my eyes I close,
Fearless on God my thoughts repose;
Beneath a watchful Father's sight
:,: I yield me to the arms of night. :,:

144. Golden Sun of Evening.

Dr. G. C. Barth.

H. G. Naegeli.



3.

Vesper-chimes are ringing
From the belfry's height,
As if farewell saying
To the parting light.

4.

Thou, O God and Father,
Art in heaven yet,
Thy love never faileth,
Thy sun doth not set.

5.

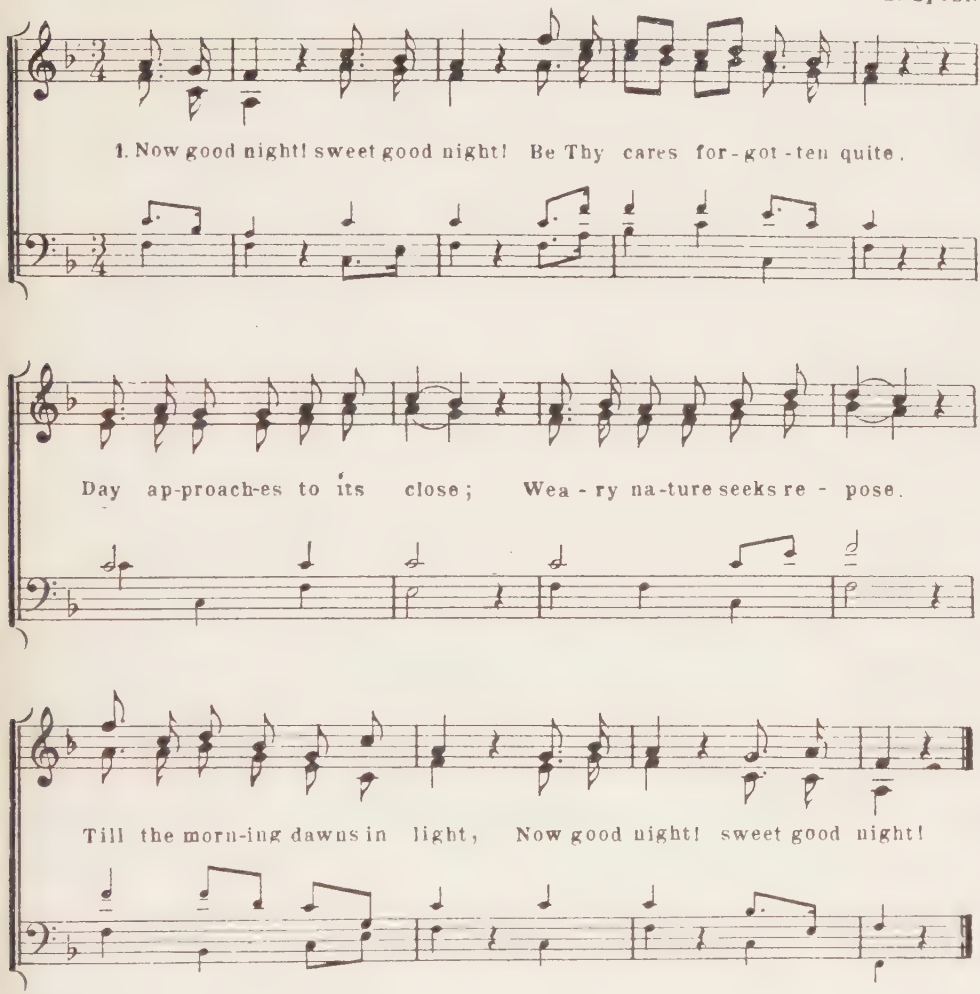
Through the hours of darkness
Turn Thy face to me,
That my face for comfort
May be turned to Thee.

J. H. Kuhlmann, Tr.

145. Now Good Night! Sweet Good Night.

Theod. Koerner.

L. Spohr.



2.

Go to rest! go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumber blest,
Now 'tis still and quiet all;
Hear we but a watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest,
Sleep and rest! sleep and rest!

3.

Now good night! sweet good night!
Slumber till the morning light.
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrow with its ray.
Sleep without a fear or fright.
Now good night! sweet good night!

146. Hark! Whilst the Shadows are Falling.

Two-or three-part.

1. Hark! whilst the shad-ows are fall-ing

Slant-ing from hill side and crest, Bells of the vil-lage are

call-ing Gent-ly to si-lence and rest.

p. repeat pp.

Bells in the twi-light, how dear is your sound! Soft - ly you're sing-ing to

me, Sweet shall our slum - bers be.

2.

Hark, how the lambkins are bleating,
Softly the ev'ning-winds blow;
Now while the sun is retreating
Let to our hamlets us go.
:,: Bells in the twilight, how dear is your sound! :,:
Softly you're singing to me,
Sweet shall our slumbers be.

3.

Hush! by the stars now preceded
Enters the silence of night;
After our toils are completed,
Village, how welcome thy sight!
:,: Bells in the twilight, how dear is your sound! :,:
Softly you're singing to me,
Sweet shall our slumbers be.

For "Select Songs", by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

147. The Toil of Day is Ending.

F. Abt.

pp *pp*

1. The toil of day is end - ing, The twi-light cur-few rings; The

pp *pp*

f *p*

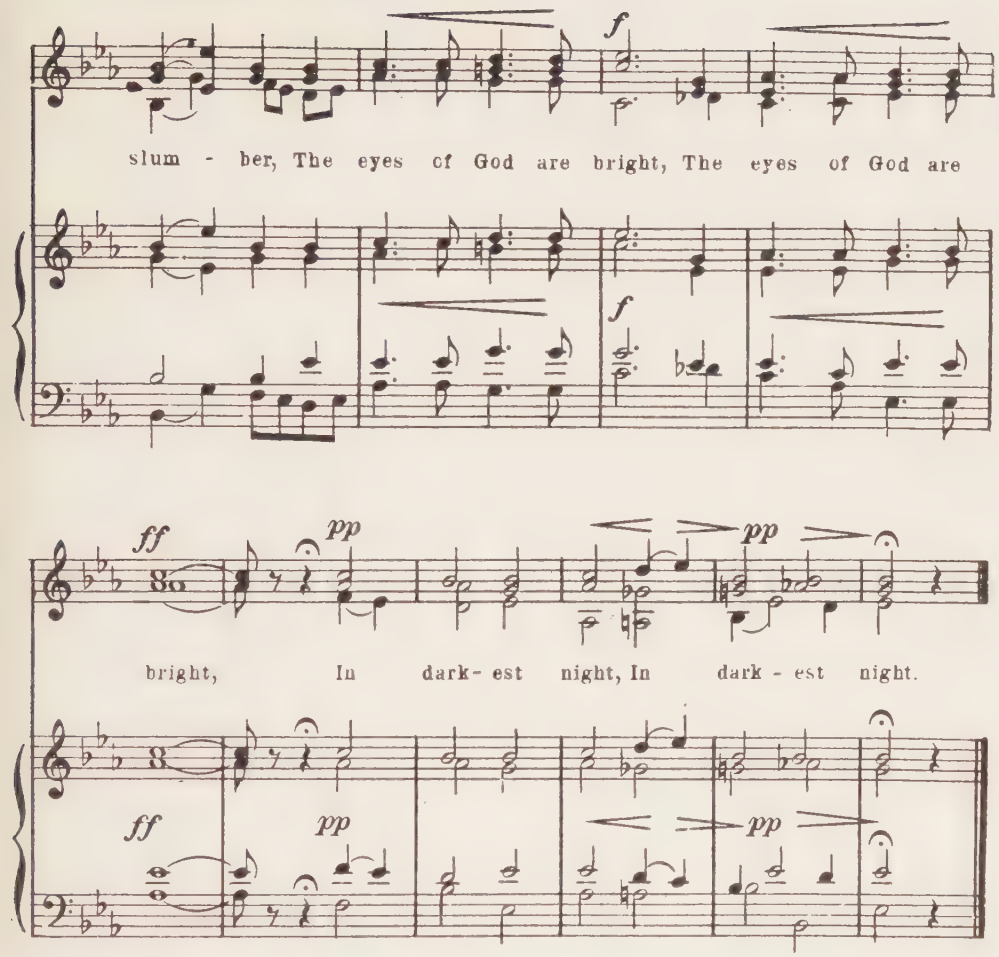
si - lent night de - scend - ing Draws near on sa-cred wings. The

The sor - rows

f *p*

sor - rows that en - cum - ber Our hearts are smoothed in

that en - cum - ber



2.

The tired world lies dreaming
Beneath the gentle light,
The moon and stars are gleaming
From heaven's lofty height;
There rules the God of Ages,
Adored by saints and sages,
:,: Who guards us day and night, :,:
:,: The Lord of Might. :,:

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

148. The Silver Moon was Shining Brightly.

L. Dorn.

Fred. Berat.

1. The sil - ver moon was shin - ing bright - ly Up -
2. The steep - les of the ci - ty dim - ly A -

on a si - lent win - ter night, As I was speed-ing home-ward
mid the gloom - y si - lence loomed; Their branch-es point-ing at me

spright - ly A cross the mead - ows decked in white. How
grim - ly, The trees fan - tas - tic shapes as-sumed. Hark!

sol - emn still, this win - ter night! I thought while glanc-ing
through the air a mid - night bell The hour is toll-ing

o'er the scene; The sur - face in the mys - tic
slow and clear; In some poor heart it sounds the

light, With gems now spar - kled in the pearl - y sheen.
knell Of hope, where hearth and home are cold and drear.

3.

Yet winter's time is full of pleasure,
I thought, while musing on the sound;
All seasons have their joyful measure,
And all with lovliness abound.
My home I reached, and slumber deep
Soon o'er my weary senses stole,
And pleasant dreams in peaceful sleep
Shut out the winter scene and midnight stroll.

NATURE.

149. We Plow the Fields and Scatter.

M. Claudius.

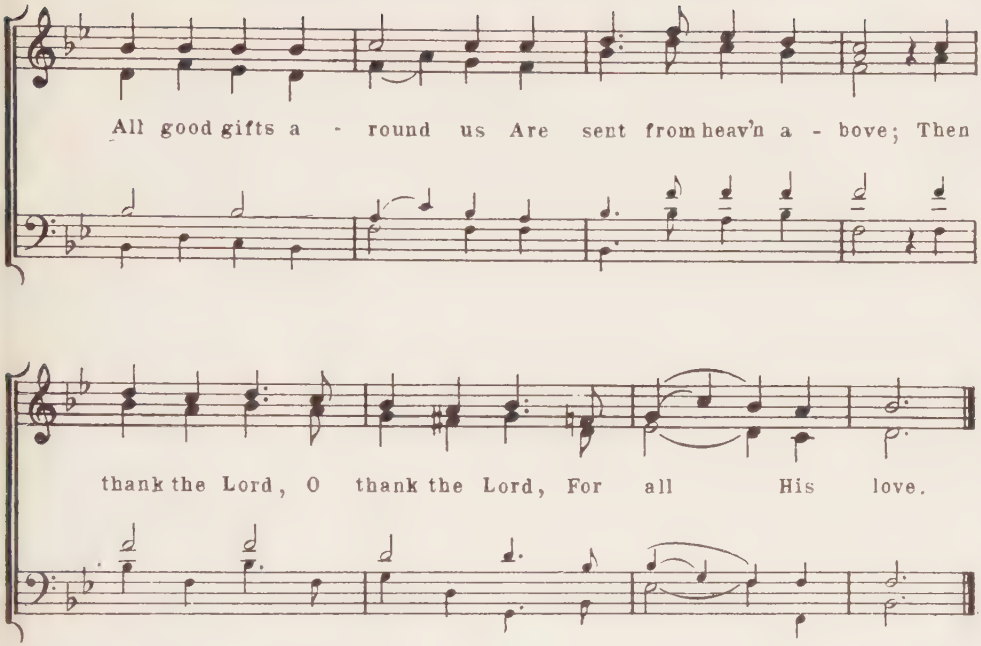
J. A. P. Schulz.

1. We plow the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But

it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He

sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The

breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh-ing rain.



2.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
And lights the ev'ning star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed.
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

150. Who Made the Sky So Bright and Blue?

Jane Taylor.

C. G. Glaeser.

1. Who made the sky so bright and blue? Who made the fields so green? Who made the flow'rs that smell so sweet, In pret - ty col - ors seen?
2. Who made the birds to soar so high, And taught them how to sing? Who made the pret - ty but - ter - fly, And paint-ed her bright wing?

3.

Who made the sun that shines so bright
And gladdens all we see,
Which comes to give us light and heat,
That happy we may be?

4.

Who made the moon and stars so high,
The darksome night to cheer,
That shine so bright in yonder sky,
Oft as the heav'ns are clear?

5.

Who made the rocks, the hills, the trees,
The mountains and the vales?
The flocks, the herds, the cooling breeze,
The stream that never fails?

6.

'Twas God who made this world so fair,
The sun, the sky, the air,
'Twas God who made the sea, the ground,
And all the things around.

151. Can You Count the Stars that Brightly Twinkle?

W. Hey.

1. Can you count the stars that bright - ly Twin-kle in the az-ure sky?
Can you count the clouds that bright - ly Float far o'er the world so high?

God the Lord the num-ber know - eth, Of the won - ders that He show - eth In their count - less mul - ti - tude, In their count - less mul - ti - tude.

2.

Can you count the insects playing
In the sunshine's golden light?
Can you count the fishes straying
In the sparkling waters bright?
God the Lord a name has given
To all creatures under heaven,
:,:When He called them into life.:,:

3.

Can you count the children daily
Rising from their beds at morn?
Going forth to wander gayly,
By no care nor trouble worn?
God the Lord in all delighteth,
And the goodness He requiteth;
:,:And you, too, He knows and loves.:,:

152. The Blue Sky Is Smiling.

J. Andre

mp

1 The blue sky is smil - ing From morn - ing till night, The

hill - sides and mead - ows With flow - ers are bright The

tree - tops in blos - som, The hedge-rows a - glow, And

sing - ing and war - bling Where - ev - er I go.

2.

In roaming through valleys
So free from all care,
In climbing to hilltops
What pleasure is there!

Ah, who would in cities
Remain for a day,
When flowers and blossoms
Invite us to stray?

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

153. Birds in the Branches High.

W. Hey.

F. Silcher.

1. Birds in the branch-es high Sing sweet-est mel - o - dy,
2. Flow-ers in thous-ands bloom, Rich in their sweet per-fume,

Hid-den from sight; List'ners from far and near Gath - er their
Scent-ing the air; They with their col - ors bright Give to the

songs to hear, Filled with de - light, Filled with de - light.
eye de - light, Bloom-ing so fair, Bloom - ing so fair.

3.

Streams from the mountain high
Onward flow peacefully,
Down to the vale;
Creatures, both man and beast,
Come the sweet draught to taste,
:,:That cannot fail. :,:

4.

And have you pondered, too,
What hand, so good and true,
Made those delights?
'Tis the good God above,
Who in His pow'r and love
:,:All earth bedights. :,:

154. I Chatter, Chatter, as I Flow.

Alfred Tennyson.

C. A. Kern.

1. I chat - ter, chat ter, as I flow To join the brim-ming riv - er; For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.

2. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail - ing, And here and there a lust - y trout, And here and there a gray - ling.

3.

I draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

155. The Fountain.

Allegretto. J R Lowell E. Reuter.

mf

1. In - to the sun-shine full of the light, Leap - ing and flash - ing from morn till night! In - to the moon - light whit - er than snow Wav - ing so flow'r-like when the winds blow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like when the winds blow.

2. In - to the star - light, rush - ing in spray, Hap - py at mid - night hap - py by day! Ev - er in mo - tion, blithe-some and cheer - y, Still climb-ing heav'n-ward, nev - er a wea - ry Still climb-ing heav'n-ward, nev - er a wea - ry.

f

3.

Glad of all weathers, still seeming best,
Upward or downward, motion thy rest.
Full of a nature nothing can tame,
:,:Changed every moment, ever the same.:,:

4.

Ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine thy element;
Glorious fountain, let my heart be
:,:Fresh, changeful, constant, upward, like thee!:,:

By permission of the composer.

156. Lightly Row.

1. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go;
2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play,

Smooth - ly glide! Smooth-ly glide! On the si - lent tide.
Call - eth not, call - eth not To this lone - ly spot.

Let the winds and wa - ters be Min - gled with our mel - o - dy;
On - ly with the sea - bird's note, Shall our dy - ing mus - ic float!

Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit tle boat
Light - ly row! Light - ly row! Ech - o's voice is low.

157. How Sweet to Hear the Wood Horn Clear.

Chr. v. Schmid

F. Silcher.

mf

1. How sweet to hear the wood horn clear Its ring-ing notes pro-
2. And ev - 'ry tree the eye can see Seems bright-er in ar-

pp *mf*

long, Its ring - ing notes pro - long. The
ray, Seems bright - er in ar - ray. Through

ech - oes soft, re - peat - ed oft, Are heard so long, so
vale and nook, the rip - pling brook Flows far a - way, a

pp

long, Are heard so long, so long.
way, Flows far a - way, a - way.

3.

The weary earth doth gladly hear
:,: The wood horn's cheering tone; :,:
The care that pressed each saddened breast
:,: At once is gone, is gone. :,:

158. Farewell, O Joyous Sunny Grove.

H. Esser.

p *p*

1. Fare - wel, O joy - ous sun - ny grove, Fare -

pp *p*

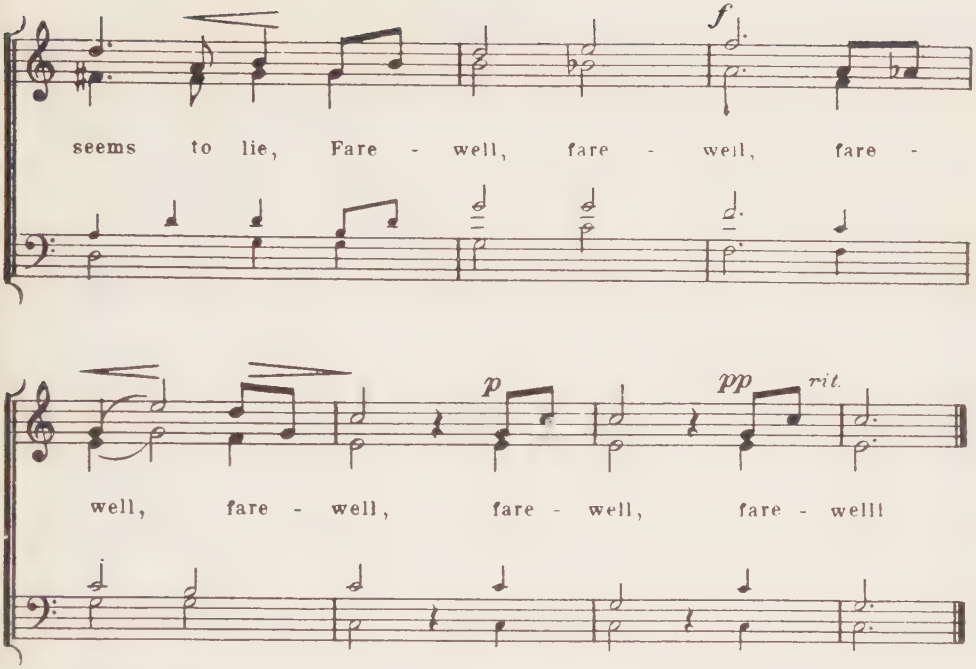
well, fare - well! Too soon I hear the

p *pp* *mf*

part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! up -

cresc.

on the az - ure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness



2.

Farewell, O forest great and grand,
Farewell, farewell!
Farewell, O flow'rs, a radiant band,
Farewell, farewell!
And may your perfume, strangely sweet,
Some other weary wand'rer greet,
Farewell, farewell, etc.

3.

If such pure joys are lost for aye,
Farewell, farewell!
And I at last farewell must say,
Farewell, farewell!
Yet shall this mem'ry ever be
A source of endless joy to me:
Farewell, farewell, etc.

159. Verdant Grove, Farewell to Thee.

L. Cassel. F. Silcher.

Not fast

1. Ver - dant grove, fare-well to thee; Clad in ver - nal beau-ty,
2. What de-light to lin-ger here, 'Mid the shad - y bow-ers,

Thine my part-ing song shall be, 'Tis a pleas - ant du - ty.
From the sil - ver fount-ain clear Cull-ing fra - grant flow-ers.

Let thy war-bler's tune-ful throng Bear the ech - o of my song
Would I might with gar-lands crowned Breath-ing o - dors sweet a-round,

Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.
Tar - ry with thee lon - ger, Tar - ry with thee lon - ger

But the night forbids me stay;
I must leave in sorrow;
To your rest, ye birds, away,
And dream of the morrow.
Fare ye well, ye shady bow'rs,
With your blooming, fragrant flow'rs,
:,:Till another meeting .:.,:

160. The Swallow.

1. Dame swal-low is a chat-ter box, She chats from morn till night; With

all her neigh-bor - dames, she talks And chats with main and might,

She twit - ters and chat - ters And talks from morn till night.

2

She chatters much and makes a stir
About her eggs and brats;
And if no one attends to her,
Then with herself she chats.
:,: She twitters and chatters
And all day long she gads.:,:

3.

And when in fall on yonder roof
A party, long deferred;
Is held and ev'ry swallow talks
And all at once are heard,
:,: They twitter and chatter
Till none can catch a word.:,:

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

161. Down in a Green and Shady Bed.

Jane Taylor

W. A. Mozart.

1. Down in a green and shad - y bed A
2. And yet it was a love - ly flow'r, Its

mod - est vio - let grew; Its stalk was bent, it
col - ors bright and fair; It might have graced a

hung its head, As if to hide from view.
ro - sy bow'r, In stead of hid - ing there.

3.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

4.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flow'r to see
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

162. The Stars and the Moon.

Ernst Moritz Arndt.

J. A. Theiss.

1. And the Sun, he a-rose his long trip to make 'round the world, And the stars said hum-bly: We'll trav-el with you 'round the world, But the Sun, he said: No! What are you a-bout? For your wee gold-en eyes I shall sure-ly burn out In my fi-er-y trip 'round the world.

2. And the stars, they went and ap-proached the Moon in the night, Shy-ly plead-ing: Thou, who on clouds dost ride in the night, Let us wan-der with you; For your mild-er beams Will not burn out our wee gold-en eyes, it seems. And she took them com-pan-ions at night.

O. F. Rusch, Tr. a.

163. If I Were a Sunbeam.

Lucy Larcom.

1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I'd do;
2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I'd go;

I would seek white lil - ies The rain - y wood-land through.
In - to low- liest hov - els, Dark with want and woe;

I would steal a - mong them, Soft - est light I'd shed,
Till sad hearts looked up - ward, I would shine and shine;

Un - til ev - 'ry lil - y Raised its droop-ing head.
Then they'd think of heav - en, Their sweet home and mine.

3.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

164. A Little Sunbeam in the Sky.

C. A. Kern.

1. A lit-tle sun beam in the sky Said to it-self one day: I'm ver-y small but why should I Do noth-ing else but play? I'll go down to the earth and see If there is an-y use for me, I'll go, I'll go, and see, and see, if there is use for me.

2. The vio-let beds were wet with dew, Which filled each heav-y cup; The lit-tle sun-beam dart-ed through, And raised their blue heads up. They smiled to see it, and they lent The morn-ing's breeze their sweet-est scent; They smiled, they smiled and lent, and lent the breeze their sweetest scent.

3.

A mother 'neath a shady tree
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried, but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight;
It woke, and laughed, and chuckled
with delight.

4.

And so it traveled to and fro,
And frisked and danced about;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep the sunbeam out.
But ever, as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth;
It frisked and danced, woke happiness
and mirth.

165. Traveling.

Lively

f *p*

The love - ly birds had tak - en To dis - tant climes their

cresc. *f*

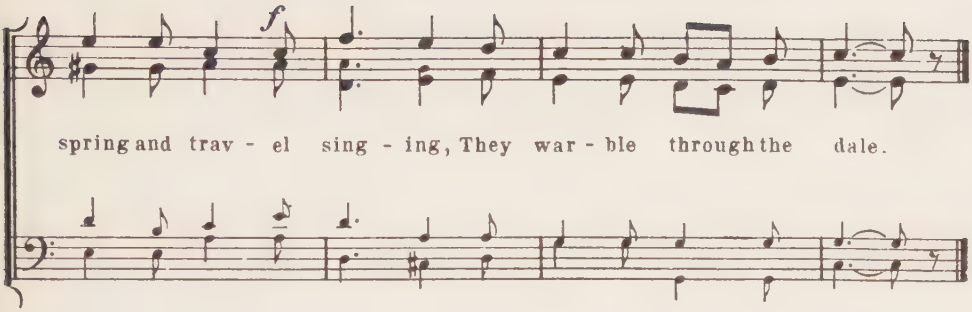
flight; But home - ward they are wend - ing Their

p

course with fresh de - light; Their mer - ry notes are

cresc.

ring - ing Through ev - 'ry hill and Of



2

And sun and moon and planet,
They wander day by day;
And winds and waves and billows
Know neither rest nor stay.
The very earth does never
Stand still, though fixed it seems,
And sheep and shepherd ever
Of spring and travel dreams.

3

To lands unknown and distant
Man will forever tide,
Now north,—now southward drifting
To beach and mountain side.
And thousand hearts endeavor
In fitting words to sing
The songs and lays forever
Of travel and of spring.

4

Ah, who could blame our longing,
If we in days so fair
Would wish to travel onward
Like clouds in azure air?
So onward still and mending
Our pace we gladly sing
Now climbing, now descending,
Of travel and of spring.

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

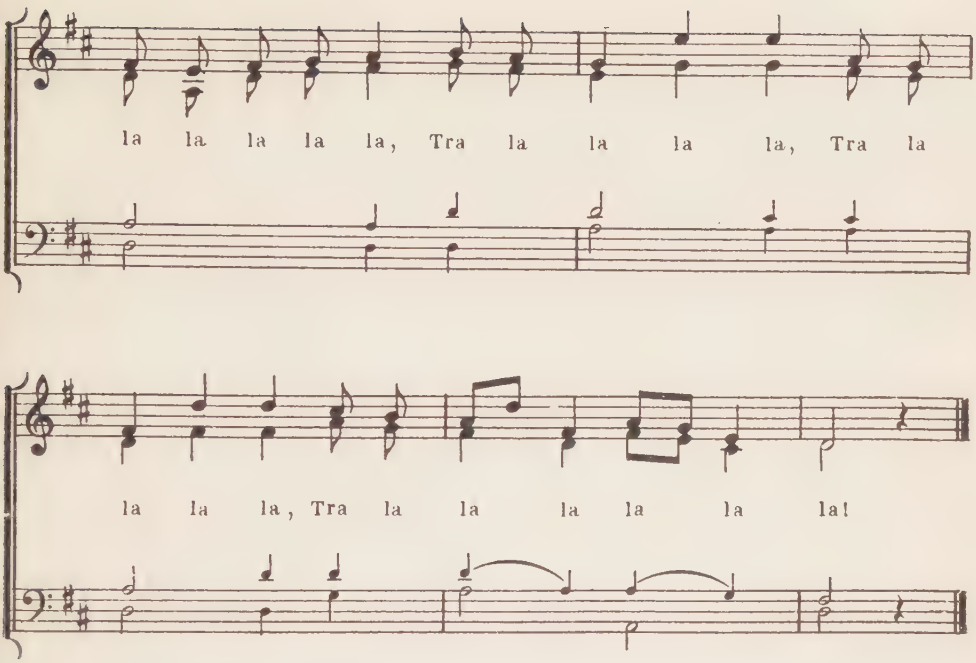
166. Where the Rippling Waters Flow.

1. Where the rip - pling wa - ters flow, And the

for - est flow - ers grow; Where no sul - try heats in -

vade, Rest we in the qui - et shade. Tra la

la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la



2.

Where forever music floats
From the woodland songsters' throats,
Where from care and study free
Rest we 'neath the waving tree.
Tra la la, etc.

3.

Wearily our days have fled,
Full of care each hour has sped;
Now we cast them all away,
Rest we here this summer day.
Tra la la, etc.

167. Away, Away! the Woodlands Fair Invite.

C. M. von Weber.

f *pp* *f* *pp* *f*

1. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! The wood-lands fair in-vite. A -

pp *f* *pp* *f*

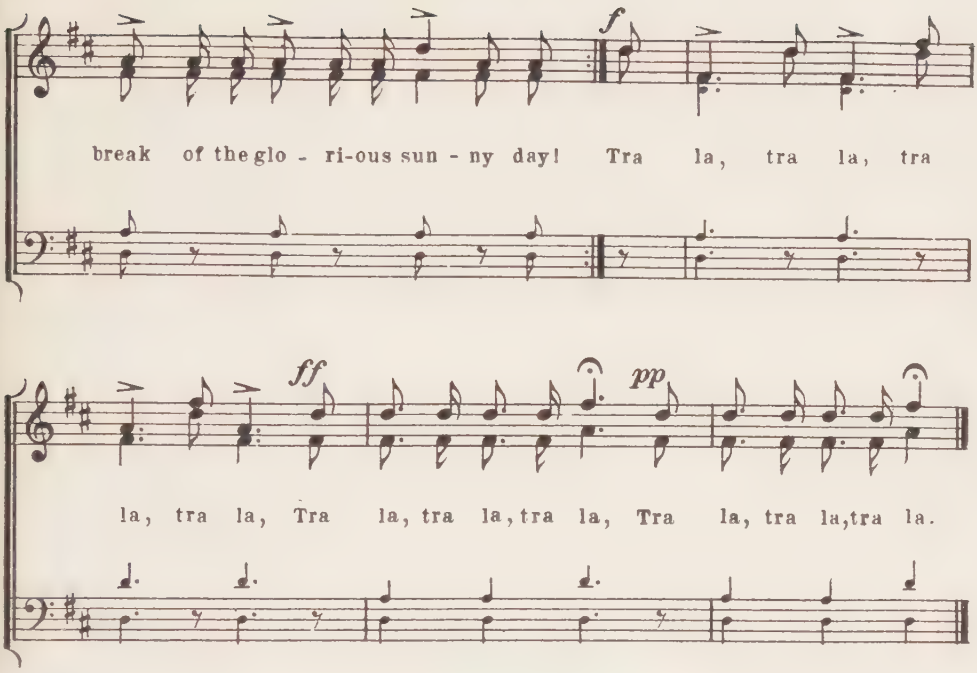
way, a - way, With mag - ic might, with mag - ic might, At

pp

joy - ous break of day, At joy - ous break of day!

f

A - way to the chase, to the chase, a - way, At



2.

Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell!
The night in parting said,
Farewell, farewell!
Then swiftly fled, then swiftly fled,
:,: O'er hill and nestling dell :,:
Away to the chase, etc.

3.

Away, away, away, away!
The azure glowing light,
The light, the light,
The world so bright, the world so bright,
:,: Tempts us away, away! :,:
Away to the chase, etc.

168. To the Mountain's Lofty Height.

Fr. Faerber.

1. To the moun - tain's loft - y height, I would
2. In the val - ley far be - low Smiles the

trace my foot - steps light, Wood-land scene and val - ley
gold - en ev - 'ning glow; While the fra - grant breez - es

sight Fill my heart with sweet de - light. La, la, la,
blow, Fai - ry mus - ic, soft and low. La, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, di - a - ho!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, di - a - ho!

3.

And the purling brook beside
With a halo glorified,—
Home, sweet home! My eyes espied
Thee with thankful, sacred pride.
La, la, la, la, etc.

4.

There fond recollections dwell,
That no tongue can ever tell;
Mother dear, thy charms excel
Ev'ry charm of wood and dell.
La, la, la, la, etc.

For "Select Songs," by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

169. On Foot I Gayly Take My Way.

C. A. Kern.

1. On foot I gay - ly take my way O'er
moun - tain bare and mead - ow gay; And he who is not
of my mind, An - oth - er trav - 'ling mate may find. He
can - not go with me, He can - not go with
Tra la la, Tra la
me. Tra la la la,

la,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la

Tra la la, Tra la

la la la, Tra la la la,

la,

Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la!

2.

No snail-paced friend I want, not I,
At ev'ry step to pause and sigh,
No gloomy man to scowl and groan,
And over others' faults to moan;
:,: I'd rather trudge alone, :,:
Tra, la, la, etc.

3.

This is the merry singer's way,
His footpath is with roses gay;
In ev'ry land where song is known,
Where music meets an answering tone,
:,: That land his own must be. :,:
Tra, la, la, etc.

4.

Foot-travel to the gay is sweet,
But heavy hearts make heavy feet.
The man who loves the sunshine bright,
And never peeps behind for night,
:,: That is the man for me. :,:
Tra, la, la, etc.

170. A Hundred Thousand Voices Shout.

1. A hun-dred thou-sand voic-es shout: Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!
"There's joy in all the air, a-bout!" Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

Then from your stuf-fy rooms come forth To march east, west, or south, or north! We're

march-ing, we're march-ing, we're march-ing with hur-rah! Hur-

rah, hur-rah, hur-rah-le-ral-le-rah! Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-ral-le-ral-le-rah! We're

march-ing, we're march-ing, we're march-ing with hur-rah!

2.

There's golden sunshine ev'rywhere,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The meadow smiles so green and fair,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And singing birds the whole day long
Ask us to join their merry song!
We're singing, we're singing,
We're singing with hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

3.

With happy hearts all blithe and gay,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We hurry forth to romp and play,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We watch the playful fish that swim,
The birds that flit from limb to limb.
We're playing, we're playing,
We're playing with hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

4.

Like soldiers bold in tramping file,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We march and play at war awhile,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The meadow rings with shouts aloud,
For ev'ry one's a hero proud!
We battle, we battle,
We battle with hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

5.

And then we roam through wood and dale,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Like happy huntsmen on the trail,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The game we chase with eager feet
Are luscious berries ripe and sweet.
We're hunting, we're hunting,
We're hunting with hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

6

The order comes: "Now march for home!"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
"The time for romp and play is gone!"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll go to work with happy mind
And pleasures in our studies find.
We'll study, we'll study,
We'll study with hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

For "Select Songs," by F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

171. Oh, How My Heart Does Long!

Two- or three-part. F. Abt.

1. Oh, how my heart does long! Oh how my heart does long! Oh
2. Oh, how I love to roam! Oh how I love to roam! Oh
3. Oh, could I on - ly tell! Oh could I on - ly tell! Oh

how my heart does long For wood-land joy and song! Where
how I love to roam Be - neath the wood - land dome! Where
could I on - ly tell The joy of glen and dale! Come

thou - sand gay sing ers are voic - ing Their
trees, to the heav - ens as - cend - ing, Wide -
chil - dren, with me to the bow - ers, The

an - thems of mer - ry re - joic - ing, I,
spread - ing branch - es are bend - ing, To
woods and the birds, and the flow - ers, In

too, would sing my song, I, too, would sing my song.
cheer me while I roam, Yes, while I sing and roam.
my sweet wood-land home, My hap - py wood-land home.

Hal - loo, Hal - loo, Hal-

Hal-loo, Hal-loo, hal - loo, hal-loo, hal - loo, hal-loo,

loo, Hal - loo,

Hal - loo, Hal - loo, hal - loo, hal-loo, hal - loo!

For "Select Songs" by J. T. Mueller, Tr.

172. Pleasure Climbs to Ev'ry Mountain.

Two- or three-part.

F. Abt.

f

1. Pleas - ure climbs to ev - 'ry moun - tain, Waves in
2. Ev - 'ry blos - som round us spring - ing, Sweet to

f

Whis-pers in each
Seems with fra - grant

ev - 'ry bush and tree, Whis - pers in each bub-bling
smell and fair to see, Seems with fra-grant voic-es

p

foun-tain, "O how sweet this world can be!" When with
sing - ing, "O how fair this world can be!" E'en in

ear - liest ray of morn - ing, All things wake to life and
tem - pest wild - ly burst - ing, Na - ture still has charms for

Spark-ling fresh
For my heart

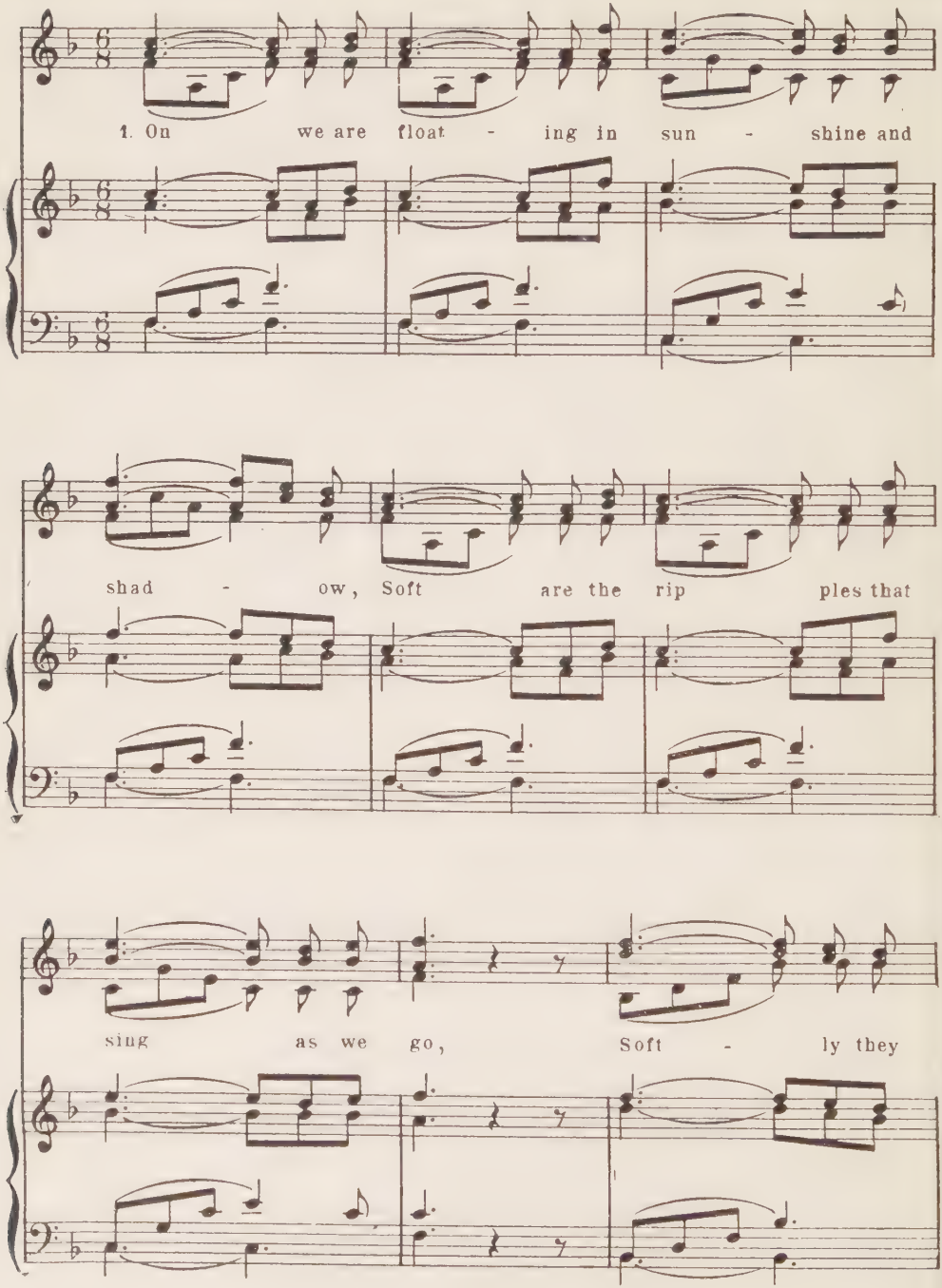
p

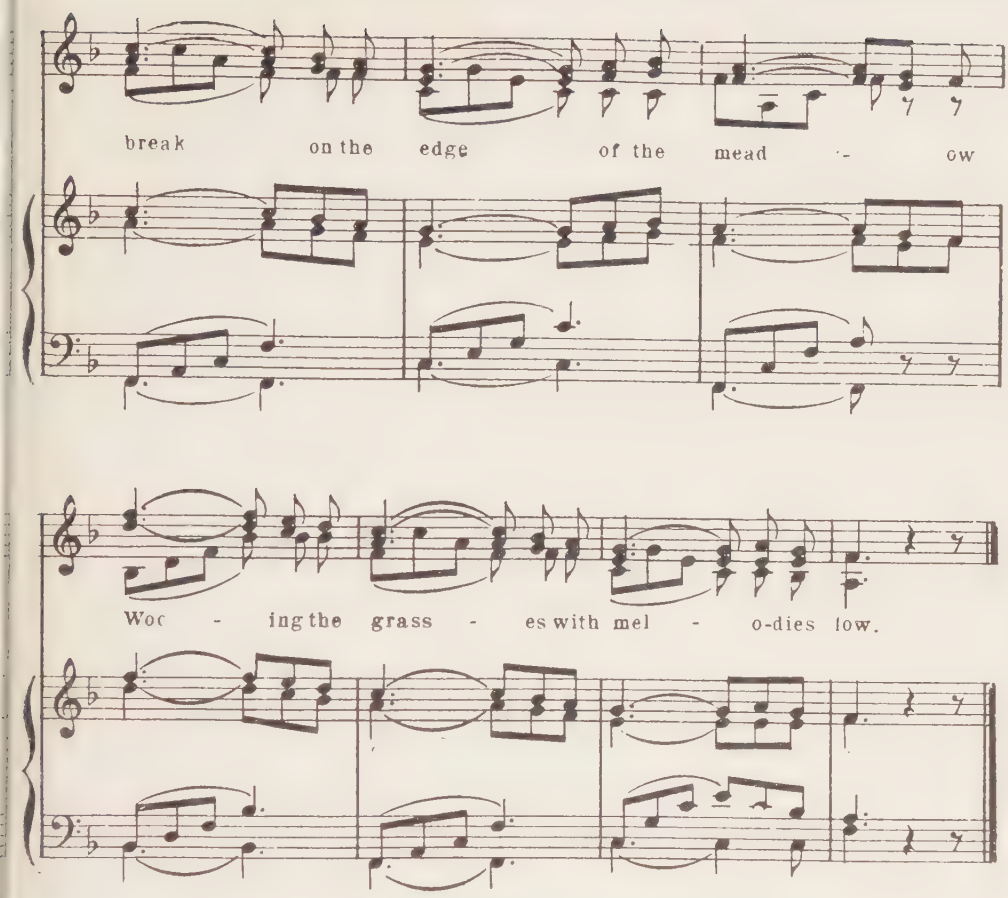
glee, Spark-ling fresh they hail the dawn - ing, Oh how
me, For my heart se - cure - ly trust - ing, Knows whose

bright this world can be! Oh how bright this world can be!
world this world must be, Know whose world this world must be.

173. On We are Floating.

Two- or three-part C. M. von Weber.





2.

Lightly our boat on the water is swinging,
Onward she floats while the swift oars we ply;
Gay are our hearts as the songs we are singing
Bright are our hopes as the radiant sky

3.

Comrades, sing on, while echoes, awaking,
Join in your music with happy refrain;
Sing while the waves on the sunny banks breaking,
Answer your cadence with music again.

4.

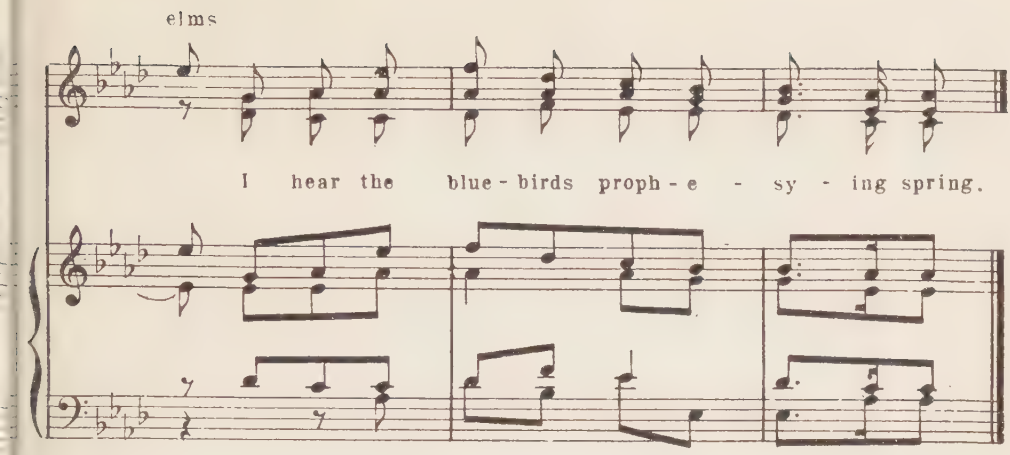
Soon will the mantle of ev'ning fall o'er us,
Soon will the daylight fade out from the sky,
Then with a thought of a welcome before us,
Back through the twilight we'll cheerfully hie.

174. The Sun Is Bright.

H. W. Longfellow.

Arr. from C. M. von Weber.

1. The sun is bright, the air is clear, The dart-ing swal-lows soar and sing, And from the state-ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e-sy-ing spring, And from the state-ly I hear



2.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the westwind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie;
Where, waiting till the westwind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

3

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight;
And learn from the soft heav'n above
The melting tenderness of night;
And learn from the soft heav'n above,
The melting tenderness of night.

4.

Ye maids that read this simple rhyme,
Enjoy your youth—it will not stay,
Enjoy the fragrance of your prime,
For O, it is not always May;
Enjoy the fragrance of your prime,
For O, it is not always May.

SPRING.

175. When May Her Verdant Carpet Spreads.

N. H. Dole.

Carl Wilhelm.

1. When May her ver - dant car - pet spreads O'er all the north - ern land, A myr - iad blos - soms lift their heads And smile on ev - 'ry hand: Then through the mead - ow by the brook The vio - lets crowd each

And mod - est - ly and

sun - ny nook. And mod est

sweet - ly

ly and sweet - ly Their love ly blue eyes

look, Their love - ly blue eyes look.

2.

The rose may flaunt her royal red,
The lily stand in pride;
The violet hides her pretty head,
Nor wishes to be spied;
And yet her fragrance thrills the air,
Her beauty is so sweet and rare
That ev'ry modest maiden
:,:Her lovliness would share.:,:

From Second Book, Modern Music Series. Silver Burdett & Co.

176. The Spring Is Here in Glory.

F. Silcher.

1. The spring is here in glo - ry, O
2. The ver - nal wood-lands show it, The

his ten to the sto - ry; The lit - tle flow-ers
ver - dant mead-ows know it, The cuc - koo calls, the

tell the tale, The blue - birds sing it in the vale: The
finch - es sing, And hill and dale with car - ols sing: The

spring, the spring, The spring is here in glo - ry.
spring, the spring, The spring is here in glo - ry.

3.

The flowers deck the heather,
The sheep and lambs together,
Oh, see them all in merry play!
All nature is revived to-day,
The spring, the spring,
The spring is here in glory.

For "Select Songs" by J W Theiss, Tr.

177. Now Is the Month of Maying.

Vivace.

1. Now is the month of May - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; When
2. The spring, clad in all glad - ness, La, la, la, la, la, la; Doth

mer - ry lads are play - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; And
laugh at win-ter's sad - ness. La, la, la, la, la, la; The

las - ses, too, are danc - ing, And steeds are gay - ly pranc - ing; Now
mer - ry brook-let sound - ing, And ver - dure all a bound - ing; Now

is the time for May - ing, Now is the month of May.
is the time for May - ing, Now is the month of May.

p *cresc.* *2nd time pp*

La, — la, — la, — la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, — la, — la, — la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

178. Breezes, Softly Blow.

E. M. Arndt.

mf

1. Breez - es, soft - ly blow, Tell the flow'rs to wak - en;
2. Bloom, sweet vi - o - let, Warm spring air per - fum - ing,

cresc.

All the sky is spot - less blue, Earth is fresh and green, and new.
Pur-ple pet-als soft un-fold, Glad-den field and hill and wold.

f

Breez - es, soft - ly blow, Tell the flow'rs to wak - en.
Bloom, sweet vi - o - let, Warm spring air per - fum - ing.

3.

Murmur, rivulet,
Through the meadow gliding,
Greet the flowers, ev'ry one,
As through blooming fields you run.
Murmur, rivulet,
Through the meadow gliding.

4.

Leap, leap, heart of mine,
Wake to spring's own gladness,
Bloom like flowers fresh and sweet,
Sing with cheery brooklet fleet.
Leap, leap, heart of mine,
Wake to spring's own gladness.

179. Come Away! Lovely May.

H. Werner.

1. Come a - way!— Love - ly May, love - ly May
2. Light - ly pass,— Light - ly pass, light - ly pass,

Decks the world with blos-soms gay; "Come ye all, come ye all!"
Through the nod-ding mead - ow grass, Wood-lands bright, wood-lands bright,

Thus the flow-ers call. Spar kles now the sun - ny dale, Fra-grant is the
wake from win-ter's night. Where the sil - ver brook-let flows, Rip-pling soft-ly

flow-'ry vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard.
as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest In green moss-y nest.

180. Fragrant Air Ev'rywhere.

mf

1. Fra - grant air ev - 'ry-where, Blue the sky a - bove;
2. Woods so wide, ver - dant pride, Thou my dear - est home;

f

Oh, how sweet on light feet round a-bout to rove. Zeph-yrs play with
Song and sound, all a - round, Call me forth to roam. And in joy and

balm-y flow-ers, And how charm-ing - ly Mer - ry birds in ver-dant bow-ers
ad - mi - ra-tion Thus a - long I rove, Prais-ing loud the Lord's cre-a-tion,

f *p* *f* *p*

Tune their mel - o - dy. La, la, la, la,— La, la, la,
And His bound-less love. La, la, la, la,— La, la, la,

ff

la,— La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la.
la,— La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la.

181. I Welcome Thee with Gladness.

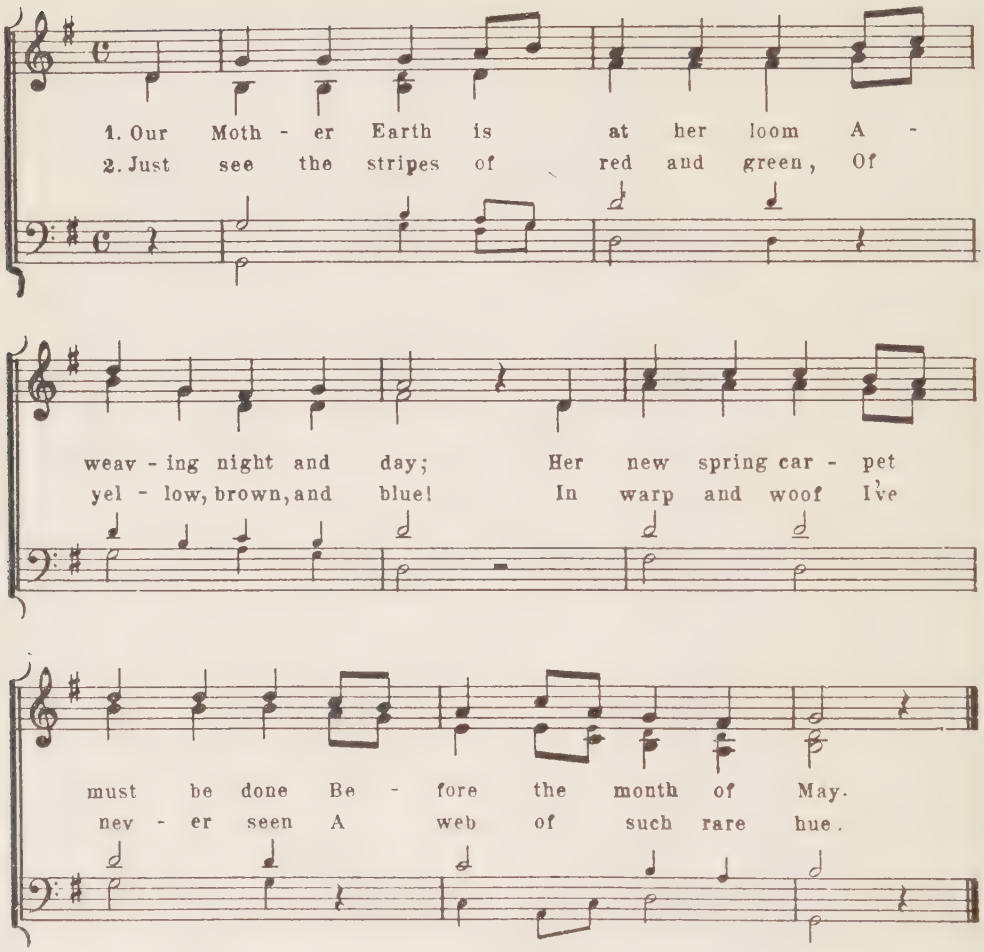
Hortense, Queen of Holland.

1. I wel - come thee with glad-ness, Thou bright and bloom-ing May, So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourn'd at thy de - lay. No long - er earth lies dream - ing, No long - er hearts are sad, But all the woods are gleam-ing With ten-der ver - dure clad.

2. Freed by the warm sun's pow - er, The brook-lets speed a - long, To kiss each bend-ing flow - er, And wake the wild bird's song. O that to me were giv - en Some lit - tle bird's swift wing, In - to the far blue heav - en That I might soar and sing.

182. Our Mother Earth Is at Her Loom.

J. F. Reichardt.



3.

And busy fingers I behold
That weave with fairy floss,
As on the bare rocks, hard and cold,
They spread their mats across.

4.

Weave on, weave on, dear Mother Earth,
Thy carpet warm and bright;
Of warp and woof thou hast no dearth;
I see it with delight.

183. The Sweet Spring Breathes 'Round Us.

1. The sweet spring breathes 'round us so soft and so warm, And
2. The brooks she with green-spring-ing arch - es a - dorns, With

bears all her chil - dren so kind on her arm; She
white, fra-grant blos - soms she gar - lands the thorns; With

tends them and feeds them, and nurs - es with care, That
buds gold and pur - ple she decks hills and plains, Brings them

they in their turn some - thing use - ful may bear.
forth to the sun - shine, and calls the soft rain.

3.
O'er hill and o'er valley, through forest and bowers:
The spring does the work of its Maker and ours;
The fountain of all is our Father above,
And spring is an agent of widsom and love.

184. Sweet Spring Is Returning.

F. W. Kuecken.

Lively.

1. Sweet spring is re - turn - ing; She breathes on the plain, And
2. Full glad - ly I greet thee, Thou love - li - est guest: - Ah!

mead-ows are bloom-ing In beau - ty a - gain. Now fair is the
long have we wait - ed By thee to be blest. Stern Win - ter threw

flow - er, And green is the grove, And soft is the show - er That
o'er us His heav - y cold chain, We longed to be breath-ing In

falls from a - bove, And soft is the show er That falls from a - bove.
free-dom a - gain, We longed to be breath-ing In free-dom a - gain.

3.

Now welcome, thou loved one,
Again and again;
And bring us full many
Bright days in thy train;
And bid the soft Summer
Not linger so long;
:,:E'en now we are waiting
To greet you in song.:,:

185. "Awake," Said the Sunshine.

C. E. Pa.

1. "A-wake," said the sun-shine, "Tis time to get up; A-wake, pret-ty
2. "A-wake," call the stream-lets; We've lain here so still, And now we must

dai-sy And sweet but-ter-cup, Why, you have been sleep-ing The
all Go to work with a will." "A-wake," says the warm breeze, "And

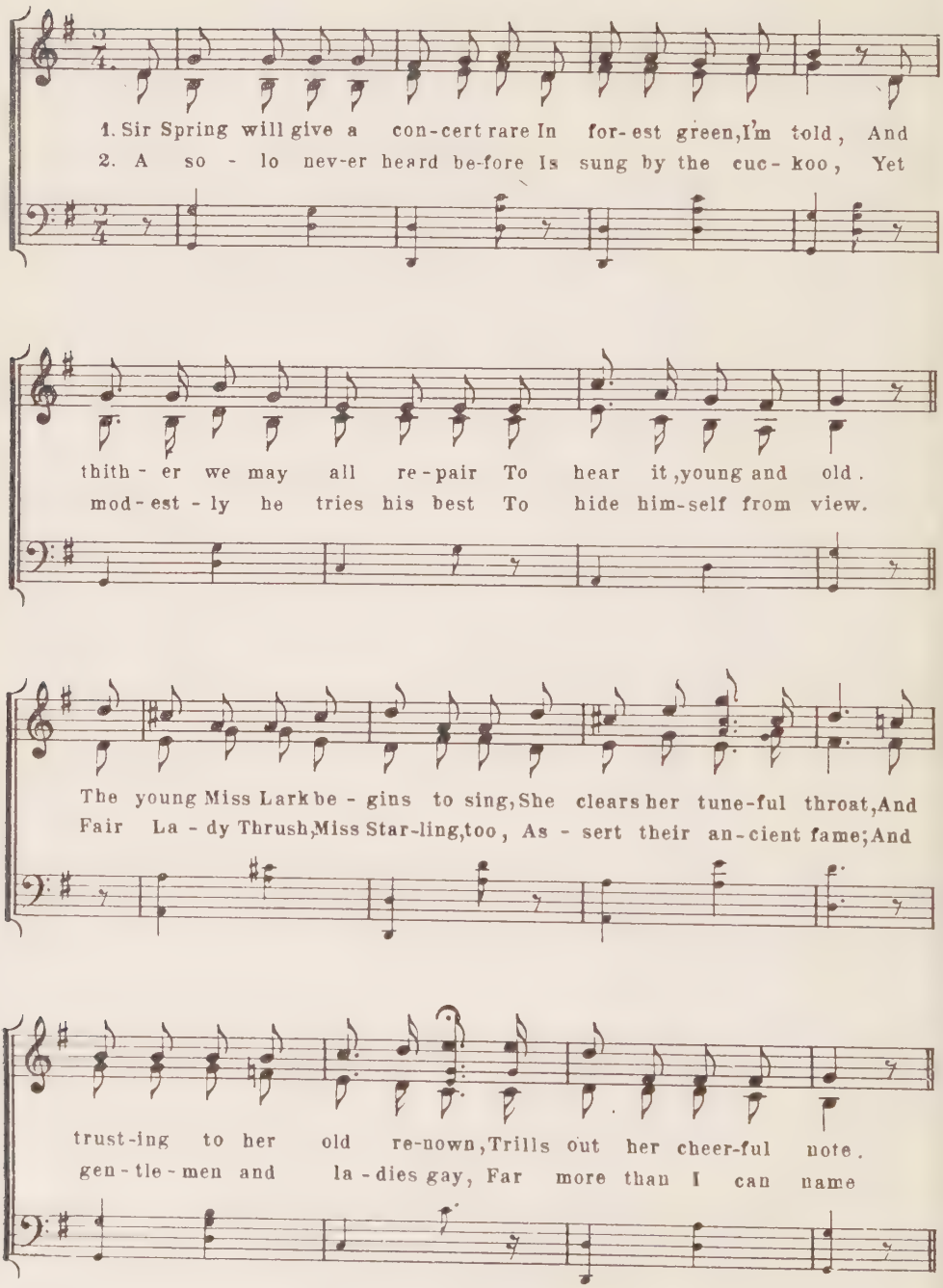
whole win-ter long. Hark, hark! don't you hear? 'Tis the blue-bird's first
you wil-low tree, Come put on your leaves In a twink-ling for

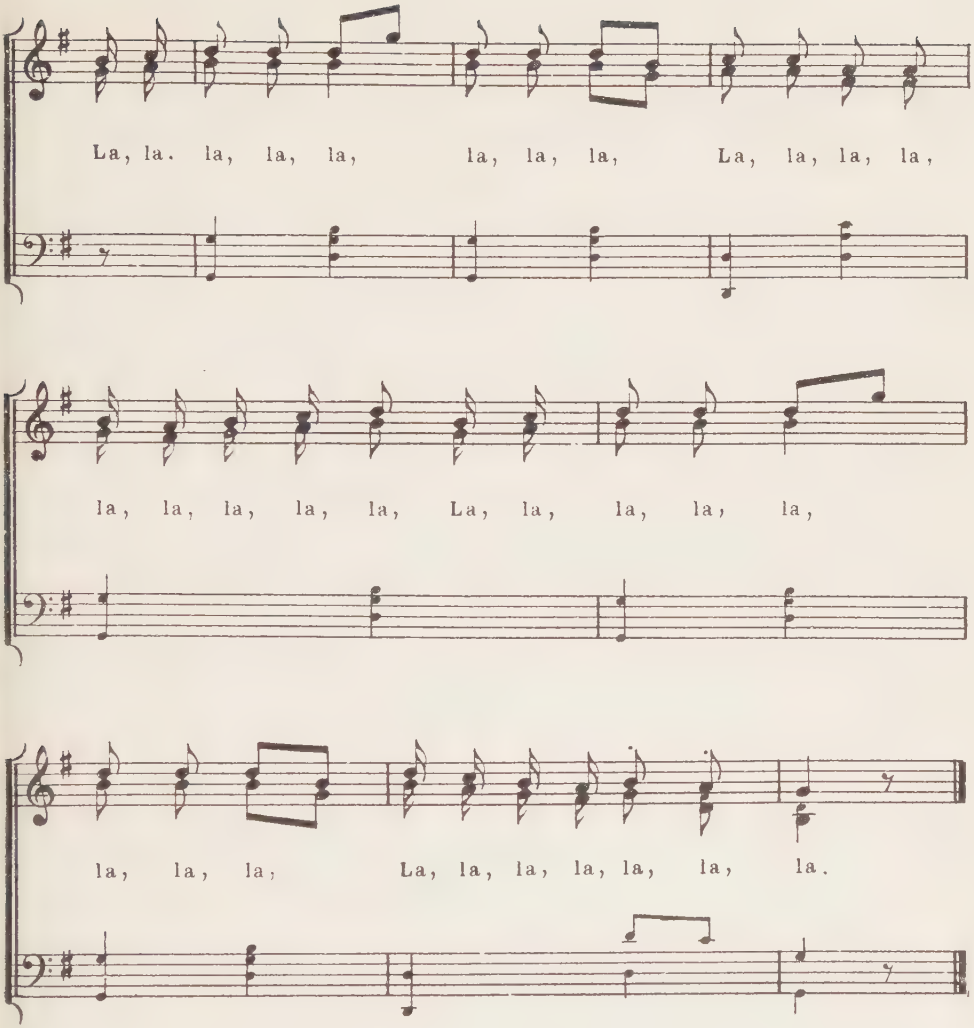
song. Hark, hark! don't you hear? 'Tis the blue-bird's first song.
me, Come put on your leaves In a twink-ling for me."

3.

"Awake," call the angels
Down from the blue sky,
"Awake, let your perfume
Rise up here on high."
So come, all you flowers,
Sweet-scented and dear;
:,:Ah, what were the spring-time
If you were not here?:.:

186. Sir Spring Will Give a Concert Rare.





3.

I've still to tell, this forest hall
Is newly hung with green;
And richly garlanded with flow'rs
Of blue and golden sheen.
So come, then, all who are inclined
To take in this a part;
The only requisition is
A light and joyous heart.
La, la, la, etc.

187. Hear the Warbling Notes.

1. Hear the war - bling notes of spring - time, From the

gay and cheer-ful throng; Ev - 'ry voice is filled with

glad - ness, Let us join their hap - py, hap - py

song. La, la, la, la, la, La, la,

la, la, la, Hear the ech - oes so gai - ly

ring - ing, La, la, la, la, la, La, la,

la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la!

2.

Hear the echoes gaily ringing
Far and near o'er hill and dale;
Let us join them with our singing,
Sending out our songs on ev'ry gale.
La, la, la, etc.

From Whiting's Music Reader V, Published by D.C. Heath & Co.

188. Merrily, O Merrily the Time Glides By.

Fanny Crosby. W. F. Sherwin.

1. Mer - ri - ly, O mer - ri - ly the time glides by, In the
2. Cheer - i - ly, O cheer - i - ly our foot - steps roam, By the

balm - y spring, When the young birds sing, Wak-ing up the vi - o - lets with
mos - sy glade, In the cool-ing shade, Mer - ry come the swal-lows to their

mild blue eyes, While the May - bells gai - ly ring.
green-wood home, When the day - beams gen - tly fade.

Fine.

Fine.

Na - ture lav - ish of her trea - sure,
Like the spring in beau - ty gleam - ing,

Fills her cup with pur - est plea - sure, While in sweet and
So with joy our youth is beam - ing, While our hearts of

Da Capo al Fine.

va - ried mea - sure, Mu - sic floats a - long— Yes!
plea - sure dream - ing, Pass the hours a - way— Yes!

Da Capo al Fine.

189. The First Song.

Hugo Juengst

mf *p*

1. Who voiced the first sweet mel - o - dy That float - ed on the
2. Then ev - 'ry bird and bus - y bee And in - sect day and

mf *p*

mf *f*

air? Spring sang it soft and ten - der - ly When
night Took up the song with ver - nal glee And

mf *f*

rit. *p* *a tempo*

nights were calm and fair. He beat the time at
sang with main and might. The qui - et for - ests

rit. *p* *a tempo.*

f espressivo.

dawn of day, The li - lacs heard his voice: "O dream of
heard their lay, The heav - ens heard their voice: "O dream of

f espressivo.

more slowly.

Love, O Time of May, How sweet art thou, how sweet and choice!"
Love, O Time of May, How sweet art thou, how sweet and choice!"

more slowly.

3.

Beside a brook the nightingale
Sang me her touching song
Where orchard-blossoms scent the vale
It haunts me all day long.
I pluck a blooming lilac-spray
And sing with gladsome voice:
"O Dream of Love, O Time of May,
How sweet art thou, how sweet and choice!"

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

190. I Wander through the Shady Wood.

1. I wan - der through the shad - y wood And
2. And now the wood - thrush lifts his voice, Of

hear the wild birds sing - ing;
all the sweet est sing - er;

They pipe and flute, they flute and call, The
Glad mus - ic floats through for - est aisle, And

dar - ling birds, both great and small. They
bird - lings list and flow - 'rets smile While

fill the world with sing - ing.
ech - oing tones still lin - ger.

They pipe and flute, they flute and call, The
Glad mus - ic floats through for - est aisle, And

dar - ling birds both great and small. They
bird - lings list and flow - 'rets smile While

fill · the world with sing - ing.
ech - oing tones · still lin - ger.

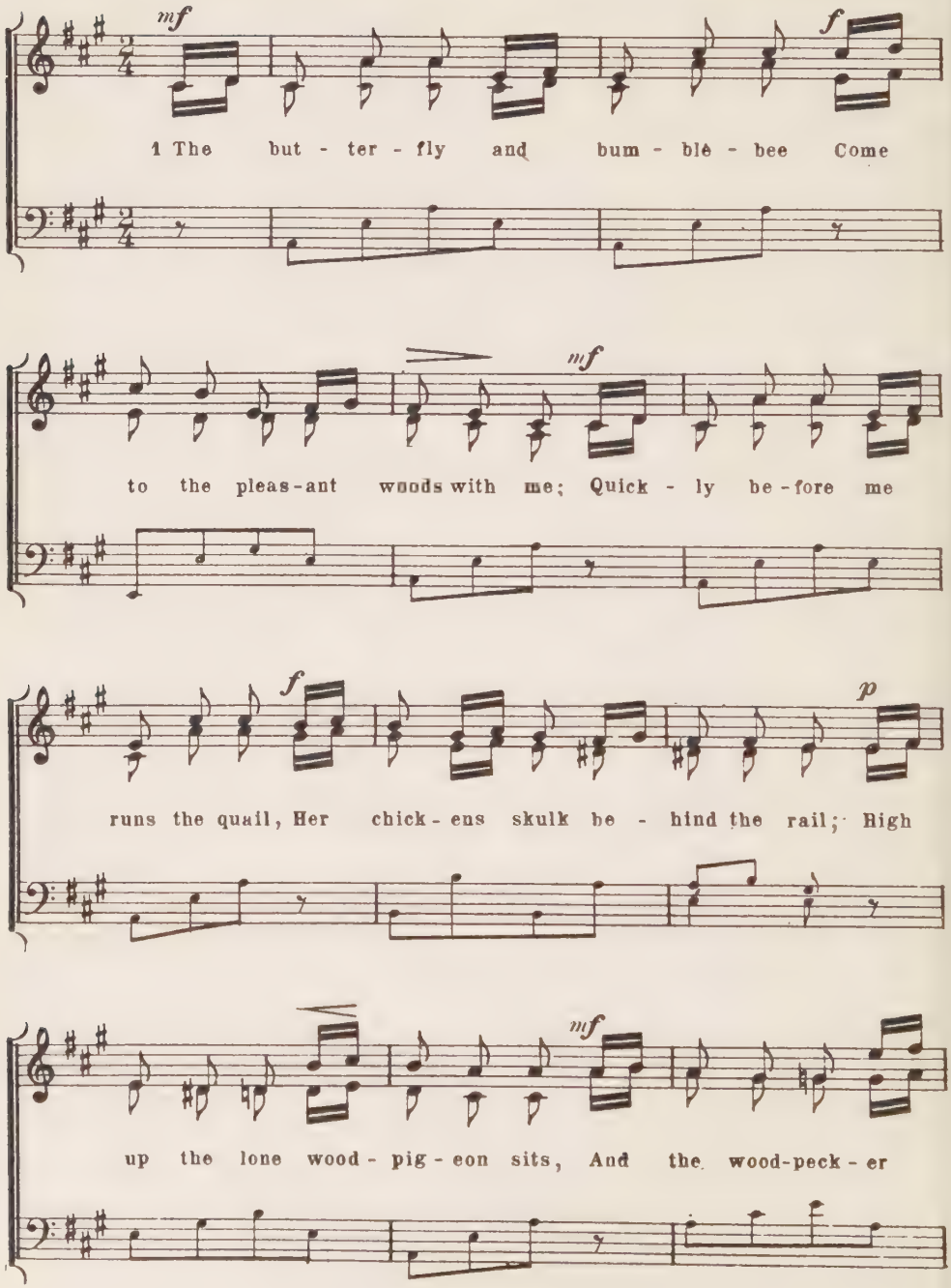
3.

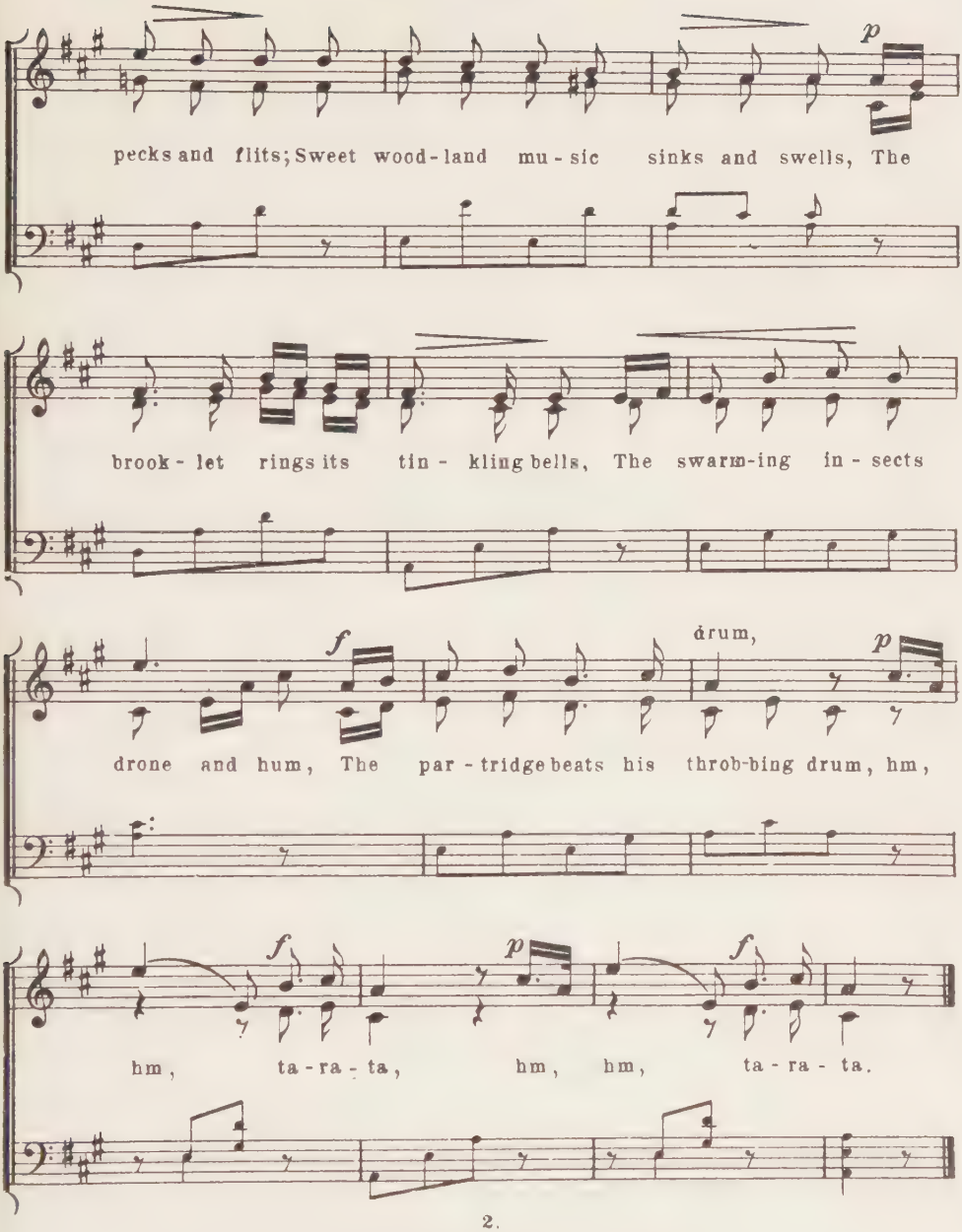
I wander, wander through the wood,
The azure heavens o'er me;
:,:But birdlings' song and flow'rets' smile
My pilgrimage so sweet beguile,
The long way flies before me.:,:

191. The Butterfly and Bumblebee.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Ludwig Liebe.





2.

The squirrel leaps among the boughs
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and look!
Into the mirror of the brook
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.
Sweet woodland music, etc.

AUTUMN.

192. 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Thomas Moore.

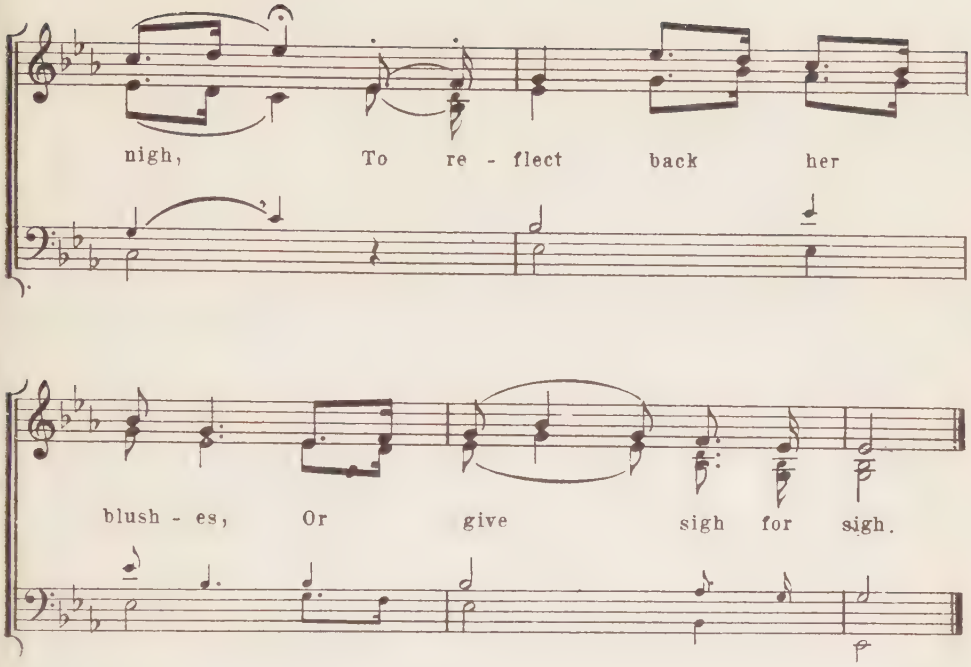
F. Flotow.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone. No

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is



2.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scattered and dead.

3.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit,
This bleak world alone.

193. October.

J. B. Shirley.

1. The trees are all dressed in their col-ors so bright: In
2. There are white clouds and gray clouds, There's wind and there's rain, And

or-ange and crim-son, in rus-set and yel-low, And
blue are the skies in the month of Oc-to-ber, When the

red is the su-mac that fring-es the height, While the
sun in his splen-dor shines o-ver the plain, And

fruit in the or-chard is rip-ened and mel-low. Oc-
chas-es a-way all that's haz-y and so-ber. Then

to - ber, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber is here, And the
here's to the jol - li - est month of the year Though

morn - ings are haz - y and so - ber, With a
morn - ings are haz - y and so - ber, There are

wealth of good cheer For the win ter that's near. 'Tis the
days that are clear And a wealth of good cheer, Then sing,

jol ly rich month of Oc - to - ber, 'Tis the
ho! for the month of Oc - to - ber, Then sing,

jol - ly rich month of Oc - to - ber.
ho! for the month of Oc - to - ber!

194. November.

John B. Shirley.

1. The trea - sures of gold - en Sep - tem - ber That grew in the sun - shine of May, Are strewn in the lap of No - vem - ber, The month with the Thanks-giv - ing Day.

2. The work of the reap - ers is o - ver, The har - vest is all gath - ered in, The wheat and the bar - ley and clov - er, Ere the storms of the win ter be - gin.

3.

Be thankful, and ever remember
Whose hands strewed the gifts by your way,
Who filleth the lap of November,
The month of the Thanksgiving Day.

195. But Yesterday the Garden.

Miehl.

1. But yes-ter-day the gar-den Was gay with bright-est
2. But soon the spring re-turn-ing up-on her ro-sy

hues, The flow'rs all fresh and love-ly, And
car, Will bring the word com-mand-ing The

bright with morn-ing dews. To day they all are
buds to burst once more. And so the dear-ly

fad-ed, Their beau-ty all is fled, Their
loved ones Who die in ten-der years Shall

frag-ile forms are brok-en, They're with-ered now and dead.
bloom in God's own gar-den, Far, far be-yond the stars.

196. Soon Down to Earth will Flutter.

French Folk Song.

1. Soon down to earth will flut - ter The with-ered au-tumn leaves, The
2. And sad-der still and sad - der It grows o'er vale and hill, The

mead-ows all are emp - ty, And earth in si-lence grieves. Where
days be-gin to short - en, The nights are long and chill; The

are the sum-mer flow - ers That once were bright and gay? The
birds have all de - part - ed To find an - oth - er spring, Where

frost has nipp'd them sad - ly, They've hid them-selves a - way.
high the sun is glow- ing They'll soon re - joice and sing.

3.

And when from off the branches
The last dead leaf shall fall,
When woods and fields lie silent
Beneath the winter's pall,
O heart! arouse thee quickly
From thoughts so sad and drear,
For thee there is no winter,
Thy spring is ever near.

Helen Goodrich, Tr.

WINTER.

197. From Wood and Valley Calleth.

A. Muehling.

1. From wood and val - ley call - eth The joy ous bird no more; Wher - e'er a moon - beam fall - eth, There gleams a crys - tal floor.

2. The tree scarce throws a shad - ow, Where tall and gaunt it stands; The stream a - long the mead - ow Is bound in i - cy bands.

3.

Yet light and warmth are gleaming
In ev'ry cottage low,
And happy faces beaming,
Unchilled by winter's snow.

4.

Young lips, together chanting
Their ev'ning hymn so dear,
Sing, summer is not wanting
To make their treasures dear.

198. Winter Birds.

G. Cooper.

F. Gartz.

1. I watch them from the win - dow, While winds so keen - ly blow; How mer - ri - ly they twit - ter, And rev - el in the snow; In

2. Ah, may I be as cheer - ful As yon - der win - ter birds, Through ills and pet - ty cross - es, With no re pin - ing words; So,

brown and ruf - fled feath - ers, They
teach - ing me this les - son, A -

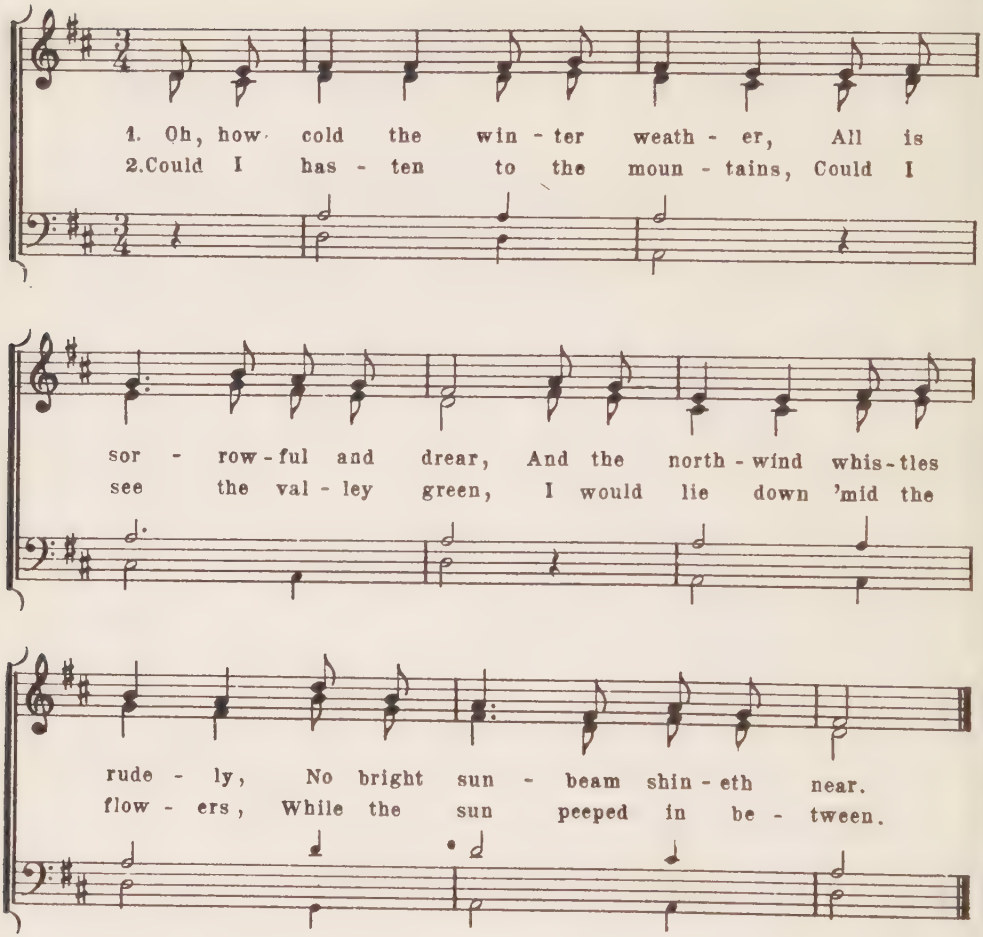
dot the white a - round, And
way, a - way, they go, And

not one mop - ing com - rade A -
leave their ti - ny foot - prints In

mong the lot I've found.
stars up - on the snow.

199. Oh, How Cold the Winter Weather.

Carl Matz.



3.

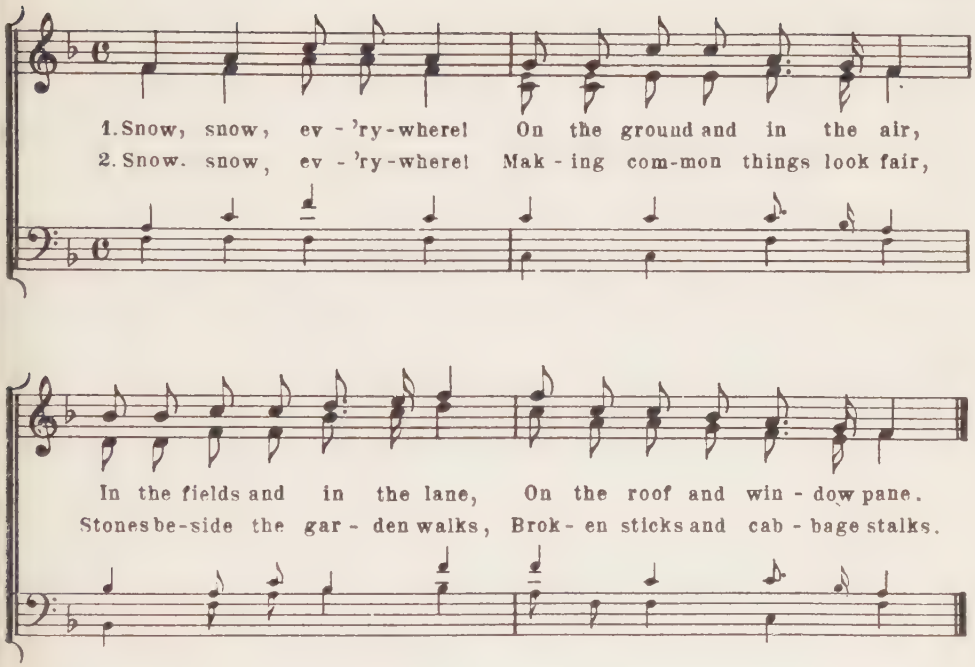
Quickly come in all thy beauty,
Lovely springtime, come again!
Bring us flowers, shade, and singing,
Brighten ev'ry hill and plain.

4.

Spring, O spring, we love thee truly,
Come in all thy bright array;
Bring us soon thy joy and glory,
Song and pleasure, dance and play.

200. Snow, Snow, Ev'rywhere!

H. Grote.



3.

Snow, snow, ev'rywhere!
Dressing up the trees so bare,
Resting on each fir-tree bough
Till it bends, a plume of snow.

4.

Snow, snow, ev'rywhere!
Cov'ring up young roots with care,
Keeping them so safe and warm,
Jack Frost cannot do them harm.

5.

Snow, snow, ev'rywhere!
We are glad to see it here,
Snowball making will be fun
When to-morrow's work is done.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

201. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

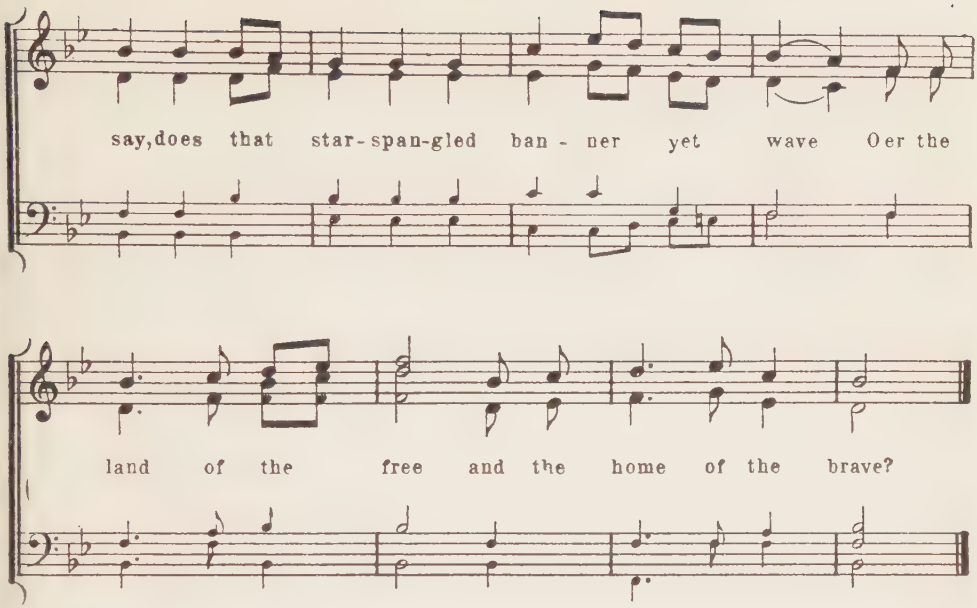
Sam Arnold.

1 Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing?
ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?

And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave

proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh!



2.

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

Oh! thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

202. America.

Samuel Francis Smith. Henry Carey

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the

lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy

fa thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;

From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake.
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

203. Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!

John Hopkinson.

Phyla.

Soli

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes!
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, De-fend your rights, de-

glor-ious band! Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who
fend your shore, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where

war was gone En-joyed the peace your val-or won, Let
sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While

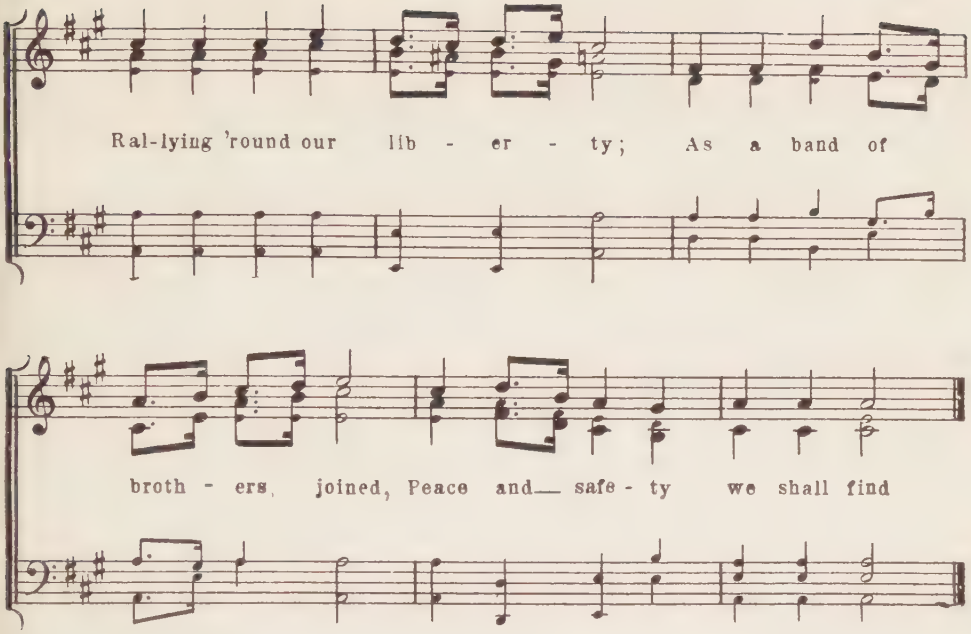
in - de - pend - ence be our boast,
of - fering peace, sin - cere and just, In

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost. Ev - er grate - ful
heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice

for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.

Chorus

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be,



3.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
:,:Ring through the world with loud applause,:,:
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear,
With equal skill, with steadfast power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

4.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
:,:The rock on which the storm will beat;:,
But armed in brav'ry firm and true.
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

204. Guard the Flag.

Soli

1. Guard the flag, guard the flag of our na - tive land, Guard the
2. Guard the flag, guard the flag that our fa - thers bore, Let its

flag of lib - er - ty; Guard well the flag with
pride our glo - ry be; Oh! let it wave o'er

heart and hand; God save the ban - ner of the
sea and shore, The star - ry em - blem of the

free! Sons of the na - tion, hold it a - loft,
free! Though 'neath it march - ing on - ward to war,

Brave - ly its foes de - fy; Our beau - ti - ful flag, the
Though'neath its folds in peace. Our mot - to shall be to

red, white, and blue, Ev - er shall wave on high!
still guard the flag, Nev - er our vig - il cease.

Chorus

Guard the flag, guard the flag of our na - tive land, Guard the

flag of lib - er - ty; Guard well the flag with

heart and hand; God save the ban-ner of the free!

205. O Columbia! the Gem of the Ocean.

David F. Shaw.

David F. Shaw.

Soli

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble When

Chorus

borne by the red white and blue, When borne by the red, white, and

blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy

ban-ners make tyr - an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.
When borne by the red, white, and blue, etc.

3.

The Union, the Union forever!
Our glorious nation's sweet hymn,
May the wreaths it has won never wither,
Nor the star of its glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors, prove true!
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! etc.

206. My Flag.

J. H. Hartenberger.

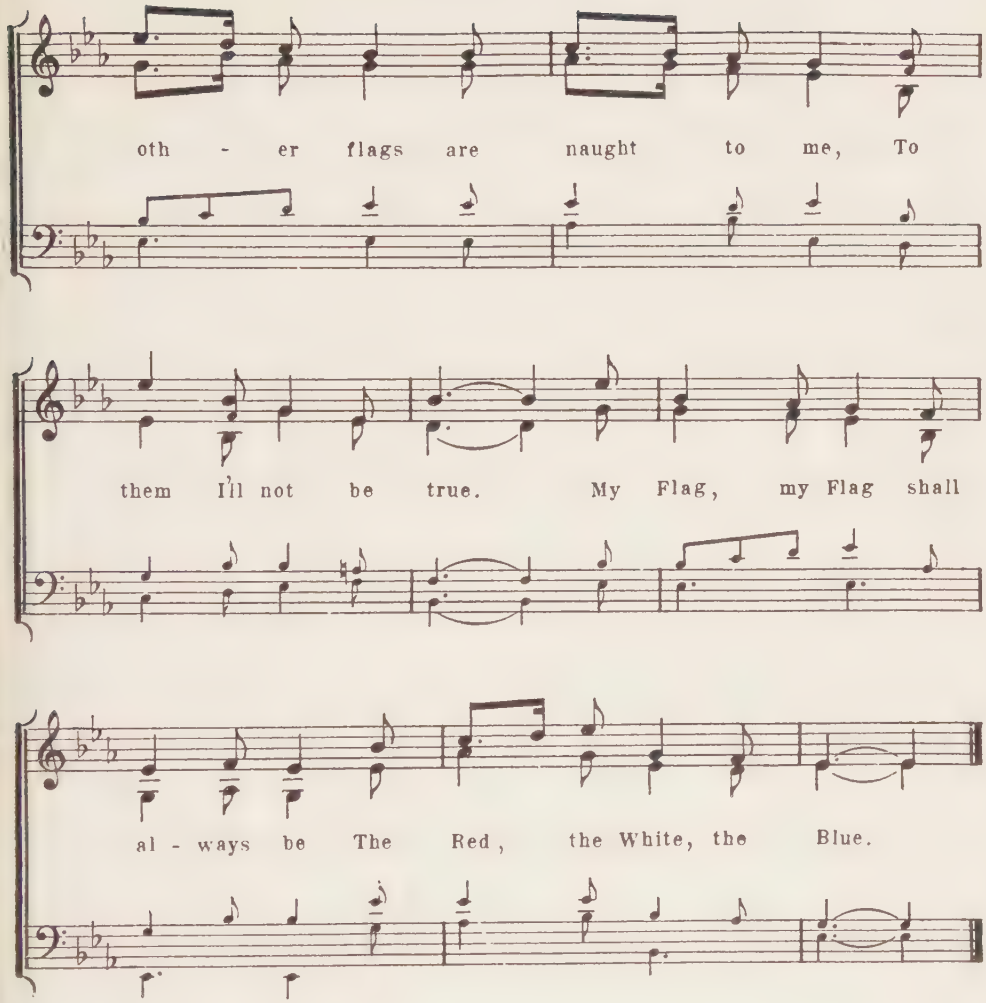
F. Giardini.

1. My Flag! my Flag! my dear old Flag! My

coun - try's and my own! For

lib - er - ty and jus - tice stands, Pro -

tects my church and home. All



2.

My Flag! my Flag! my dear old Flag!
My fathers' and my own!
May God uphold it evermore
Against insidious foes!
May ev'ry one of you with me
Each day this vow renew:
My Flag, my Flag shall always be
The Red, the White, the Blue!

207. America, My Own.

J. A. Theiss.

1. Thou blest a - mong the na - tions, Thy
2. Oft in the heat of bat - tle Thy

fa - thers' God a - dore! Let joy - ous ju - bi -
sons, who loved thee, bled! Mid can - nons' roar and

la - tions Ring out from shore to shore! O
rat - tle Thy daugh-ters' tears were shed! Till,

sing, with harp and psal - ter, The
o'er all foes vic - to - rious, Thy

won - ders He hath done, Nor let thy prais - es
star - ry ban - ner shone With free - dom's lus - ter

fal - ter, A - mer - i - ca, my own!
glor - ious,— A - mer - i - ca, my own!

3.

Thy blood was freely given
For liberty and right.
It cried aloud to heaven
In civil strife's dark night.
But unity's sweet flower
Sprung where that blood was sown,
And blooms in freedom's bower,—
America, my own!

4.

O'er hills and dales and waters,
Throughout thy vast domain,
Thy loyal sons and daughters
Now raise the joyous strain,
Their fervent troth confessing,
Dear land, to thee alone:
"God grant thee ev'ry blessing,
America, my own!"

5.

Hark! Through thy vast expansions,
The choral song doth pour
From palaces and mansions,
From humble cottage door.
O land, beloved in story,
God's grace hath o'er thee shone!
To Him be all the glory,—
America, my own!

For "Select Songs" by Anna Hoppe, adapted from a poem by J. W. Theiss.

208. Stand by the Flag

J. N. Wilder.

G. Schmidt.

Solo
mf

1. Stand by the flag! On land and o - cean

bil - low By it your fa - thers stood un-moved and

true, Liv - ing, de - fend - ed dy - ing from their

pil - low, With their last bless - ing passed it on to

Tutti

you. Stand by the flag, Stand by the flag! Stand by the

flag! Stand by the flag! On land and o - cean

bil low; By it your fa - thers stood un-moved and true.

2.

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning!
Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,
That it will float, until th' eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.
Stand by the flag! Stand by the flag!
Stand by the flag!
Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning!
Our flag will float until the end of time.

209. Hail to the Flag.

W. M. Czamanske. J. A. Theiss.

1. Hail to the flag with the red of the ros - es,
2. Hail to the flag with the white of the lil - ies,

Crim - son with val - or for you and for me,
Sym - bol of good - ness, of beau - ty and light,

Waft - ing its fra - grance of love and de - vo - tion
Shin - ing for vir - tue, for fair - ness and hon - or,

O - ver the land and the home of the free.
Stand - ard of jus - tice and em - blem of right.

3.

Hail to the flag with the blue of the heavens,
Decked with the glory that gleams in the sky,
Ever recalling the Fountain of blessing,
Lifting our thoughts to our Maker on high.

210. There Are Many Flags in Many Lands.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. There are man - y flags in man - y lands, There are
2. We shall al - ways love the Stars and Stripes, And we

flags of ev - 'ry hue, But there is no flag, how -
mean to be ev - er true To this land of ours and the

ev - er grand, Like our own Red, White, and Blue, Like our
dear old flag, The Red, the White, and Blue, To the

own Red, White and Blue
Red, the White, and Blue

own. Red, White, and Blue, Like our own Red, White, and Blue.
Red, the White, and Blue, To the Red the White, and Blue.

3.

Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too!
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

From the Second Book, Modern Music Series, Silver, Burdett & Co.

211. Cheer the Dear Old Glory.

Geo. F. Rosche.

Soli

1. Cheer the dear Old Glo ry o'er and o'er, Float - ing
2. Cheer our sol - diers, gal - lant, brave, and true, For the

on, float-ing high ev - er - more; 'Tis the star - ry ban-ner of the
sake of the "red, white, and blue," For the pre - cious blood that free-dom

free, 'Tis the em-blem of sweet lib - er - ty; From the
sealed, In the tent, in the march, on the field; From the

breez-y North to sun - ny South-land, Dear Old Glo - ry floats to - day.
east-ern coast to west-ern wat-ers, Dear Old Glo - ry floats to - day.

Chorus

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! To

all the world our star - ry ban - ner we'll dis - play; Hur -

rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! Our

dear Old Glo - ry floats to - day.

3.

Cheer our sailors! Hail the gallant tars
For the luster they add to our stars;
As the shout of victory we raise,
Rolling billow re-echo their praise,
Still Columbia triumphs on the ocean,
Dear Old Glory floats to-day.

Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. F. Rosche, in "Columbia."

212. I Now Freely Offer.

1. I now free - ly of - fer My heart and my hand To
2. My coun - try I'll hon - or, Her laws I'll o - bey, My

thee, thou home of free - dom, To thee, my na - tive land, To
coun-try - men love tru - ly, And walk in vir - tue's way, My

thee, thou home of free - dom, To thee, my na - tive land.
coun-try-men love tru - ly, And walk in vir - tue's way.

3.

Their rights I'll protect and
Defend as they're known;
Their welfare and their freedom
I'll guard as if my own,
Their welfare and their freedom
I'll guard as if my own.

4

May Heav'n give me firmness
With heart and with hand
To labor or to die for
My own dear native land,
To labor or to die for
My own dear native land.

213. Hail to Thee, by God Selected!

W. Conradi

W. Conradi.

1. Hail to thee, by God se - lect - ed! Hail to thee, my coun - try free! By our fa - thers' blood e - rect - ed Free - dom's gold - en hearth to be! By our
2. Land of pur - ling, spark - ling foun - tains, Land of treas - ured wealth un - told, Where from out thy gran - ite moun-tains Riv - ers leap o'er sands of gold; Not in
3. Grant, O Fa - ther, to our na - tion Peace, pro tec - tion as of yore; And in right-eous leg - is - la - tion Give us vict - 'ry, we im - plore! Vice, cor -

he - roes long de - fend - ed, Land, my
all these cost - ly treas - ures Nor in
rup - tion tear a - sun - der, Tyr - ants'

pride in u - nion strong. Sing ye
tri - umphs do we trust, But, each
rule and shame - ful boasts; Make us

praise im - mor - tall Sing at
race pos - sess - ing Lib - er -
stronger than the li - on, Sin - ews

ev - 'ry por - tal: Free dom's
ty and bless - ing; This our
give of blood and ir - on, Lord of

song! Free - dom's song, ye hills, re -
boast: This our boast from sea to
Hosts! Lord of Hosts, to Thee we

bound, Val - leys ech - o back the sound!
sea: All the na - tion here is free.
sing, Thou a - lone, our na - tion's King.

214. All Hail, America.

Walter E. Schuette.

Alb. D. Liefeld

1. This is the day we cel - e brate, All hail, A - mer - i -
2. Oh, it is meet to swell the song, All hail, A - mer - i -

cal (All hail!) God builds the na - tion strong and great, All
cal (All hail!) The sound-ing cho - rus to pro - long, All

hail, A - mer - i - cal (All hail!) Co - lum - bia, praise His might - y name, Ye
hail, A - mer - i - cal (All hail!) In God the land is all at rest, Its

sons of free-dom, shout ac - claim, And set His al - tars all a - flame For
cit - ies safe, its fur - rows blest, The heav - ens show-er down their best For

1-2-3. stanzas.

4. stanza only

Free A - mer - i - ca. Free A - mer - i - ca.

3

We praise the Lord with gladsome joy,
All hail, America! (All hail!)
His honor shall our lips employ,
All hail, America! (All hail!)
America's ten thousand tongues
Shall fill His courts with soulful songs,
To whom the honor all belongs,
For Free America.

4

Long may His goodness lead our land;
All hail, America! (All hail!)
Long may we trust His faithful hand,
All hail, America! (All hail!)
Oh, may we never see the day
When from His care we go astray,
And may He ever show the way
For Free America.

By permission of the composer

215. We're Tenting To-night.

W. Kittredge.

Soli

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,

Give us a song to cheer Our wear - y hearts, a
Think ing of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that

song— of home And friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "Good - bye"

Chorus

Man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to - night,

Wish-ing for the war to cease; Man - y are the hearts

look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of

peace. Tent - ing to-night, Tent - ing to-night,

1-3. stanza. 4. stanza. *pp rit.* *ppp*

Tent-ing on the old camp ground. Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

3.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.
Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

4.

We've been fighting to night on the old camp ground;
Many are lying near,
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.
Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

216. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their

moth - er, dear, of you, And our bright and hap - py home so far a -
fier - cest charge they made, And they swept us off a hun - dred men or

way, And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of
more, But be - fore we reached their lines, They were

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vict - 'ry o'er and o'er.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing,

Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -

neath the star - ry flag We will breathe the air a - gain Of the

free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

3.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

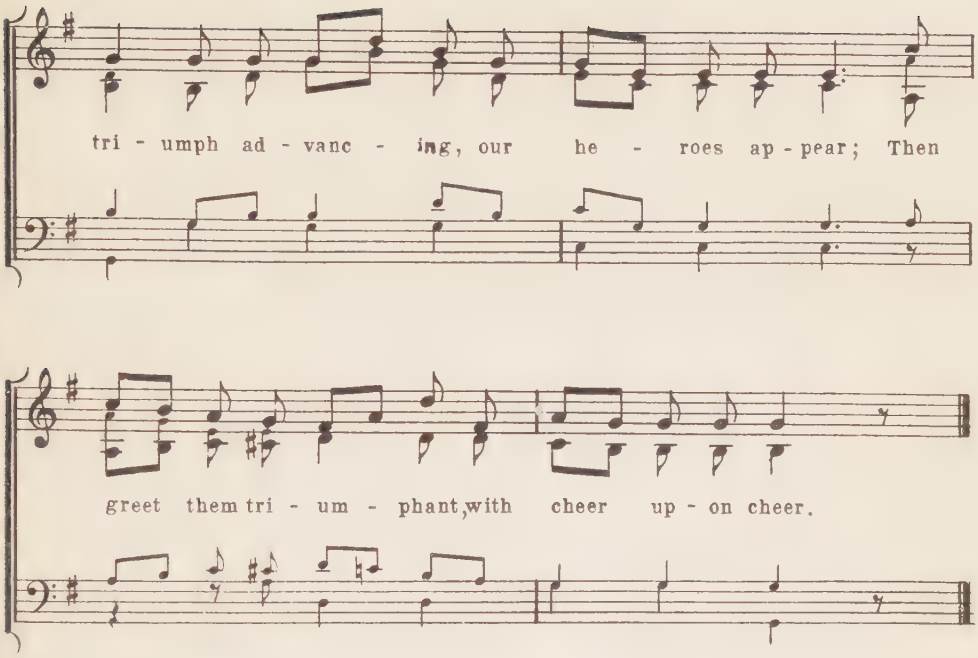
217. In Triumph Advancing.

1. In tri - umph ad - vanc - ing, our he - roes ap - pear, Who

left us in hope, now in glo - ry are here. We

hail them re - joic - ing, o - va - tions pre - pare, And

crown them with lau - rel, while shouts rent the air. In



2.

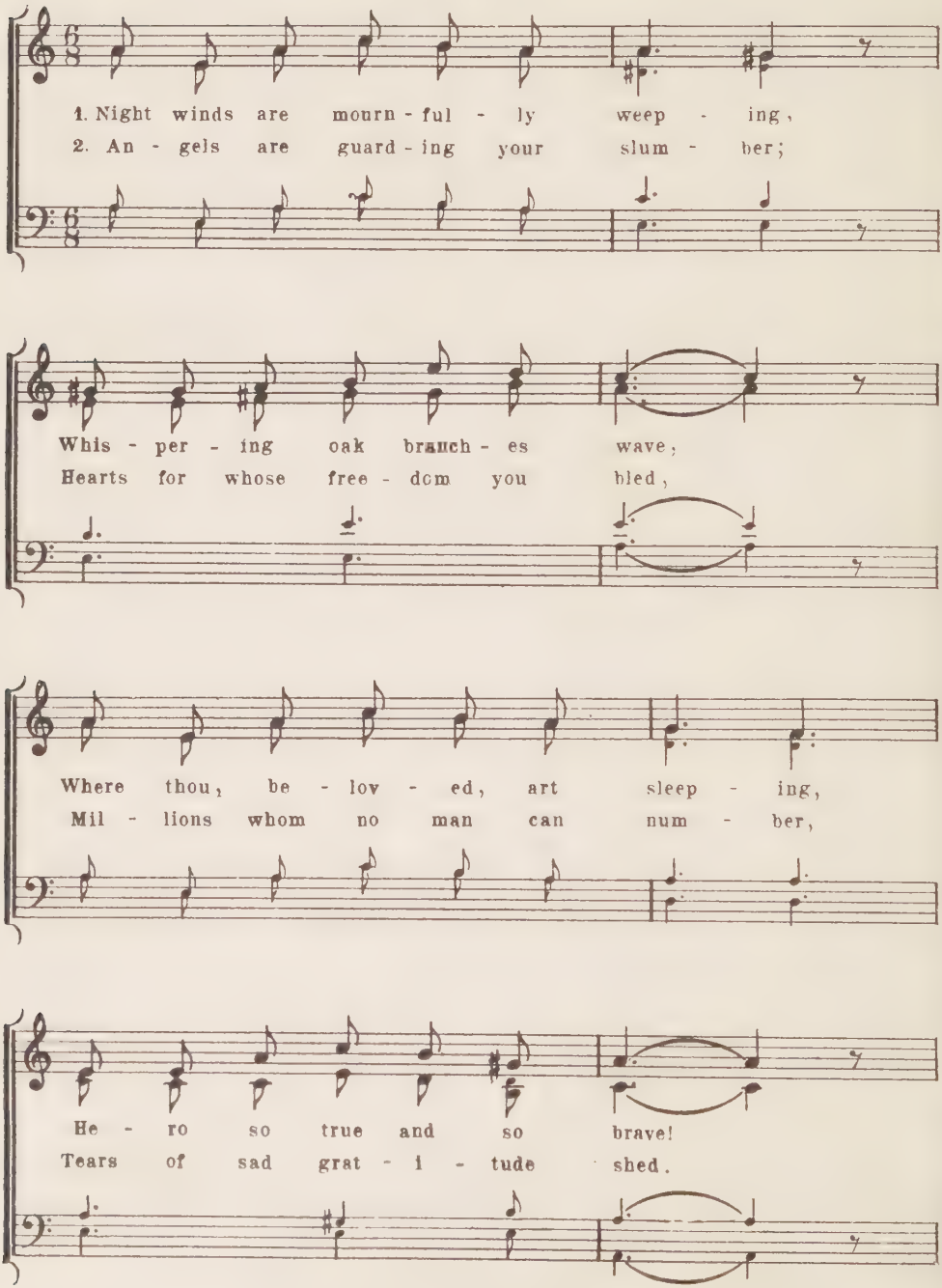
Let flow'rs strew their pathway,
Let paeans break forth!
We greet them rejoicing,
With music and mirth.
Brave soldiers of freedom,
Defenders of right;
Begrim'd from the battle,
But glorious in might.
In triumph advancing, etc.

3.

Where cannons were thund'ring,
And sabres drank blood,
With death all around them,
Undaunted they stood,
Or rushed on the foeman
Resistless of might,
When battling for country,
For freedom, and right.
In triumph advancing, etc.

218. Night Winds Are Mournfully Weeping.

C. E. Whiting.



Si - lence reigns peace - ful - ly 'round you,
But when that grand morn be break - ing

Now that life's bat - tles are o'er;
In - to your cham - ber of gloom.

Deep though the sleep now hath bound you,
Lo! it will find you a - wak - ing,

Je - sus shall wake you once more.
Ris - ing to life from the tomb.

Adapted from Whiting's Music Reader V, Published by D. C. Heath & Co.

219. The Old Oaken Bucket.

Soli

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild-wood, And

fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view;
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew.

The wide-spread-ing pond and the mill that stood by it, The
The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house nigh it, And

bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

Chorus

The old oak- en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck- et, The

moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

2.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield,
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
Chorus: The old oaken bucket, etc.

3.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
Chorus: The old oaken bucket, etc.

220. Home, Sweet Home.

Payne.

Henry Bishop.

dolce *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Mid pleas - ures and pal - ac - es though we may
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in

p *cresc.*

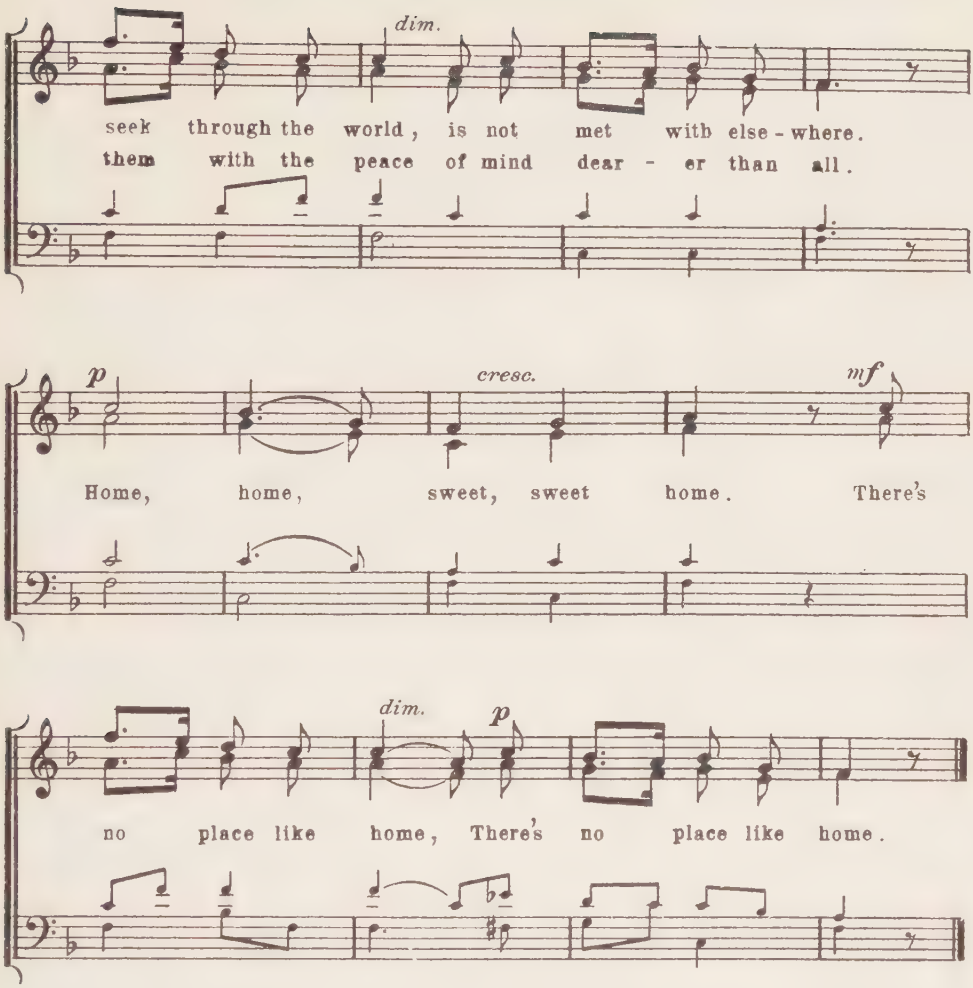
roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's
vain; Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd

mf

no place like home. A charm from the
cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

p *f*

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
gai - ly, that come at my call, Give me



3

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home, home, etc.

4.

To thee I'll return, overburden'd with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home
Home, home, etc.

221. When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

F. Abt.

1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the
2. When the white swan south - ward roves To seek

ros - es scat - tered lie, When from nei - ther hill nor
at noon the or - ange groves; When the red tints of the

dale Chants the silv - 'ry night - in - gale; In these
West Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these

words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,

When I thus thy im - age lose,
When I thus thy im - age lose,

Can I, ah, can I ev - er re - pose?
Can I, ah, can I ev - er re - pose?

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?

3.

Hush, my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must, too, thy woes contain.
Though on earth no more we rove,
Loudly breathing words of love;
Thou, my heart, must find relief,
Yielding to these words belief,
I shall see thy form again,
:,: Though to-day we part again. :,:

222. Why, Ah! Why, My Heart, This Sadness?

1. Why, ah! why, my heart this sad - ness?
2. All that's dear to me is want - ing,

Why 'midst scenes like these de - cline? Where
Lone and cheer-less here I roam; The

all, though strange, is joy and glad-ness, Oh! say, what wish can yet be
stran-ger's joy, how-e'er en - chant-ing, To me can nev-er be like

thine, Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine?
home, To me can nev - er be like home.

3.

Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my father and my mother,
:,: Then give, oh! give me back my home! :,:

SONGS OF PARTING.

223. Farewell! Farewell! My Quiet Home.

W. Mueller.

1. Fare-well! fare - well! my qui - et home, I go in
2. Fare-well! fare - well! ye friends so dear, 'Tis with re -

for - eign land to roam. Fare-well! fare - well! I go a -
gret I go from here. May for - tune ev - er smile on

way; Though sad my heart, I can - not stay.
you, Your path be smooth, your sky be blue

3.

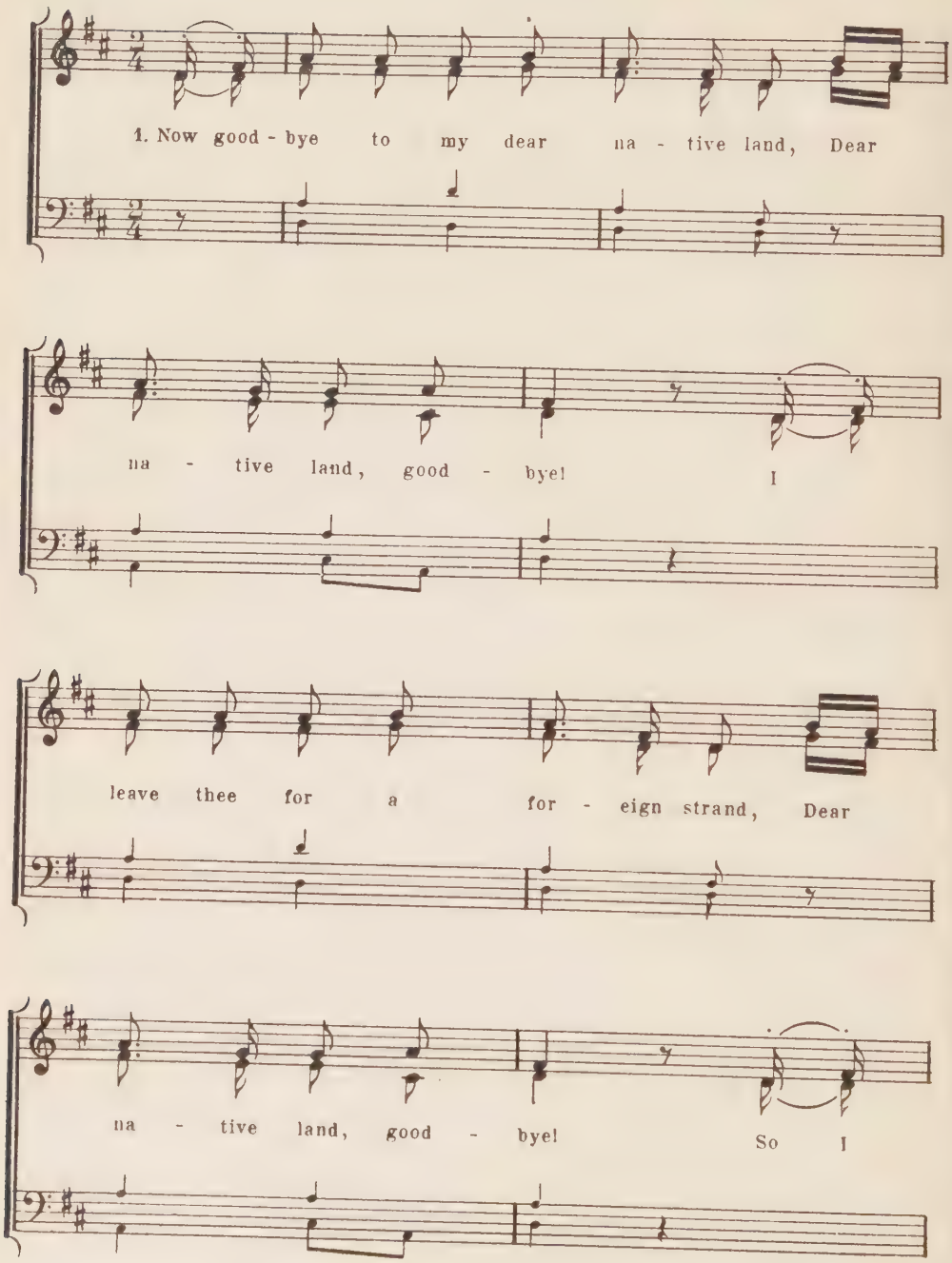
Farewell! farewell! my mother dear,
For you alone I shed this tear.
Once more I'll take your dear old hand,
Before I leave for foreign land.

4.

If ever I return to you,
My home, my friends, my mother true;
If but my life with you be spent,
I shall be rich and quite content.

224. Farewell to the Native Land.

A. Disselhoff.



sing a - loud a cheer - ful song As the wan - d'rer does who

moves a - long. Dear na - tive land, good - bye!

2.

O how lovely is thy azure sky;
Dear native land, adieu!
How thy fields and meadows call goodbye;
Dear native land, adieu!
God knows, I love thee evermore,
Yet now I seek a foreign shore.
Dear native land, adieu!

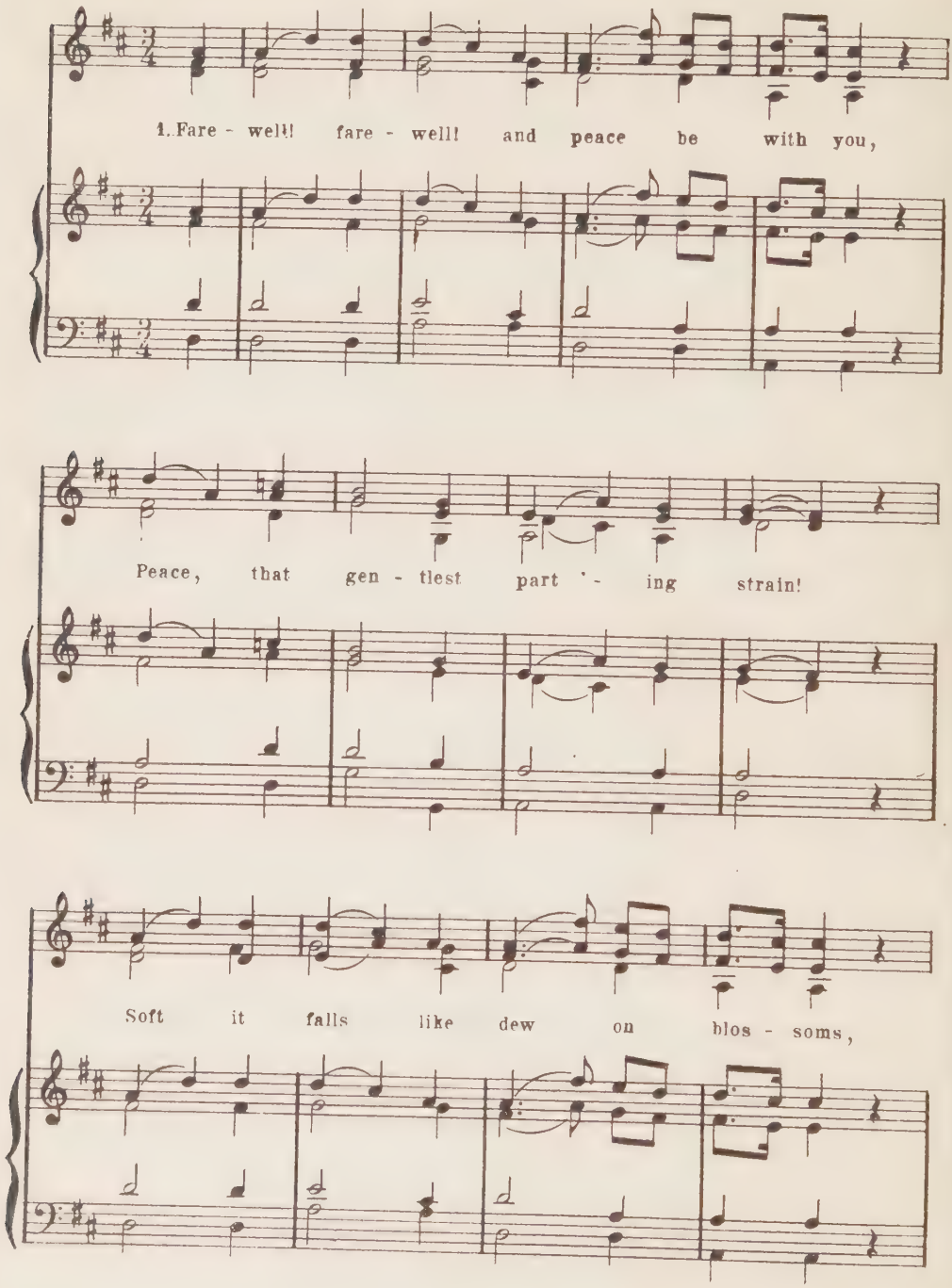
3.

Beloved stream, thou goest with me,
Dear native land, goodbye!
I leave thee and it saddens me,
Dear native land, goodbye!
From mossy rock in wooded dell
I said to thee my last farewell—
Dear native land, goodbye!

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss Tr.

225. Farewell! Farewell! and Peace Be with You.

Two- or three-part



Cher - ish - ing with - in our bo - soms

Kind de - sires to meet a - gain.

2.

Farewell! farewell! but not forever;
Hope can see the morning rise,
Many pleasant scenes before us,
As if angels hovered o'er us,
Bearing blessings from the skies.

3.

Farewell! farewell! O softly breathe it,
'Tis a prayer for those we love;
Peace to-night and joy to-morrow,
For our God, who shields the sparrow,
Hears us in His courts above.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

226. 'Way Down Upon de Swanee River.

Stephen C. Foster.

Soli

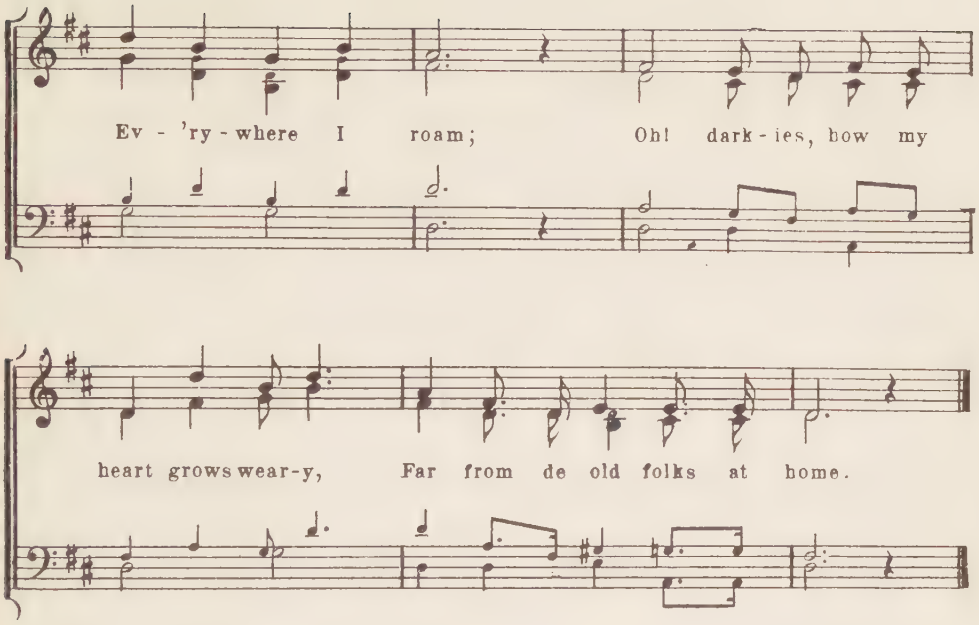
1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee Riv - er,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,

Far far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is,
Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de,

turn - ing ev - er Dere's wha de old folks stay.
old plan - ta - tion And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and drear - y,



2.

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.
All de world am sad, etc.

3.

One little hut among de bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo trumming
Down in my good old home?
All de world am sad, etc.

227. Round de Meadows Am a-Ringing.

Stephen C. Foster.

Soli

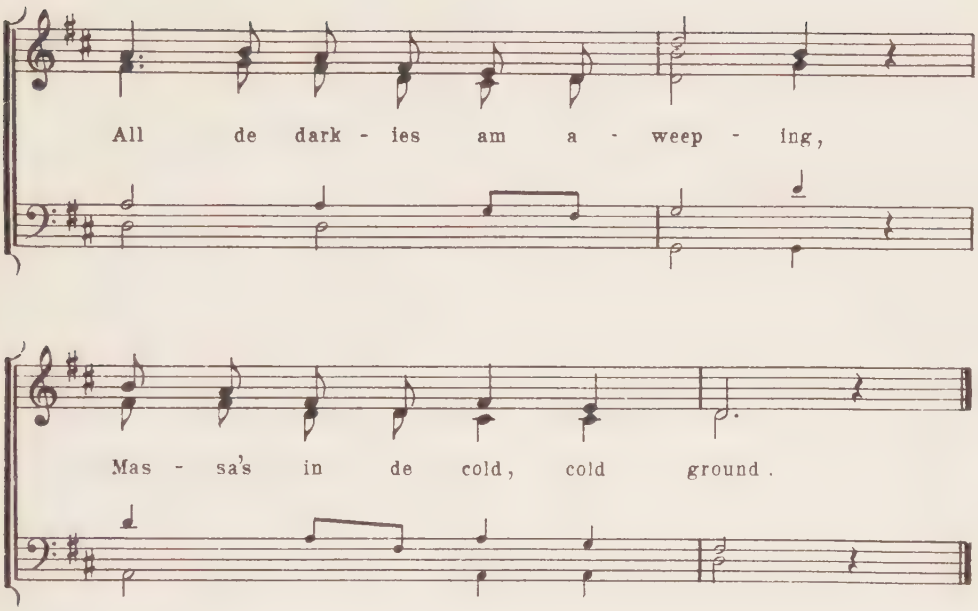
1. Round de mead-ows am a-ring-ing De
Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing.

dark-y's mourn-ful song, While de mock-ing bird am
Oer de gras-sy mound, Dere old mas-sa am a

sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus

Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful sound;



2.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.
Down in de cornfield, etc.

3.

Massa make de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leaves dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Picking on de old banjo.
Down in de cornfield, etc.

228. Gone are the Days When My Heart was Young.

Stephen C. Foster.

Soli

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I

hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

2.

Why do I weep when my heart should show no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus: — I'm coming, etc.

3.

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus: — I'm coming, etc.

DECORATION DAY.

229. Once Again the Flowers We Gather.

E. W. Chapman.

Tschirch.

mf

1. Once a - gain the flow'rs we gath - er On these

sa - cred mounds to lay; O'er the tombs of fal - len

f

he - roes Float the stars and stripes to - day.

mf

From the moun - tain, hill and val - ley Is - sued

forth a no - ble throng, With he -

f *mf*

ro - ic val - or fight - ing Till was heard the vic - tor's

f

song, Till was heard the vic - tor's song.

2.

But these brave men now are sleeping,
While their deeds in mem'ry live,
And the tribute we are bringing
'Tis the nation's joy to give.
Bring bright flow'rs the graves to garland,
Let the sweetest music rise,
Let the stars and stripes be waving
O'er their gen'rous sacrifice,
O'er their gen'rous sacrifice.

GRADUATION.

230. O May We Ne'er Forget the Hours.

T. Crampton.

1. O___ may we ne'er for - get the hours, Wher - ev - er we may

be, Which we have spent a - mid our friends In

glad - ness and in glee; The mem - 'ry of these

hap - py days Shall shine with con - stant light; Then,

ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, Good night, good night!

2.

We'll ne'er forget our happy school.
Wherever we may roam,
Though duties far in distant land,
Shall take us from our home;
O'er many hours of care and grief
Shall mem'ry shed its light;
Then, ere we part, sing ev'ry heart,
Good night, good night!

3.

'Tis hard, perchance, to say farewell,
And leave this happy scene,
But coming labors will be cheered,
As true friends we have been;
And if we part for many years
With hearts both true and light,
We part, but hope to meet again,
Good night, good night!

From Whiting's Music Reader V. By permission of D. C. Heath & Co.

231. As the Voyager Turns with a Love Longing Gaze.

Davenant.

1. As the voy - ag - er turns with a love long-ing gaze To the hills that are fad-ing be - hind, How swift come the thoughts of his ear - li - er days To peo - ple the cham-bers of mind. Fond
2. And thus as our bark we're un - moor-ing to - day, And hope breathes a flat-ter-ing wind, No joys in the fu - ture re - gret can al - lay, For those we are leav-ing be - hind. All

mem - o - ry gilds ev - ry sum - mit of blue, With the
bright - ly they glit - ter in mem - o - ry's sheen, As

flush of a sun - set of gold. And the vi - sion still lin - gers when
cliffs in the tints of the morn. No pleas - ure be - fore us more

lost to the view, Old o - cean holds all in his fold.
dim - less and keen Than those that shall nev - er re - turn.

232. Come, Children, and Join in Our Festival Song.

Soli

1. Come, chil-dren, and join in our fes - ti-val song, And hail the sweet
2. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, we lift up to Thee Our voice of thanks-

joys which this day brings a - long; We'll join our glad voic - es in
giv-ing, our glad ju - bi - lee; Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear

one hymn of praise To God, who has kept us and length-ened our days.
Sav-ior, we pray, That from Thy blest pre-cepts we nev - er may stray.

Chorus

Hap - py greet-ing to _____ all! Hap - py greet - ing to _____

all! Hap -py greet-ing, hap -py greet-ing, hap - py greet-ing to all!

3

Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Savior's loved arms.
Chorus: Happy greeting, etc.

4.

And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here:
May many bright jewels be your blest reward,
And crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.
Chorus: Happy greeting, etc.

233. A Last Good-bye.

f *p*

1. A last good - bye! The part-ing hour draws near - er, So
2. For - get us not! This word shall be the tok - en Our
3. Fare-well! fare - well! Thou can'st (We can) no long-er lin - ger. Time

cresc. *ff*

grows our friend-ship dear-er. Good-bye un - til we meet a - gain!
faith shall not be brok-en. For-get us not! For - get us not!
bends the warn - ing fin-ger. Fare-well, fare-well! For - get us not!

H. Zick, Tr. a.

234. The Golden Glow of a Summer's Day.

A. F. Shoals.

H. C. King.

1. The gold - en glow of a sum-mer's day Rests o'er the ver-dant hills, And the

sun-light falls with mel-low ray On fields and laugh-ing rills; But

ere its last beam fades a-way Be-yond the moun-tain high, Our

lips must brave-ly, sad-ly, say The part-ing words, "Good-bye!"

2.

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours,
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures.
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When to our happy days of school
We say our last "Good-bye."

3.

Dear teachers, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught;
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-bye."

235. Beside the Mill Down Yonder.

Glück.

1. Be - side the mill down yon - der, I sat me down to
2. Then I be - held, half dream - ing, The saws so sharp and

dream; I saw the great wheels turn - ing, The
bright, Cleave through a no - ble fir - tree With

spar - kle of the stream, I saw the great wheels
won - drous fa - tal might, Cleave through a no - ble

turn - ing, the spar - kle of the stream.
fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might.

3.

And now alive the tree seemed,
Its fibres shrank with dread;
With low and mournful cadence,
These words to me it said,
With low and mournful cadence,
These words to me it said:

4.

"Thou, wand'rer, well hast chosen
Thy time to come to me!
For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee.
For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee!

5.

"For thee a shrine so narrow
Shall from my heart be made,
And thy heart, sad and weary,
Within at rest be laid,
And thy heart, sad and weary,
Within at rest be laid."

6.

Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled;
Ere I could ask a question,
The noisy wheels were stilled.
Ere I could ask a question,
The noisy wheels were stilled.

236. Catch the Sunshine.

1. Catch the sun-shine! though it flick-ers Through a dark and dis-mal
2. Catch the sun-shine! though life's tem-pest May un - furl its chill-ing

cloud, Though it falls so faint and fee-ble On a heart with sor-row
blast, Catch the lit - tle, hope-ful stran-ger! Storms will not for - ev - er

bowed, Catch it quick - ly, it is pass-ing, Pass-ing ra - pid - ly a -
last. Don't give up, and say "for - sak - en!" Don't be - gin to say, "I'm

way, It has on - ly come to tell you, There is yet a bright-er day.
sad!" Look there comes a gleam of sun-shine! Catch it! oh! it seems so glad!

3.

Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er the darksome billow there,
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them ev'rywhere.
Pass right through them! Do not tarry!
Overcome the heaving tide.
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

237. The Faithful Comrade.

L. Uhland. F. Silcher.

1. I had a faith - ful com - rade, None bet - ter far and wide! A mid the snare-drum's rat - tle We two marched forth to bat - tle Like broth-ers, side by side, Like broth-ers, side by side.

2. A ball came whis - tling towards us, A las, whose shall it be? The bul - let, past me speed - ing Struck him and he fell bleed - ing Who seemed a part of me, Who seemed a part of me.

3

As I my gun reloaded
He raised his hand in vain;
I shook it not, but never
Will death our friendship sever,
:,:We're friends in heav'n again.:,:

For "Selected Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

238. Only a Baby Small.

Matt Barr. C. M. von Weber.

dolce

1. On - ly a ba - by small dropped from the skies;
2. On - ly a gold - en head, cur - ly and soft;

cresc.

On - ly a laugh - ing face, two sun - ny eyes;
On - ly a tongue that wags loud - ly and oft;

pp

On - ly two cher - ry lips, one chub - by nose;
On - ly a lit - tle brain, emp - ty of thought;

mf

On - ly two lit - tle hands, ten lit - tle toes.
On - ly a lit - tle heart, trou - bled with naught.

8.

Only a tender flow'r, sent us to rear;
Only a life to love, while we are here;
Only a baby small, never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us, God knoweth best.

239. Memories of Youth.

A. Moritz.

1. Down in the vale there stood a tree, When
2. A - mong the leaves a bird so fair Would

I was still a boy; Its branch - es of - ten
sing the whole day long, And ev - 'ry - one, while

shel - tered me, And filled my heart with joy.
pass - ing here, Would stop to hear its song.

3.

And often from the topmost bough
My birdie called to me,
As if to say, "You know not how
I love to sing for thee."

4.

And then I planned to go away,
How long I could not tell;
But passing by the tree that day,
My birdie sang, "Farewell!"

5.

But when I came back home again,
The tree was dead and bare;
And for my bird I looked in vain,
My birdie was not there!

6.

The barren tree will green no more,
The bird no longer sing,
My youthful days are past and o'er,
Those pleasant days of Spring.

For "Select Songs," by W. M. Czamanske, Tr.

Our Little Ones.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

240. Let Us All with Gladsome Voice.

U. Langhanns.

1. Let us all with glad - some voice
2. To this vale of tears He comes,

Praise the God of heav - en, Who, to bid our
Here to serve in sad - ness, That with Him in

hearts re - joice, His own Son hath giv - en.
heav'n's fair homes We may reign in glad - ness.

3.

We are rich, for He was poor;
Is not this a wonder!
Therefore praise God evermore,
Here on earth and yonder!

4.

O Lord Christ, our Savior dear,
Be Thou ever near us,
Grant us now a glad New Year;
Amen, Jesus, hear us!

C. Winkworth, Tr.

241. In a Lowly Manger.

W. M. Czamanske.

Ralph Kinder.

1. In a low - ly man - ger Lies a lit - tle stran - ger;
2. Hail the joy - ful sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's glo - ry!

While the song of an - gels Rings through all the skies:
Hail the hap - py birth - day Of our Lord and King!

While the vir - gin moth - er Lulls our lit - tle Broth - er;
As the shep - herds greet Him, Let us go and meet Him:

See Him smil - ing back to her And close His wea - ry eyes.
See Him wake and clap His hands, When lit - tle chil - dren sing.

By permission of G. Schirmer.

242. As Each Happy Christmas.

W. Hey.

J. Chr. Rinck.

1. As each hap - py Christ - mas

Dawns on earth a - gain, Comes the ho - ly

Christ - child To the hearts of men.

2.

Enters with His blessing
Into ev'ry home,
Guides and guards our footsteps
As we go and come.

3.

All unknown, beside me
He will ever stand,
And will safely lead me
With His own right hand.

Harriet Reynolds Spaeth, Tr.

243. Glory! Glory! Praise God on High!

J. A. Theiss.

f

1. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Praise God on
2. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Praise God on

mf

high! An - gels sing mer - ri - ly,
high! Prais - ing God's love pro - found,

f

Sing it for you and me! Glo - ry!
Heav - en and earth re - sound. Glo - ry!

ff

glo - ry! Praise God on high!
glo - ry! Praise God on high!

3.

Glory! glory! Praise God on high!
Join the loud jubilee,
Praise the blest Trinity!
Glory! glory! Praise God on high!

F. W. Herzberger, Tr. a.

244. Away in a Manger.

Carl Mueller.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But

lit - tle Lord Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The
lit - tle Lord Je - sus No cry - ing He makes; I

stars in the sky Looked down where he lay, The
love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look down from the sky, And

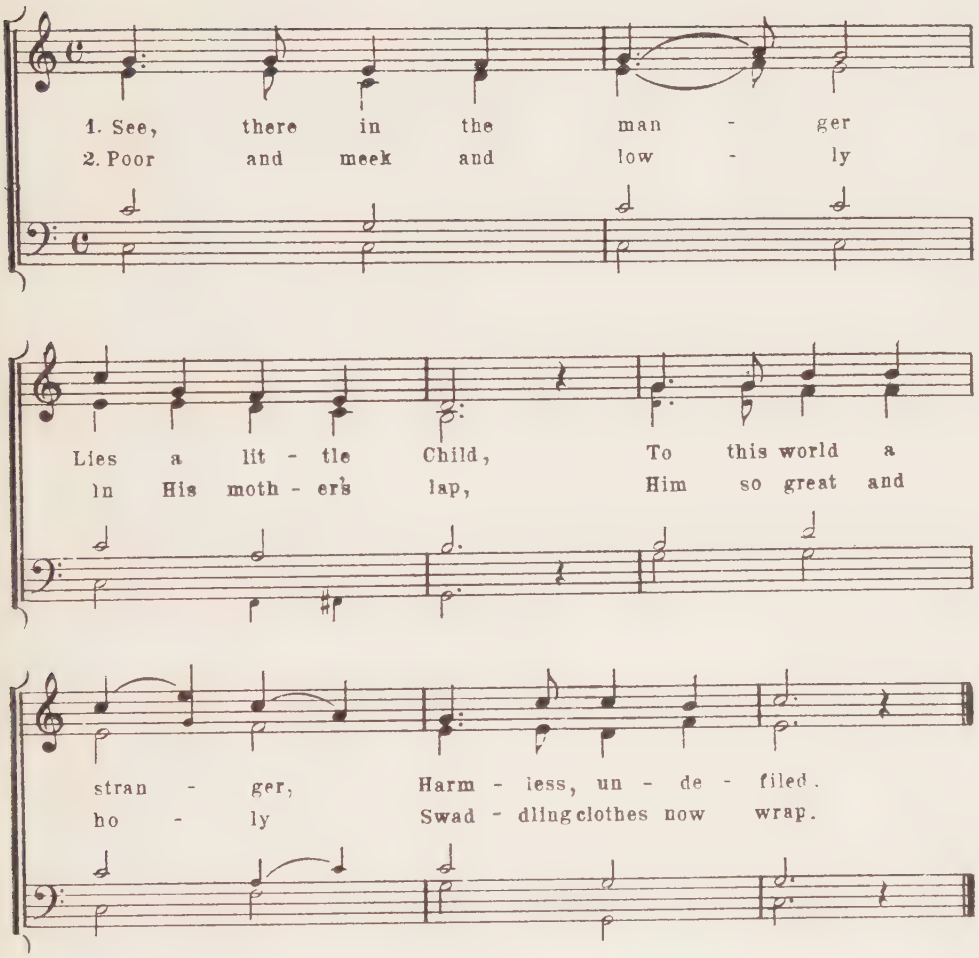
lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep on the hay
stay by my cra - dle Till morn - ing is nigh

3.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever,
And love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care,
And take us to heaven,
To live with Thee there.

245. See, There in the Manger.

J. A. Theiss.



3.

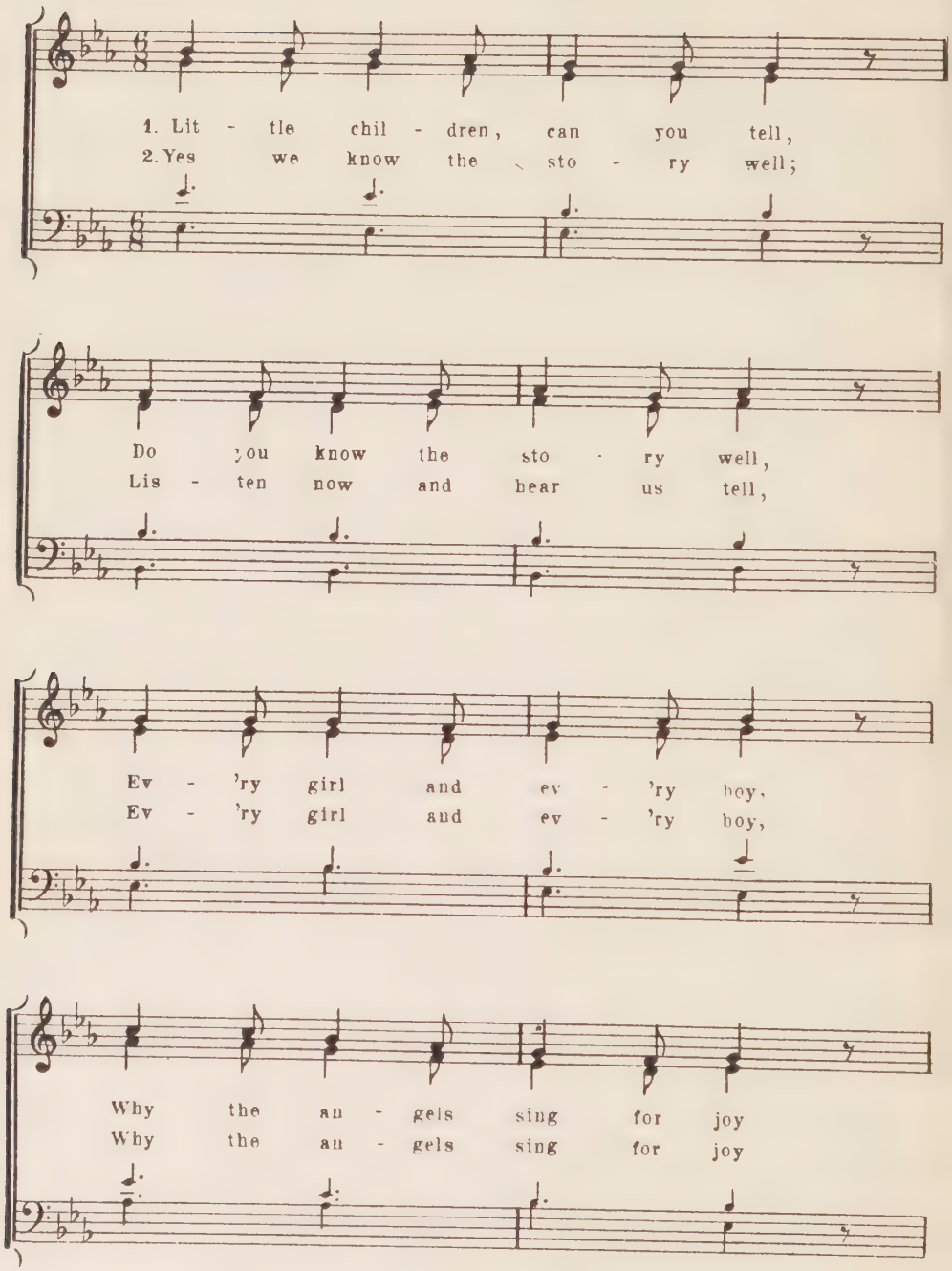
Hark how from the heaven
Angels sweetly tell:
God His Son hath given
In our midst to dwell.

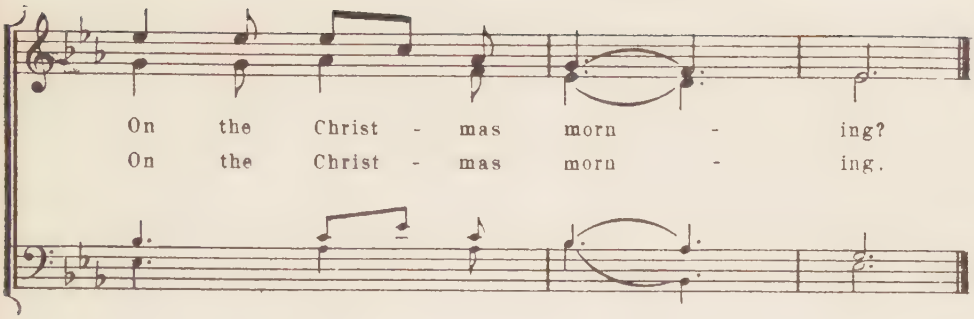
4.

Dear Child, I adore Thee,
Come, dwell in my heart!
Come, come, I implore Thee
Never to depart!

F. W. Herzberger, Tr

246. Little Children, Can You Tell.





3.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd 'round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

4.

"Joy and peace," the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang;
"Peace on earth! to men good-will,"
Hark, the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

5.

For a little Babe that day
Cradled in a manger lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be,—
This the wond'ring angels see,
On the Christmas morning.

6.

Joy our little hearts shall fill,
Peace and love, and all good-will;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

MORNING.

247. The Morning Bright.

T. O. Summer.

J. L. Koenig, 1739.

1. The morn - ing bright, with ros - y light, Hath
2. All through the day, I hum - bly pray, Be

waked me up from sleep; Fa - ther, I own Thy
Thou my Guard and Guide; My sins for - give, and

love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.

3.

O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face.

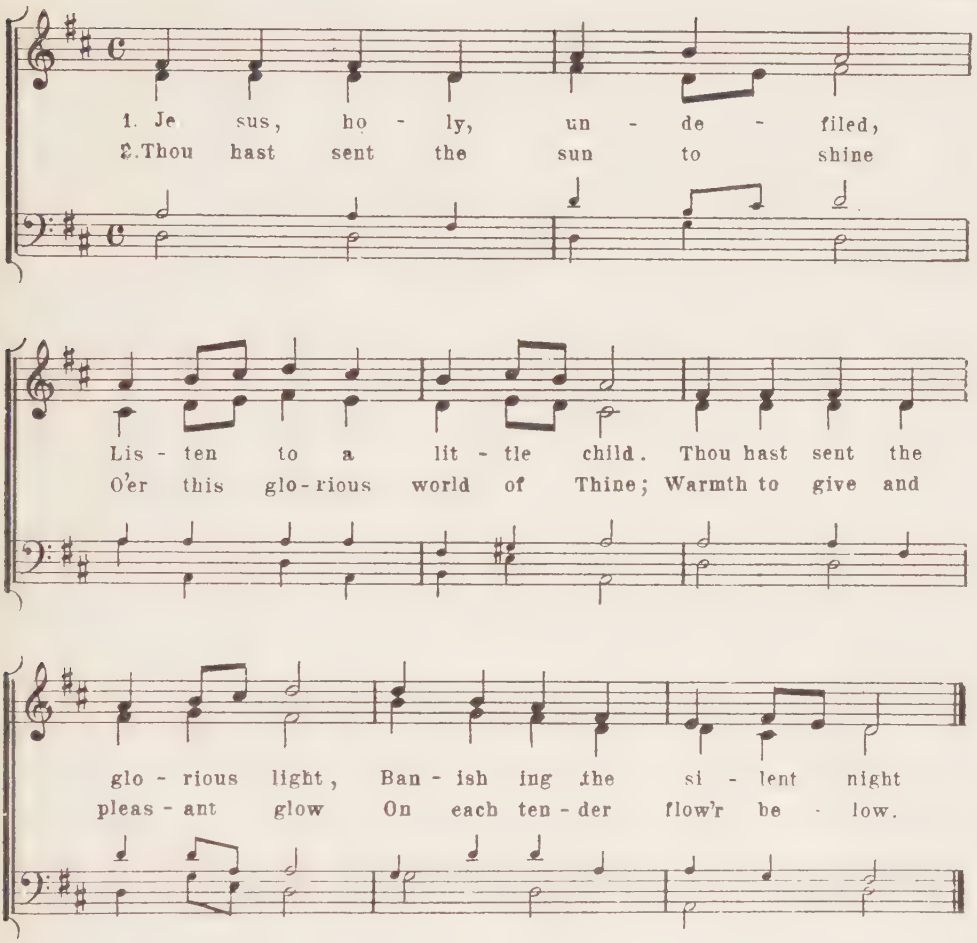
4.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
Great God whom I adore,
All glory be,
My God, to Thee,
Both now and evermore.

248. Jesus, Holy, Undefiled.

Mrs. E. Shepcote, a.

J. B. Dykes.



3.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4.

Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread,
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live

5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long in ev'ry way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heav'nly home.

249. Wake Up, Little Maud!

mf

1. Wake up, lit - tle Maud, 'tis a sun - shin - y day, The
2. Wake up, lit - tle Maud, for on thick - et and tree The

cresc. *dim*

kit - ten is up and al - read - y at play; And Maud like the
bird - ies are sing - ing as gay as can be, As sweet and as

f

mer - ri - est kit - ten can run, And scam - per, and frol - ic, and
clear can lit - tle Maud sing As ev - er the mer - ri - est

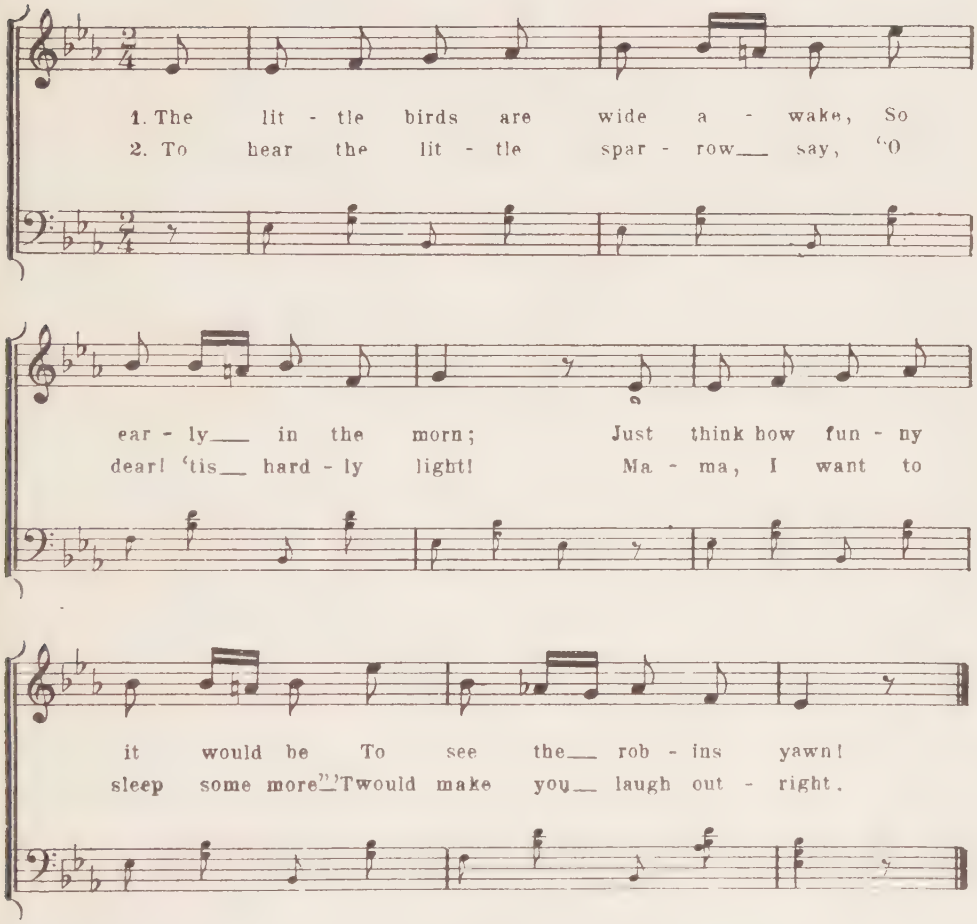
p

laugh at the fun, And scam - per, and frol - ic, and laugh at the fun.
bird on the wing, As ev - er the mer - ri - est bird on the wing.

3.

Wake up, little Maud, for the flow'rs are awake,
The sweet breeze is blowing on mountain and lake,
The world is all beauty and brightness to-day,
Then wake, little Maud, with the roses to play.

250. The Little Birds Are Wide Awake.



3.

They hop out of their little nest,
So cosy and so warm,
And sing their merry morning song
In sunshine and in storm.

4

And now, my pet, run, find mama
And whisper in her ear
That when she wakes her birdie up,
It will be sure to hear.

251. Dear Father in Heaven.

1 Dear Fa-ther in heav-en, Look down from a-bove; Bless
2 May an-gels guard o-ver My slum-bers, and, when The

pa-pa and ma-ma, And all whom I love.
morn-ing is break-ing, A-wake us. A-men.

252. Sleep, Baby, Sleep.

Louise Reichardt.

1 Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Thy moth-er watch doth keep, With love that knows no
2 Sleep, ba-by, sleep! The an-gels watch will keep, And whis-per as they

wea-ri-ness, Un-tir-ing in its ten-der-ness. Sleep, ba-by, sleep!
hov-er nigh Of heav'n-ly love be-yond the sky. Sleep, ba-by, sleep!

253. Now the Light has Gone Away.

Louisa Hensel. J. G. Witthauer.

1 Now the light has gone a - way,
2 Je - sus, Sav - ior, wash a - way,

Sav - ior, lis - ten while I pray,
All that I've done wrong to - day;

Ask - ing Thee to watch and keep,
Help me ev - 'ry day to be

And to send me qui - et sleep.
Good and gen - tle, more like Thee.

3.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

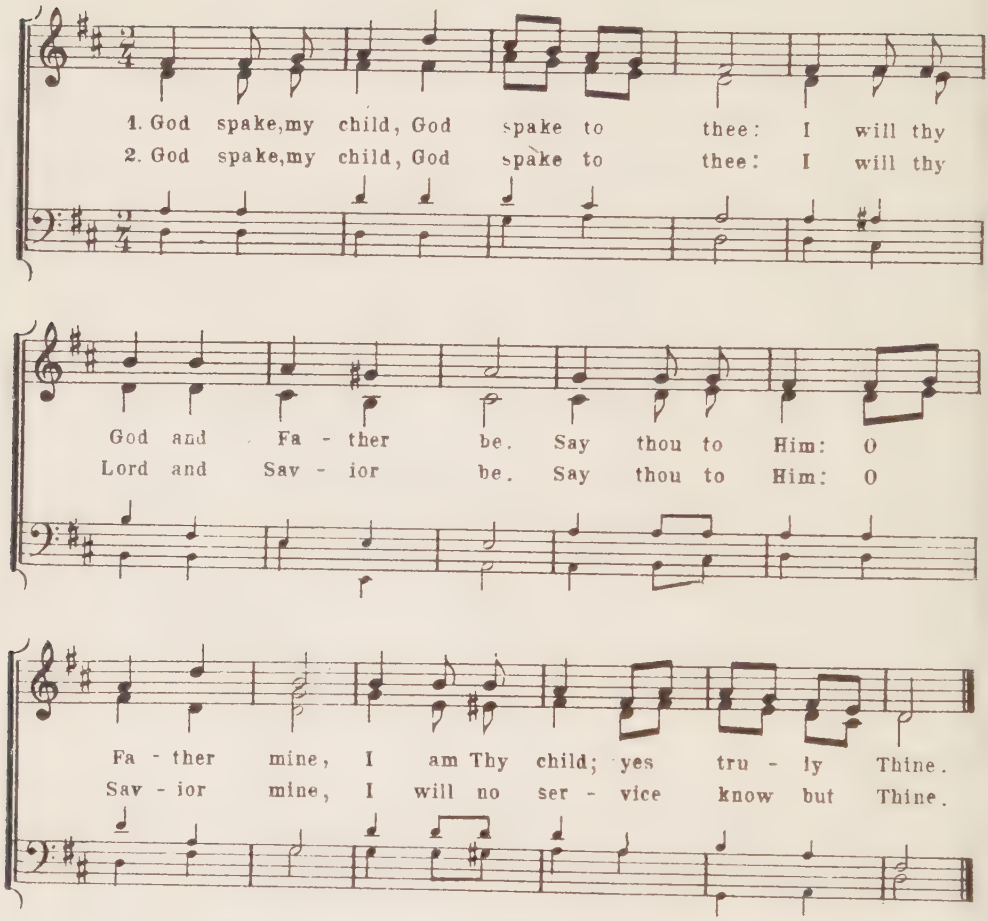
4.

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end.
Let me love Thee more and more
Always better than before.

OUR DEAR LORD.

254. God Spake to Thee.

Haenel.



3

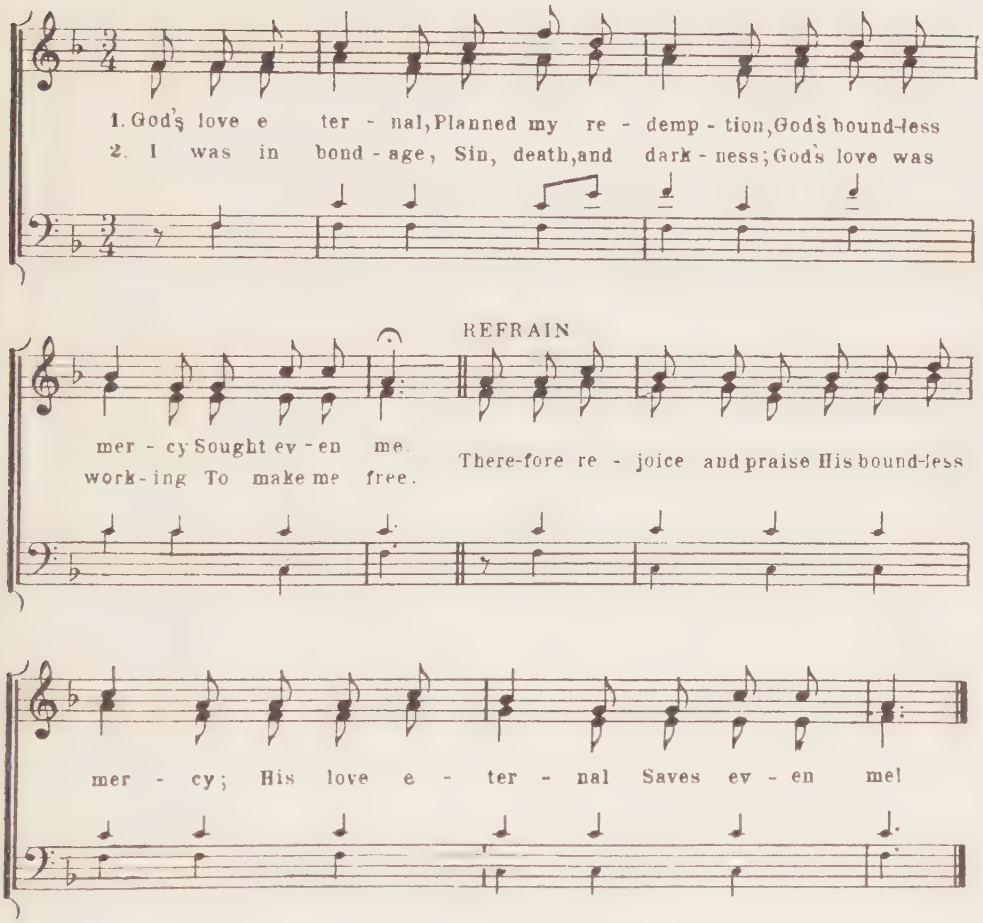
God spake, my child, God spake to thee:
I will thy Light and Comfort be
Say thou to Him: Light, Comfort mine,
Dwell Thou in me, my heart is Thine.

4.

When in His name baptized, to thee
God spake, my child, thus tenderly;
Consider well His words divine,
Say ever: Lord, I will be Thine.

Text from "Little Children's Book." By permission of The General Council Publ. House, Pa.

255. God's Love Eternal.



3.

God's love brought Jesus,
Gentle and faithful,
Seeking and saving
That which is lost.— *Refrain.*

4.

God's love is soothing
All of my sorrows,
God's love is healing
All of my wounds.— *Refrain.*

5.

I shall inherit
Eternal pleasure
Through Christ inherit
Eternal rest.— *Refrain.*

6.

Thus I am praising
God's love eternal
For aye adoring
My Savior King.— *Refrain.*

Adapted from the translation by J. H. Horstmann for "Christian Hymns." By permission of Eden Publishing House.

256. From the Far Blue Heaven.

W. Hey.

F. Silcher.

1. From the far blue heav - en,
2. He will hear their pray - ing,

Where the an - gels dwell, God looks down on
Both by day and night, And with gen - tle

chil - dren, Whom He loves so well.
kind - ness Guide their steps a - right.

3.

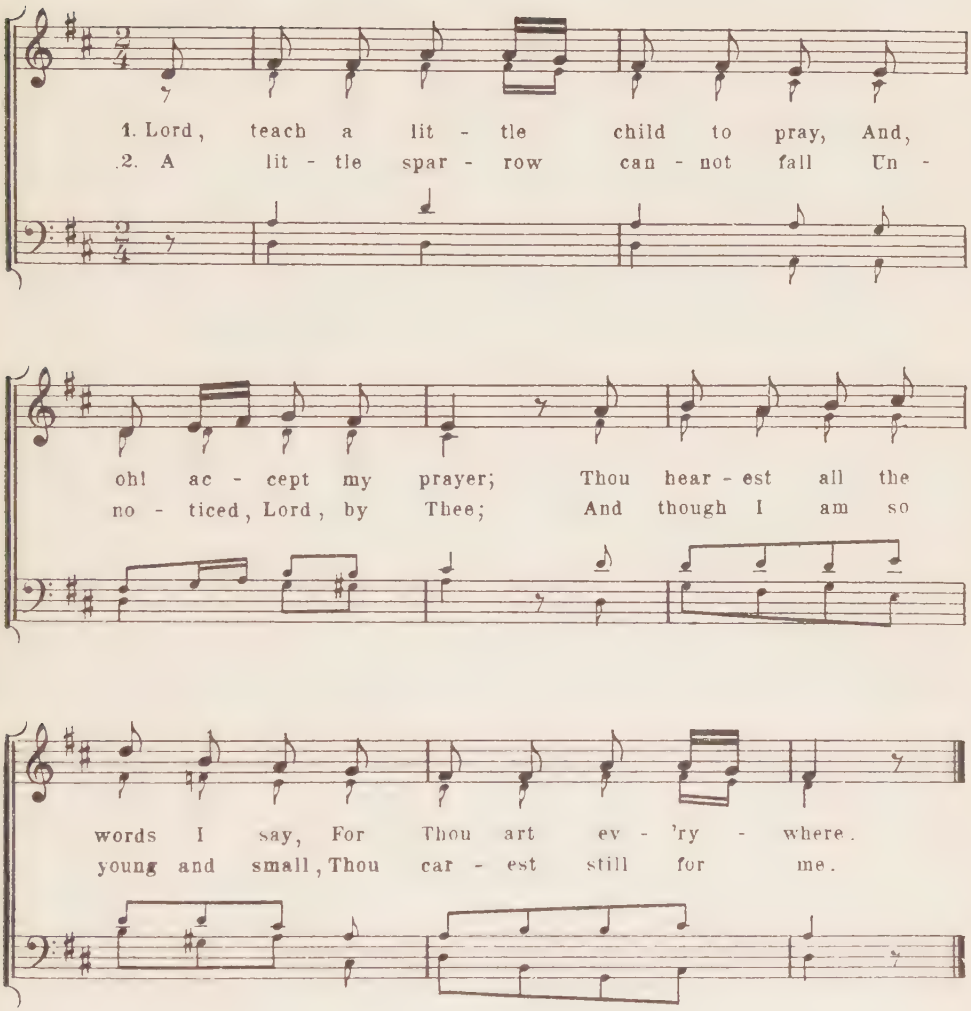
He will as a father
Give them daily bread;
To the end will keep them
Safe from fear and dread.

4.

Tell it to the children
That a Father's care
They above all others
Here on earth shall share.

H. Siefert, Tr.

257. Lord, Teach a Little Child.



3.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

OUR SAVIOR.

258. Let Me Learn of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

J. F. Swift.

1. Let me learn of Je - sus; He is kind to me;
2. If I go to Je - sus, He will hear me pray,

Once He died to save me, Nailed up - on the tree.
Make me pure and ho - ly, Take my sins a - way.

3.

Let me think of Jesus;
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From His throne above.

4.

If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from ev'ry ill.

5.

Oh, how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

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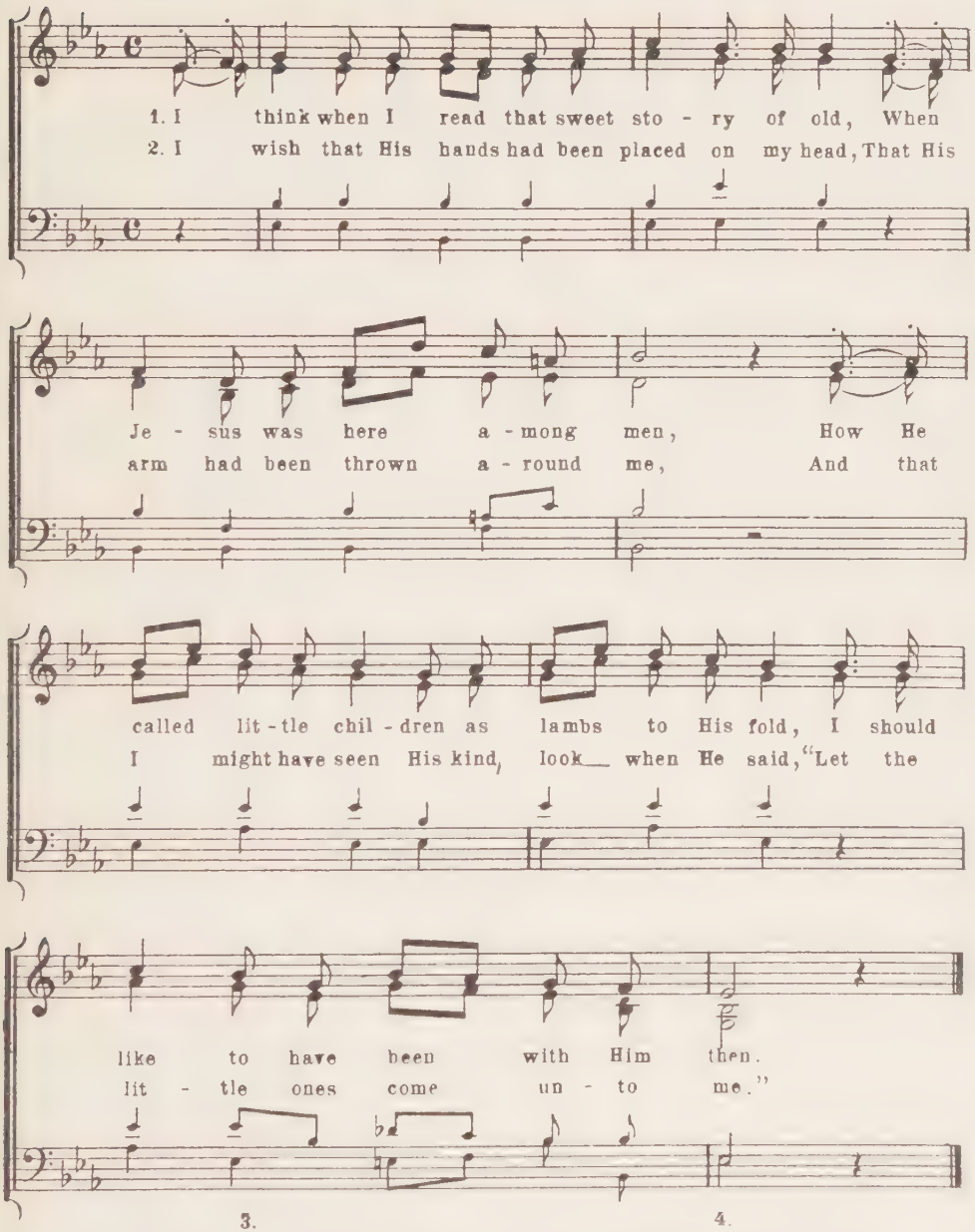
259. I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

Jemima Luke.



3.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer
I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him
below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

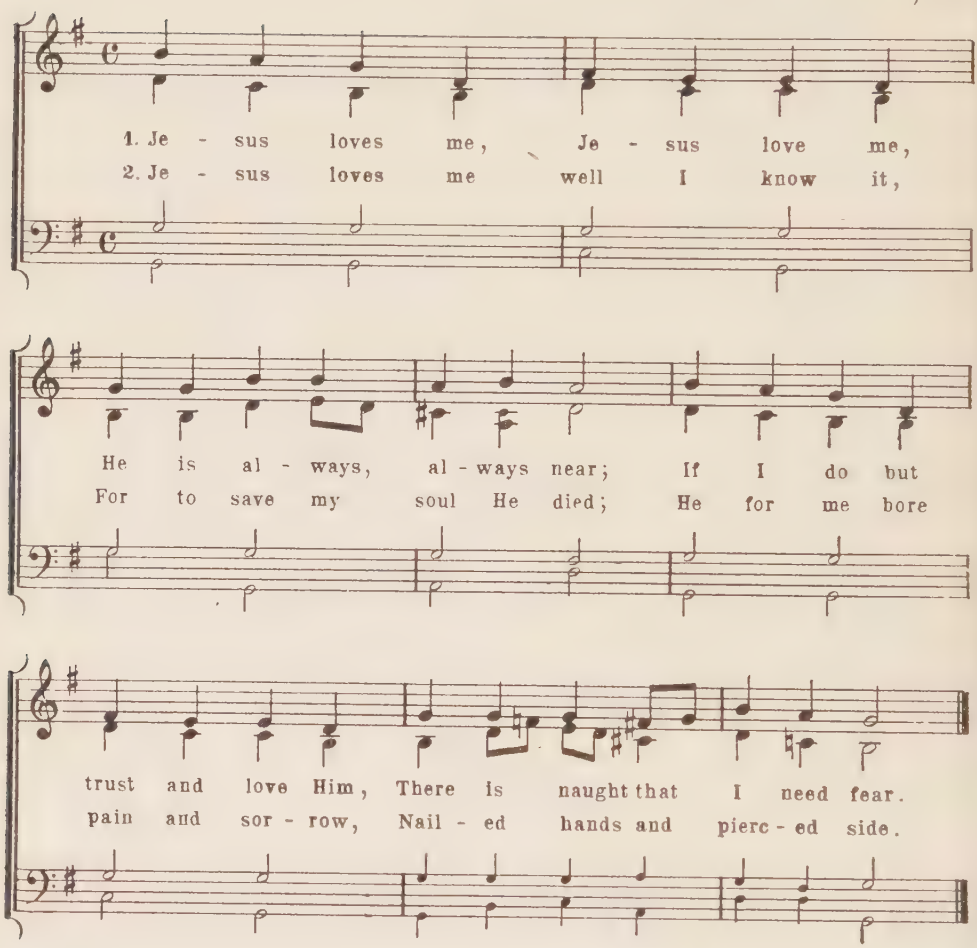
4.

In that beautiful place He has gone
to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
Full many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

260. Jesus Loves Me.

W. Carey, a.

Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868.



3.

Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4.

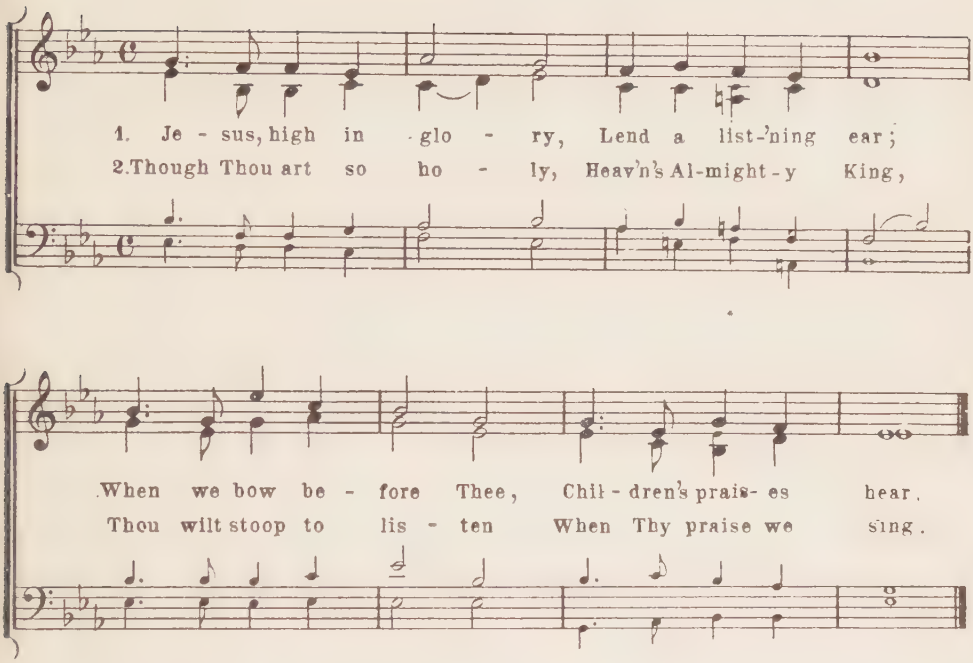
Jesus loves me, and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

5.

Jesus loves me,— O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy
Till I come to Thee above!

261. Jesus, High in Glory.

Harriet Burn MacKeever.



3.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Savior, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

4.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5.

Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heav'nly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Savior, Lord, we come.

262. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me,

Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Through the dark - ness be Thou near me;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;

Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.

3.

May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

263. Seeing I Am Jesus' Lamb.

Henrietta Louisa von Hayn. Moravian.

1. See - ing I am Je - sus' lamb,
Ev - er glad at heart I am

O'er my Shep - herd kind and good,
Who pro - vides me dai - ly food,

And His lamb by name doth call,

For He knows and loves us all.

2.

Guided by His gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need
When I thirst, my feet He brings
To the fresh and living springs.

3.

Shall I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His:
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last
He will bear me home to heav'n;
Ah, what joy hath Jesus giv'n!

C. Winkworth, Tr.

264. Whom Christ Holds Dear.

W. Hey.

F. Silcher.

1. Whom Christ holds dear, Whom Christ holds dear, He, on - ly he, Can hap - py be, And need not fear.
2. He gives and sends, He gives and sends, Gifts rich and rare, And from all care Their life de - fends.

3.

Since Christ loves me,:,:
Kept by His might,
By day and night,
I glad can be.

Text from "Little Children's Book." By permission of The General Council Publ. House, Phila.

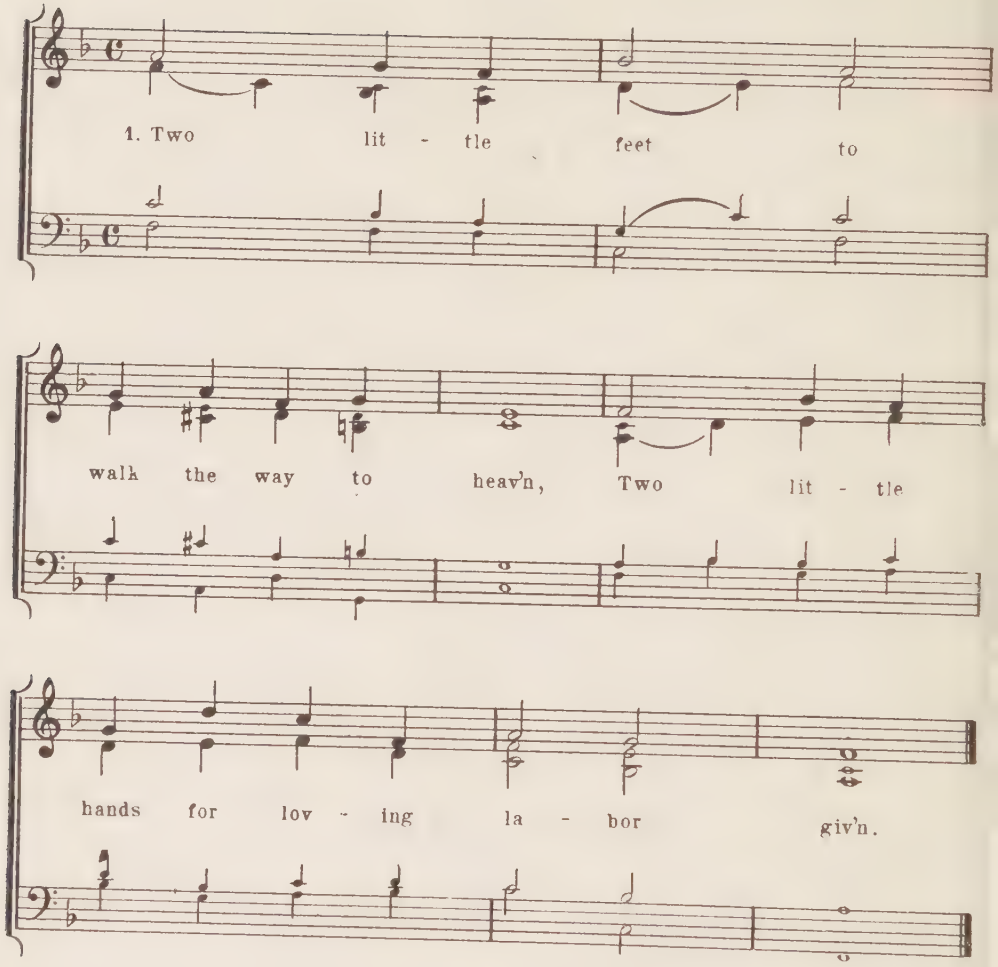
265. The Daughter of Jairus.

W. M. Czamanske. J. A. Theiss.

1. Like a lil - y white she fell a - sleep, A - sleep on her lit - tle bed, And her par - ents eyes were dimmed with tears, For their maid of twelve was dead. 2. But in - to the cham - ber of death He came, The Bear - er of all our woes, And the Lord of Life a - woke the maid Like a beau - ti - ful red, red rose.

266. Two Little Feet.

Arthur Sullivan.



2.

Two little eyes to read God's Holy Word,
Two little lips to praise the blessed Lord.

3.

One deathless soul, beaming with love and light,
So shall we live alway in Jesus' sight.

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THE SEASONS.

267. The Alder by the River.

A. H. F. Breuer.

1. The al-der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow-d'ry curls; The
2. The lit-tle birds fly o - ver—And oh, how sweet they sing! To

wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls, The
tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring, To

wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls.
tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.

3.

And buttercups are coming
And scarlet columbine,
:,: And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine. :,:

4.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
:,: The little ones may gather,
All fair and white in gold. :,:

5.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue.
:,: O happy little children,
God made them all for you. :,:

268. O Violet, Darling Violet.

A. Schults. C. Reinecke.

1. O vio - let, dar - ling vio - let! I pray thee, tell to me, Why
2. Be - cause I am so ti - ny, That is the rea - son why. Were

art thou the first flow - er That blooms up - on the lea?
oth - er flow-ers near me, You all would pass me by

269. Come, May, in All Thy Beauty.

Overbeck. W. A. Mozart.

1. Come, May, in all thy beau - ty, And deck the groves a -

gain; And let thy sil - v'ry stream - lets Me -

an - der through the plain. We long once more to

gath - er The flow - ers fresh and fair; Sweet

May, once more to wan - der, And breathe the balm - y air

2.

True, winter day has many
And many a dear delight.
We frolic in the snow-drifts,
And then the winter night
Around the fire we cluster,
Nor heed the whistling storm;
When all without is dreary,
Our hearts are bright and warm.

3.

But, oh, when comes the season
For merry birds to sing,
How sweet to roam in meadows,
And drink the breeze of spring!
Then come, sweet May, and bring us
The flowers fresh and fair;
We long once more to wander,
And breathe thy balmy air!

270. All the Birds Have Come Again.

H. von Fallersleben.

1. All the birds have come a - gain, Come a - gain to meet us; And a joy - ous song they raise, Chirp - ing thrill - ing mer - ry lays; Pleas - ant spring-time's hap - py days Now re - turn to greet us.

2. See, how gai - ly one and all To and fro are spring - ing! As their chant - ing meets my ear, Voic - es sweet I seem to hear, Wish - ing thee a hap - py year, Bless - ings with it bring - ing.

3.

What they teach us in their song,
We must e'er be learning;
Let us always cheerful be
As the birds upon the tree,
Welcoming so joyously
Ev'ry spring returning.

271. Days of Summer Glory.

Weber.

1. Days of sum-mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
2. Let our thoughts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun;

All your scenes so bril - liant, They are dear to me.
Gen - tle as the breez - es When the night is come.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

3.

Meadows, fields, and mountains,
Clothed in shining green;
Little rippling fountains,
Through the willows seen!
La, la, la, etc.

4.

Birds that sweetly warble
All the summer days;
All things speak in music
Their Creator's praise.
La, la, la, etc.

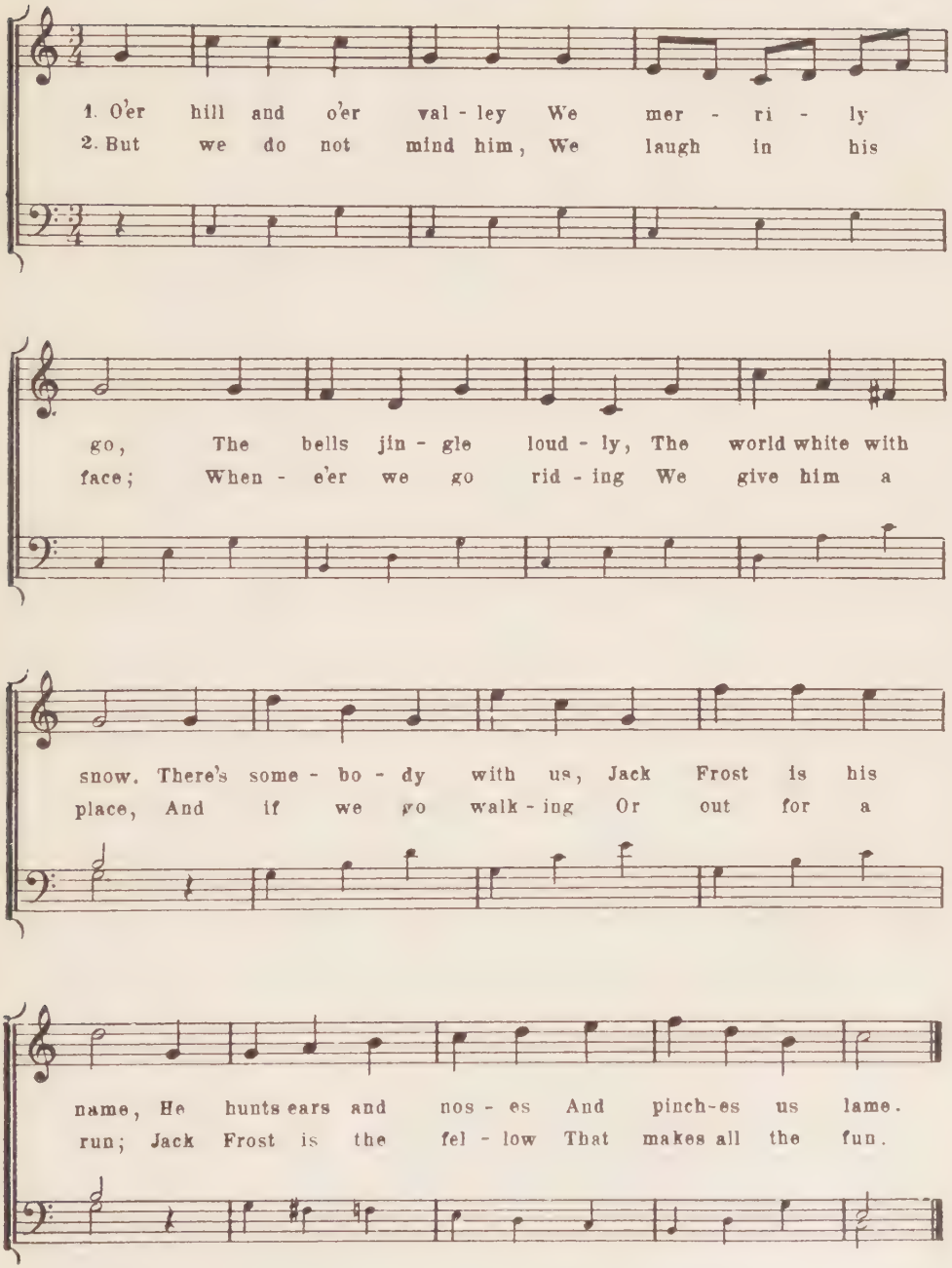
272. A Harbinger of Winter.

K. Hallig.

1. From clouds that glim-mer white with mist The ti - ny flakes are drift - ing; No gleam of gold or crim - son light. The sun - set sky is rift - ing. Swift - ly, slow - ly, low or high, Hith - er and thith - er the snow flakes fly.

2. O wee white flakes, so pure and fair, The fields and hol - lows heap - ing, You fold the sum-mer flow'rs to rest, And watch them in their sleep - ing; Fold - ing leaves and blos-soms bow, Si - lent - ly drift the flakes of snow.

273. Our Sleighride.



274. Farewell to Winter.

1. Win - ter must go — Part - ing brings woe;
2. Win - ter must go — Part - ing brings woe;

Still I am glad at heart That thou must now de - part.
Glad - ly I hail the day When thou art far a - way.

Win - ter must go — Part - ing brings woe
Win - ter must go — Part - ing brings woe.

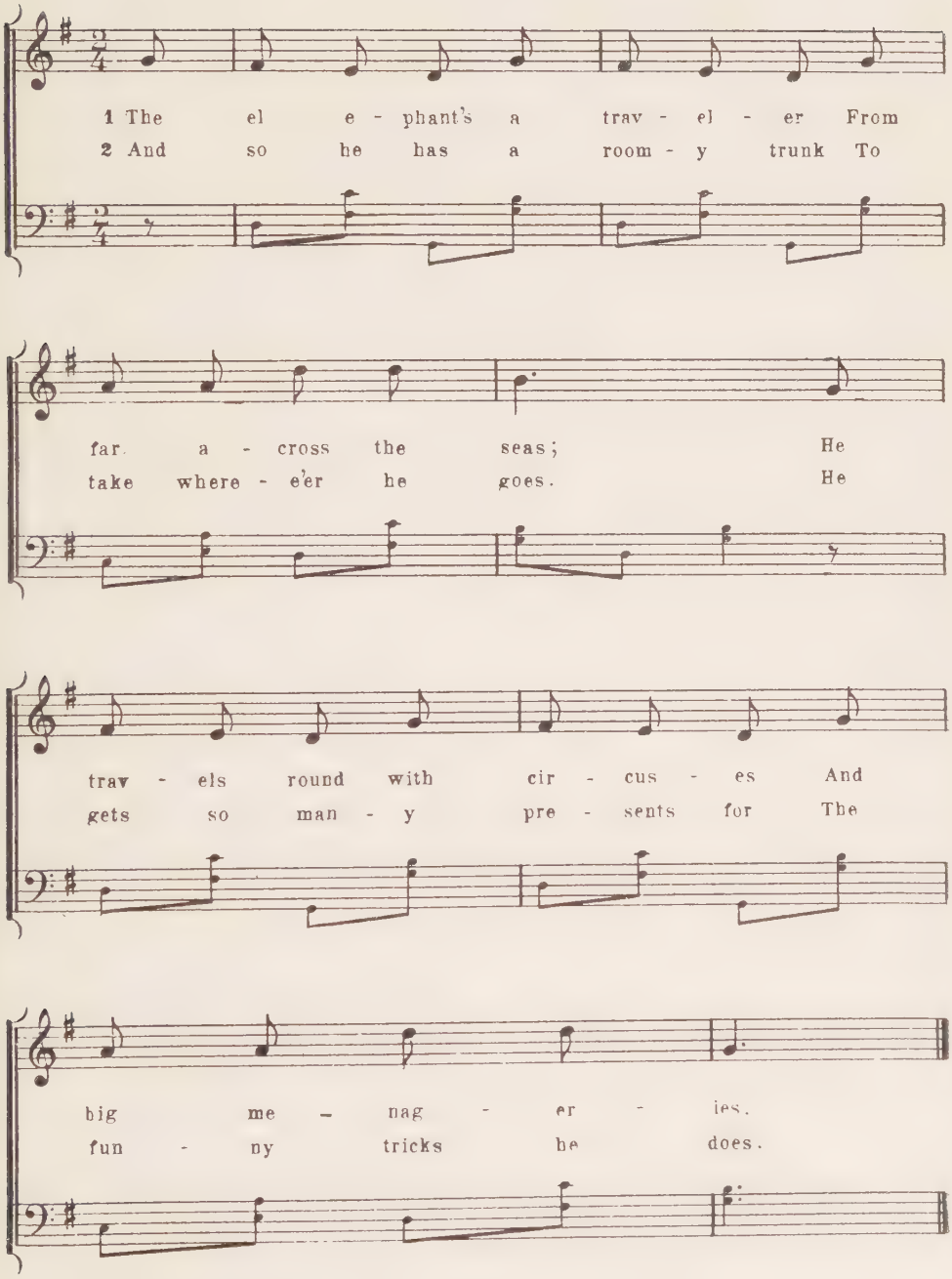
3.

Winter must go —
Parting brings woe,
Robins from morn till night
Sing of Old Winter's plight.
Winter must go —
Parting brings woe.

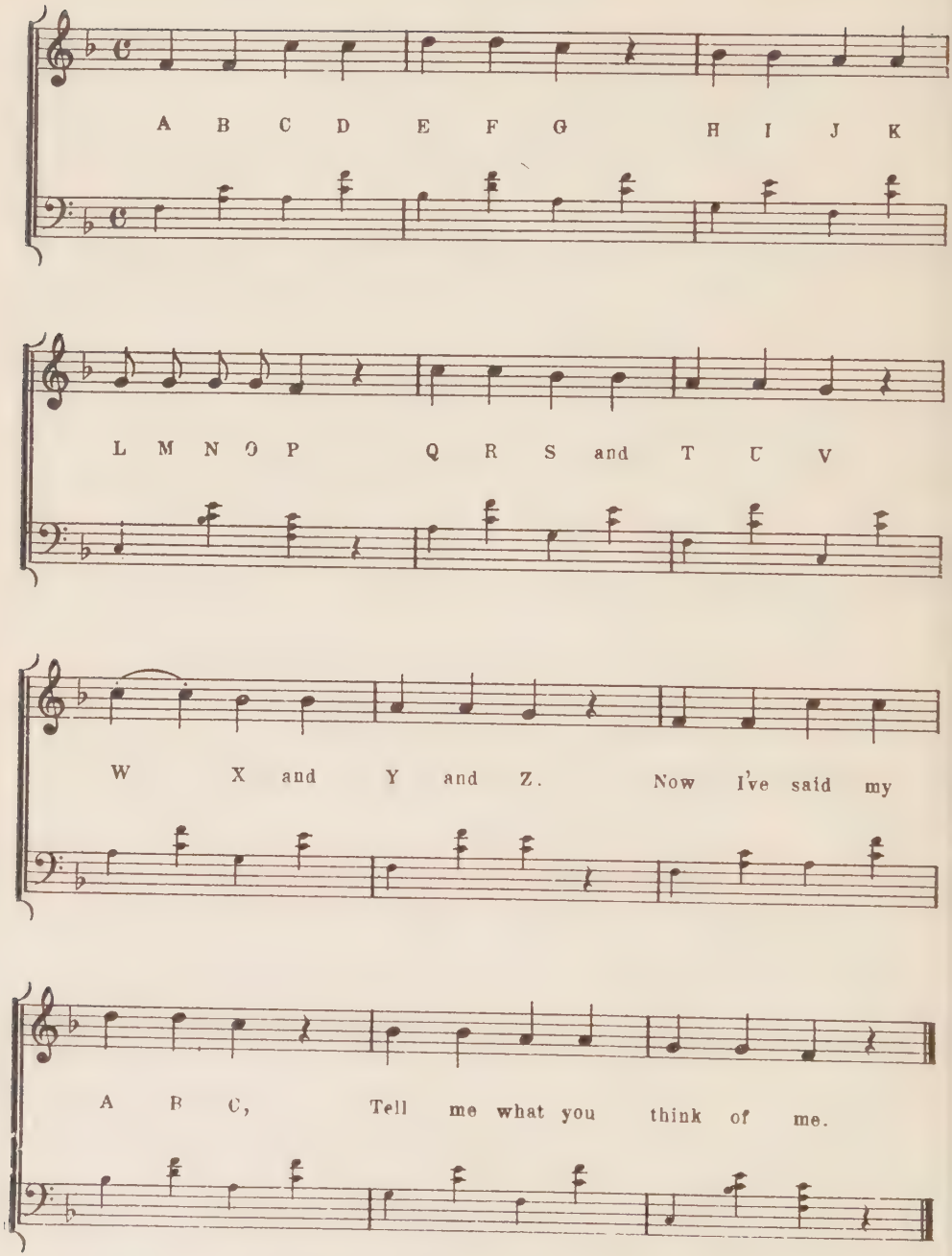
For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

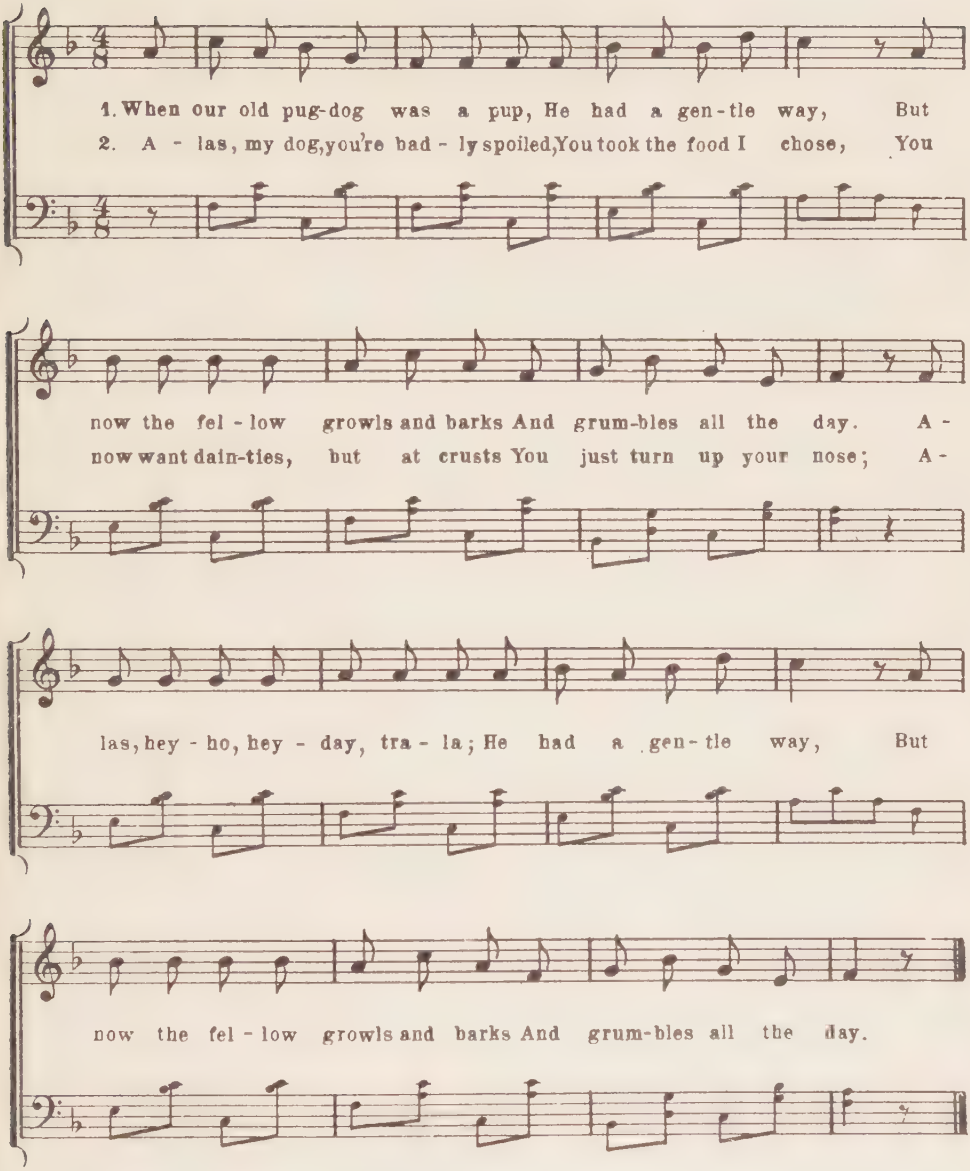
275. The Elephant.



276. The A B C


A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q R S and T U V
W X and Y and Z. Now I've said my
A B C, Tell me what you think of me.

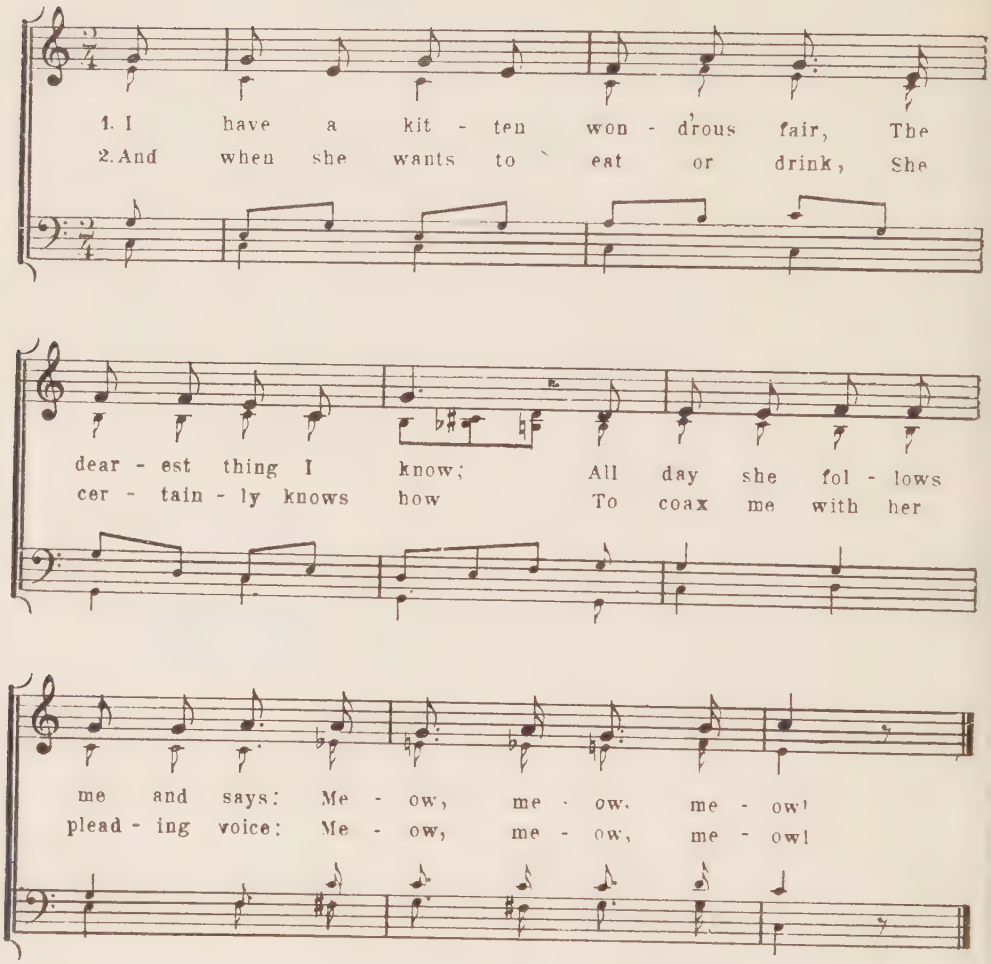
277. The Old Pug-Dog.



3.

Then to the boy the pug-dog said:
You talk quite foolishly,
If you in time had trained me well,
I still a pup would be.
Alas, hey-ho, hey-day, trala; etc.

278. I Have a Kitten, Wond'rous Fair.



3.

When little Fido comes along
And barks at her "Bow-wow!"
She quickly climbs a tree and cries:
Meow, meow, meow!

For "Select Songs," by T. J. Mueller, Tr.

279. The Little Gardener

G. Chr. Dieffenbach. C. A. Kern.

1. Are you thirst - y, pret - ty flow'rs,
2. There the wa - ter's fresh and cool;

With the warm winds blow - ing?
Wait, you crim - son beau - ty!

Let me hur - ry to the brook
Wait, you blue - eyed vi - o - let,

Where the stream is flow - ing
Till I do my du - ty!

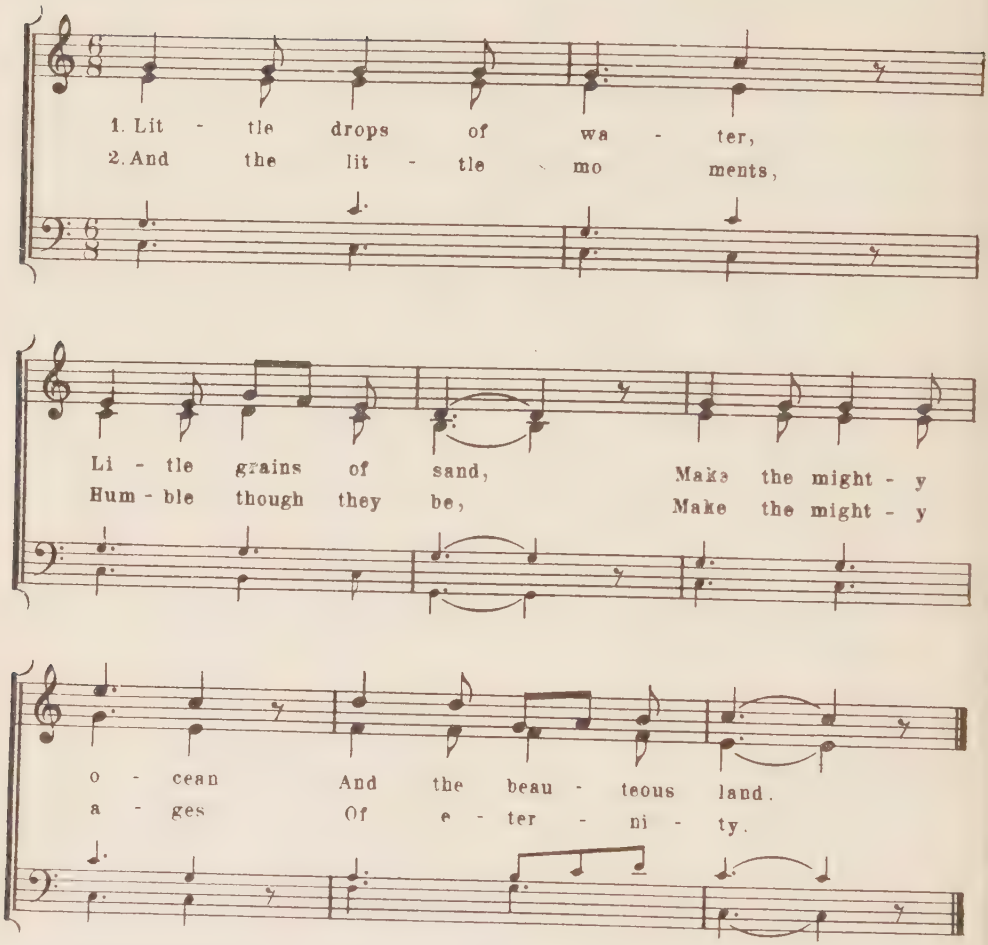
3.

Look, how quickly I returned!
Drink your fill and double!
Waft your fragrance back to me
For my little trouble!

For "Select Songs" by W. M. Czamanske, Tr.

280. Little Drops of Water.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.



3.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

4.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Go to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

281. Oh, If I Were a Streamlet.

E. Hare

M. Nathusius.

1 Oh, if I were a stream - let, How
2. I'd spar - kle in the sun - shine, O'er

hap - py I should be! For - ev - er leap - ing,
moss - y stones I'd spring; And, full of joy and

danc - ing, By rock and glade, and tree.
glad - ness, Gay lit - tle songs I'd sing

3

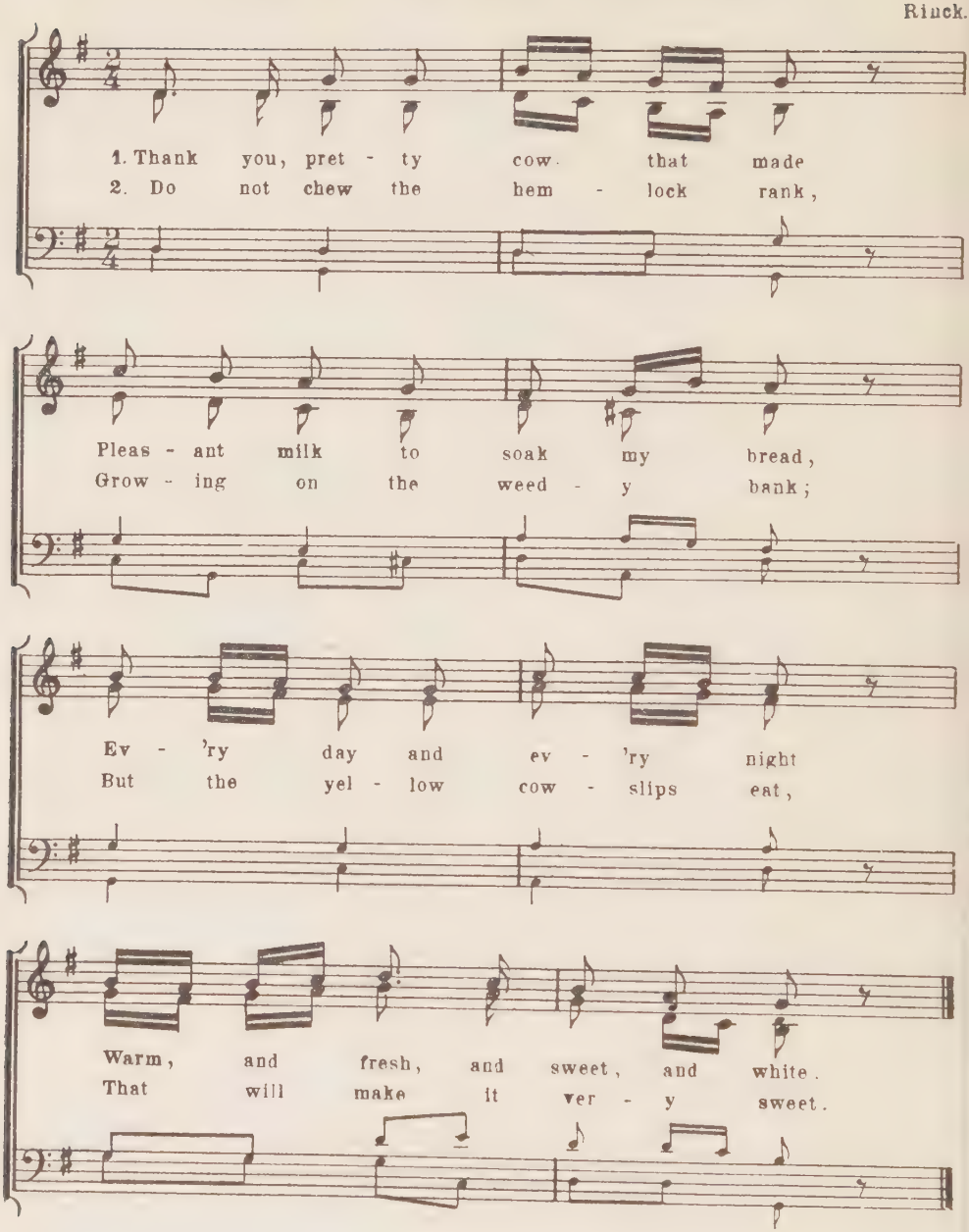
The happy birds should hear me,
And answer from the wood,
And katydids would join me
In merry mocking mood.

4.

And dragon-flies that hover
About on gauzy wings
Would come to be my playmates,
The sportive little things.

282. Thank You, Pretty Cow.

Rinck.

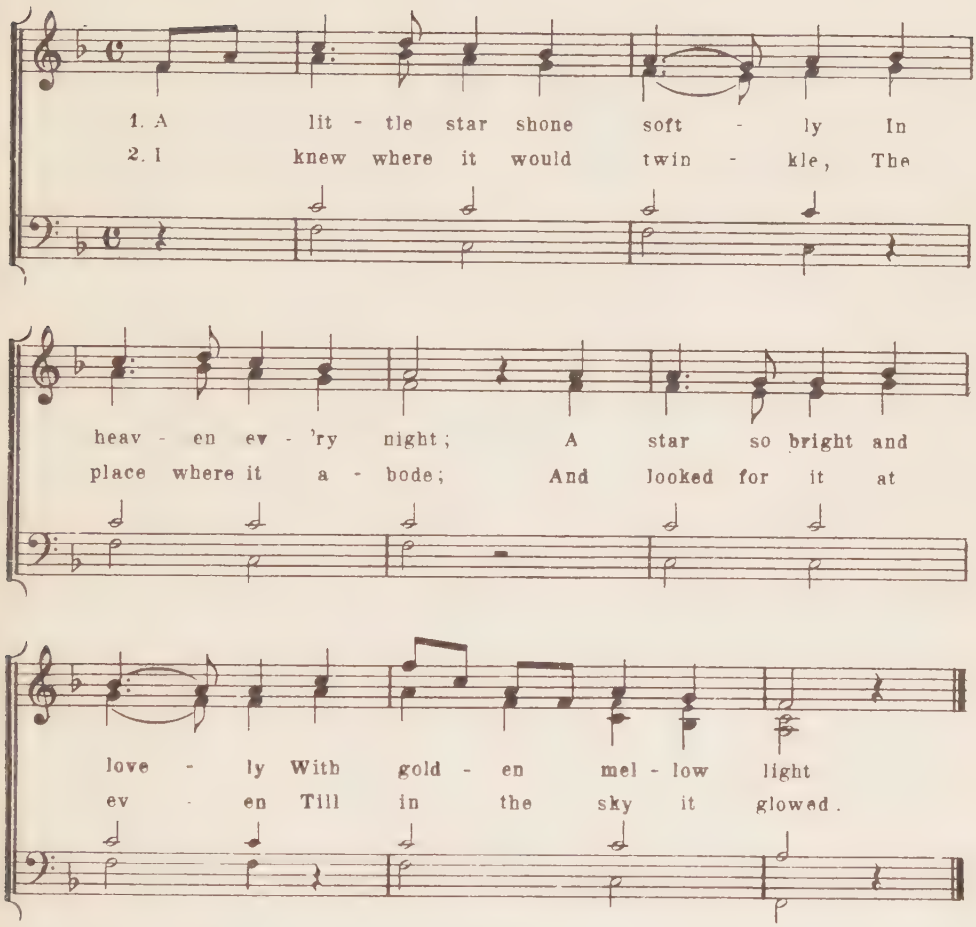


3

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

283. A Little Star Shone Softly.

M. Claudius.



3

Then, from my window gazing,
I welcomed its bright rays;
It made my heart so happy
Aglow with thanks and praise.

4.

The little star has vanished,
My heart is full of pain—
Its wonted place is empty,
I look for it in vain.

For "Select Songs," by F. W. Herzberger, Tr.

284. I'm Only a Little Sparrow.

J. H. Ungemach.

1. I'm on - ly a lit - tle spar - row, A bird of low de - gree; My life is of lit - tle val - ue, But the dear Lord cares for me.

2. He gave me a coat of feath - ers, It's ver - y plain, I know, With nev - er a speck of crim - son, For it was not made for show.

3

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain.
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

4.

And now the springtime cometh,
I will build me a little nest
With manny a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

5.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

6.

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found;
But our heav'nly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

7.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

8.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have neither chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

9.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know the Father loves me,
And will always care for me.

285. Don't Kill the Birds

B. Feiertag.

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, They sing a - bout the door Soon as the joy - ous spring has come And chill - ing storms are o'er.
2. The lit - tle birds that sweet - ly sing, Oh, let them joy - ous live; And do not seek to take their life Which you can nev - er give.
3. Don't kill the birds, the pret - ty birds, That play a - mong the trees; 'Twould make the earth a cheer - less place To see no more of these.

4.

The little birds that fondly play,
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

5.

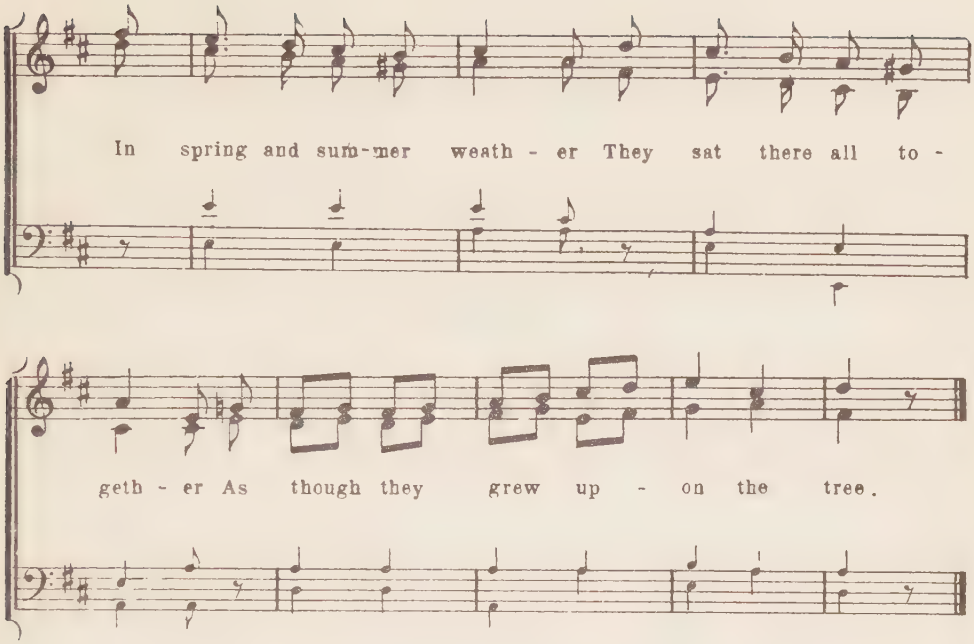
Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

286. The Green Birds.

Fr. Rückert.

Jos. Gersbach.

1. From heav - en in a gen - tle breeze Some green birds once de - scend - ed,
On branch and twig with per - fect ease They rest ed quite con - tent - ed;



2.

They rocked themselves when days were fair
On tender branches gaily;
On dew and light they easted there
And practised singing daily.
With voices softly blending,
Almost in whispers ending,
They sang of sun and gentle air.

3.

When storms and clouds came on amain
Their courage oft forsook them,
But very soon they dried again
When showers overtook them;
Their dresses were the cleaner,
Yea, prettier and greener
For ev'ry storm and pelting rain.

4.

By day the sun with main and might
Would scorch their green, their glory,
And biting frosts came on by night
And turned it white and hoary.
Alas, the northwind chilled them
And gloom and sadness filled them;
Their green turned brown then paled outright.

5.

Then came a strong man to the tree
And shook the twigs and branches,
He tossed and shook incessantly,
Down came in avalanches
The frightened birds together
And whirled through fields and heather.
And none can tell where they may be.

For "Select Songs," by J. W. Theiss, Tr.

287. Listen to the Kitchen Clock.

B. Feiertag, a.

1. Lis ten to the kit - chen clock! To it - self it
2. I'm a ver - y pa - tient clock; Nev - er moved by

seems to talk; From its place it can-not walk; "Tick - tock,
hope or fear, Though I've stood for man-y a year; "Tick - tock,

tick - tock," This is what it says. "Tick - tock, tick - tock.
tick - tock," This is what it says. "Tick - tock, tick - tock.

3.

I'm a very active clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock,"
This is what it says. "Tick-tock, tick-tock.

4.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two;
"Ding, ding!— Tick tock,"
This is what it does. "Tick tock, tick-tock.

288. My Own Mama.

G. O. Nauenburg.

1. My own ma - ma, my dear ma - ma! How hap - py shall I be To - mor - row night at can - dle light, When she comes home to me, ay, When she comes home to me.

2. 'Tis just one week since on my cheek She pressed the part-ing kiss; It seems like two: I nev - er knew So long a week as this, no, So long a week as this

3

My tangled hair she smoothed with care,
With water bathed my brow.
And all with such a gentle touch!
I wish she'd do it now, yes,
I wish she'd do it now.

4.

But she will come, she'll be at home
To-morrow night, and then
I hope that she will never be
So long away again, no,
So long away again

289. Bring the Comb and Play.

Robert Louis.

Theo. G. Stelzer.

1. Bring the comb and play up - on it, March - ing here we come!
2. All in per - fect mar - tial man - ner, March - ing dou - ble - quick;

Wil - lie cocks his high - land bon - net, John - ny beats the drum.
While the nap - kin like a ban - ner Waves up - on the stick!

Ma - ry Jane com - mands the par - ty, Pe - ter leads the rear;
Here's e - nough of fame and pil - lage, Great Com - mand - er Jane!

Feet in time a - lert and heart - y, Each a gren - a - dier!
Now that we've been round the vil - lage, Let's go home a - gain.

290. The Little Soldier.

One- or two-part. F. W. Kuecken.

mf

1. If a lad would be a sol - dier, He must
2. Then up - on his left side hang - ing, He must

have a mus - ket true, He must have a mus - ket
have a sa - ber bright, He must have a sa - ber

cresc. *f*

true. This with pow - der must be load -
bright: When the foe he meets in bat -

ed, And a lead - en bul let, too.
tle, He can al - so draw and fight.

(concluded on page 374)

REFRAIN

p

If a sol - dier you would be, Learn this lit - tle song from me, Hop, hop,

hop, hop, hop, hop, Po - ny, run, run and trot. *f* If a

sol - dier you would be, Learn this lit - tle song from me; *mf* Po - ny,

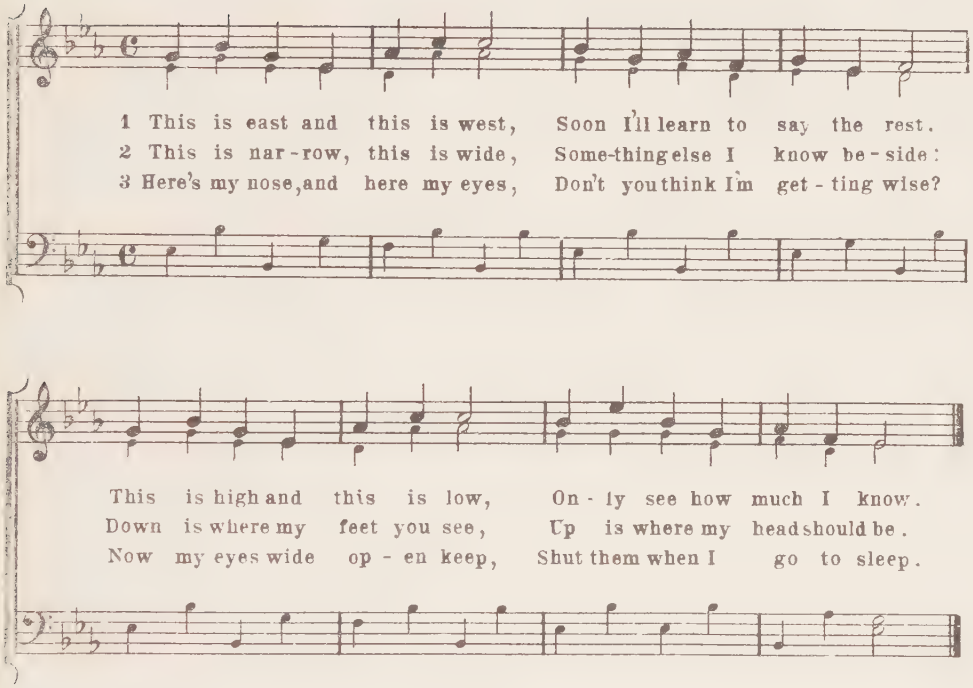
cresc. *f*

fast - er, ev - er fast - er, fast - er trot. Hop, hop,

hop, Hop, hop, hop! Run and trot!

291. What I Know.

J. A. Theiss.



Here's my mouth and here my chin;
Soon to read I shall begin.
Ears I have, as you can see,
Of much use they are to me.

5.

This my right hand is, you see,
This my left, as all agree;
Over head I raise them high:
Clap, clap, clap, I let them fly.

6.

If a lady in the street
Or my teacher I do meet,
From my head my cap I take
And a bow like this I make.

Direction: Point and motion as indicated by the text.

292. Bunny in the Burrow.

1. Bun - ny in the bur - row Sat and
2. Bun - ny in the bur - row, Look and

slept, sat and_ slept. Bun - ny, are you
see, look and_ see. Here are car - rots

sick and sore And too weak to jump once more?
you may take, They will cure your "tum - my - ache."

Bun - ny, jump! Bun - ny, jump! Bun - ny, jump!
Bun - ny, jump! Bun - ny jump! Bun - ny, jump!

For "Select Songs," by W. M. Czamanske.

Note:- If used for a ring game, the children forming the ring sing the first stanza only. Little Bunny stooping in the center holds his hands on the side of his head for ears. At the words, "Bunny jump!" Bunny makes three leaps and taps the comrade that is to take his place.

293. The Mill-Wheels are Clapping.

1. The mill-wheels are clap-ping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By
2. How bu - sy the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, clip, clap! And

day and by night is the grain be - ing ground, clip, clap! The
grind-ing so fine - ly the grain we have grown, clip, clap! The

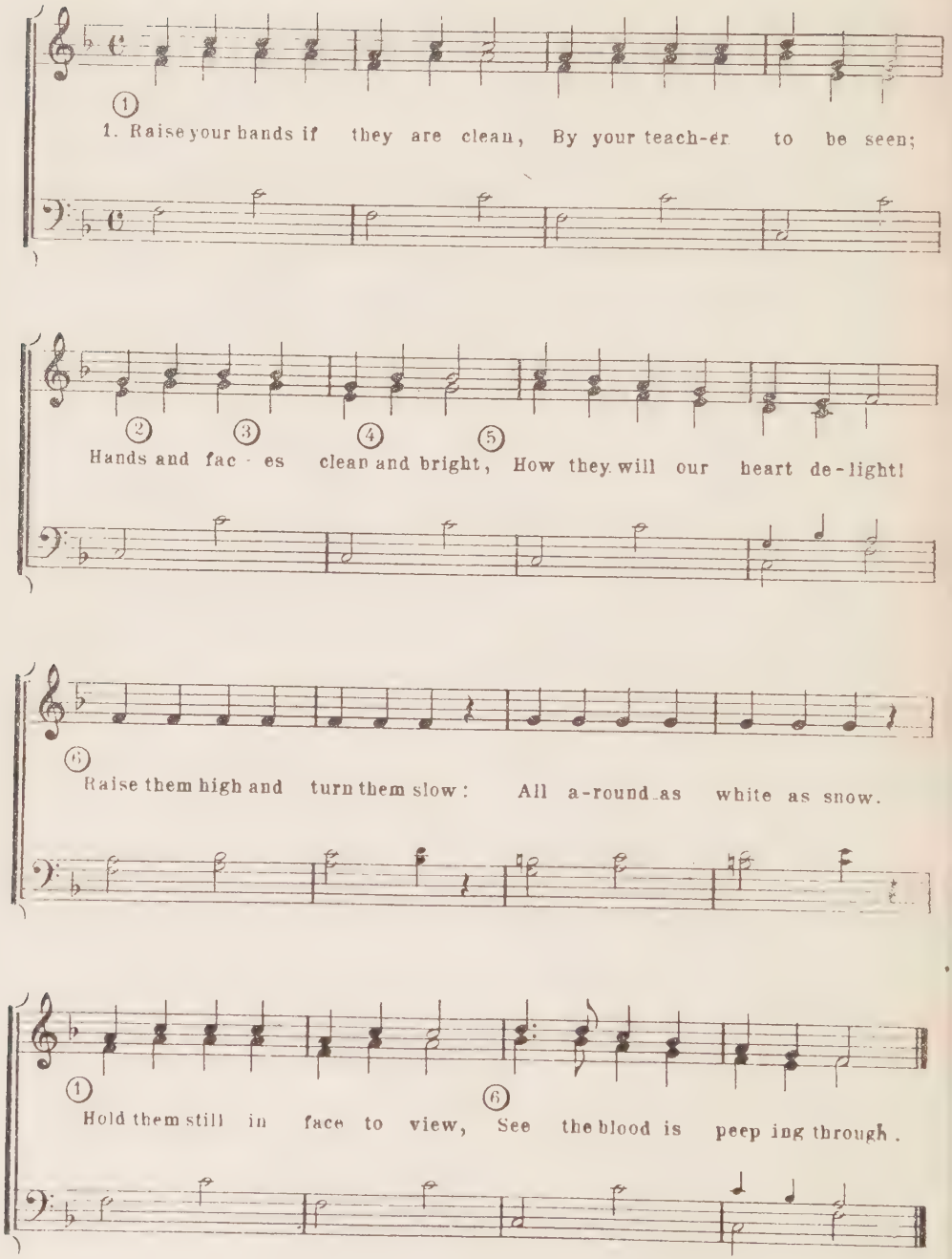
mil - ler is bu - sy, he works all the day That we may have bread to keep
bak-er the flour for his bak - ing will use, And make us a roll, or a

hun-ger a - way, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap.
cake if we choose, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

Directions. — Clap hands wherever the words, "Clip clap!" occur. — "How busy the wheels are," imitate by whirling the hands about one another. — "And grinding so finely," grate the palm of the right hand on the palm of the left hand. — "The baker the flour," etc., imitate the kneading of the dough with both hands. — "Make us a roll or a cake," pat the stomach with the right hand.

294. My Clean Hands.

F. T. Parsons.



2.

(7) Oh, how happy we must be,
When the blood can flow so free;
(4) If we're dirty, could not know
(6) Where the pretty veins do show
(8) All who come to * school,
They must learn the * rules
(9) Wash your faces, (10) comb your hair,
(11) Brush your clothes (12) with greatest care.

* Insert the name of your school.

3.

(13) Sparkle, sparkle, water pure,
Sparkle, sparkle, water pure,
(4) Dirty hands we can't endure;
(14) Water's pleasant, clear, and pure.
(13) Sparkle, sparkle, water pure,
Sparkle, sparkle, water pure.
(14) Water's pleasant, clear, and pure,
(13) Sparkle, sparkle, water pure.

Directions—

(1) Raise hands, palms forward.

(2) Bring down hands with a curve to the level of the elbow, presenting the palms

(3) Touch the face with the fingers of both hands.

(4) Slide first the right hand and then the left from the wrist to the tips of the fingers.

(5) Cross hands at the wrist, and keep time at the upper part of the chest.

(6) Raise hands and turn them backward and forward.

(7) Left hand horizontally in front of the chest— palm upward— right hand raised and brought down on the left with a clap

(8) Move the right arm and index finger up and down, as if laying down the rule

(9) Pass the hands over the face.

(10) Smooth the hair with the hands.

(11) Brush the left arm with the right hand.

(12) Brush the right arm with the left hand.

(13) Raise hands as in No. 1. and whirl the fingers briskly.

(14) Pass the right hand over the left and the left over the right, as is often seen after bathing the hands

295. The Farmer.

1. Would you know how the farm-er, Would you know how the

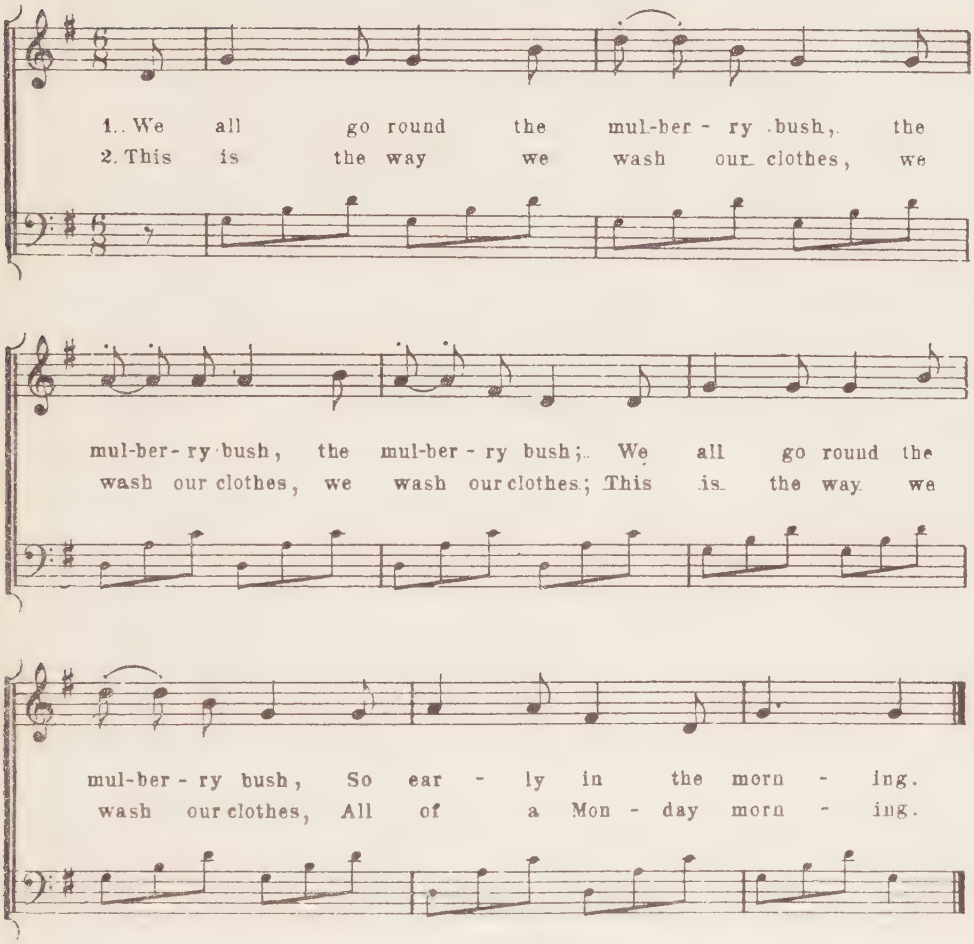
farm - er, Would you know how the farm - er Sows his

bar - ley and wheat? See, thus does the farm - er, See,

thus does the farm - er Sow his bar - ley and wheat.

2nd stanza: reaps his barley and wheat.
3rd stanza: thrashes barley and wheat.
4th stanza: sifts his barley and wheat.
5th stanza: takes home barley and wheat.

296. Going Round the Mulberry-Bush.



3
This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.
All of a Tuesday morning.

4.
This is the way we scrub ouf floor, etc.
All of a Wednesday morning.

5.
This is the way we mend our clothes, etc.
All of a Thursday morning.

6.
This is the way we sweep the house, etc.
All of a Friday morning.

7.
This is the way we bake our bread, etc.
All of a Saturday morning.

8.
This is the way we go to church, etc
All of a Sunday morning.

297. The Cat and the Mouse.

Clara Beeson Hubbard.

Pus - sy white so sly - lycomes To catch the mous - ey gray, But

Very quick

mous - ey hears her soft - est tread, And quick - ly runs a - way; Run,

run, my dear lit - tle mouse, Run all a - bout the house, For

pus - sy cat is com-ing near, And he will catch the mouse, I fear.

Directions. - Form a circle and lock hands, singing, "Pussy white," etc. The cat on the outside of the circle then tries to catch the mouse on the inside. Allow the mouse to pass in and out of the circle, but bar the cat from following.

298. Going to London.

(Note: The sixteenth notes in the accompaniment may be omitted.)

We all go round the vil - lage, We
Go in and out the win - dow, Go
Now stand and face your part - ner, Now
Now fol low me to Lon - don, Now

all go round the vil - lage, We all go round the
in and out the win - dow, Go in and out the
stand and face your part - ner, Now stand and face your
fol low me to Lon - don, Now fol low me to

vil - lage, As fast as we can go.
win - dow, As fast as we can go.
part - ner, And low be - fore you go.
Lon - don, As you have done be - fore.

Directions —

During the first stanza, the class marches in a circle, one child being in the center.

During the second stanza, class stands still and raises the joined hands to denote the windows Child in the center meanwhile passes in and out the windows.

During the third stanza, class lowers hands. The child in the ring chooses a partner, faces him, and bows to him before going.

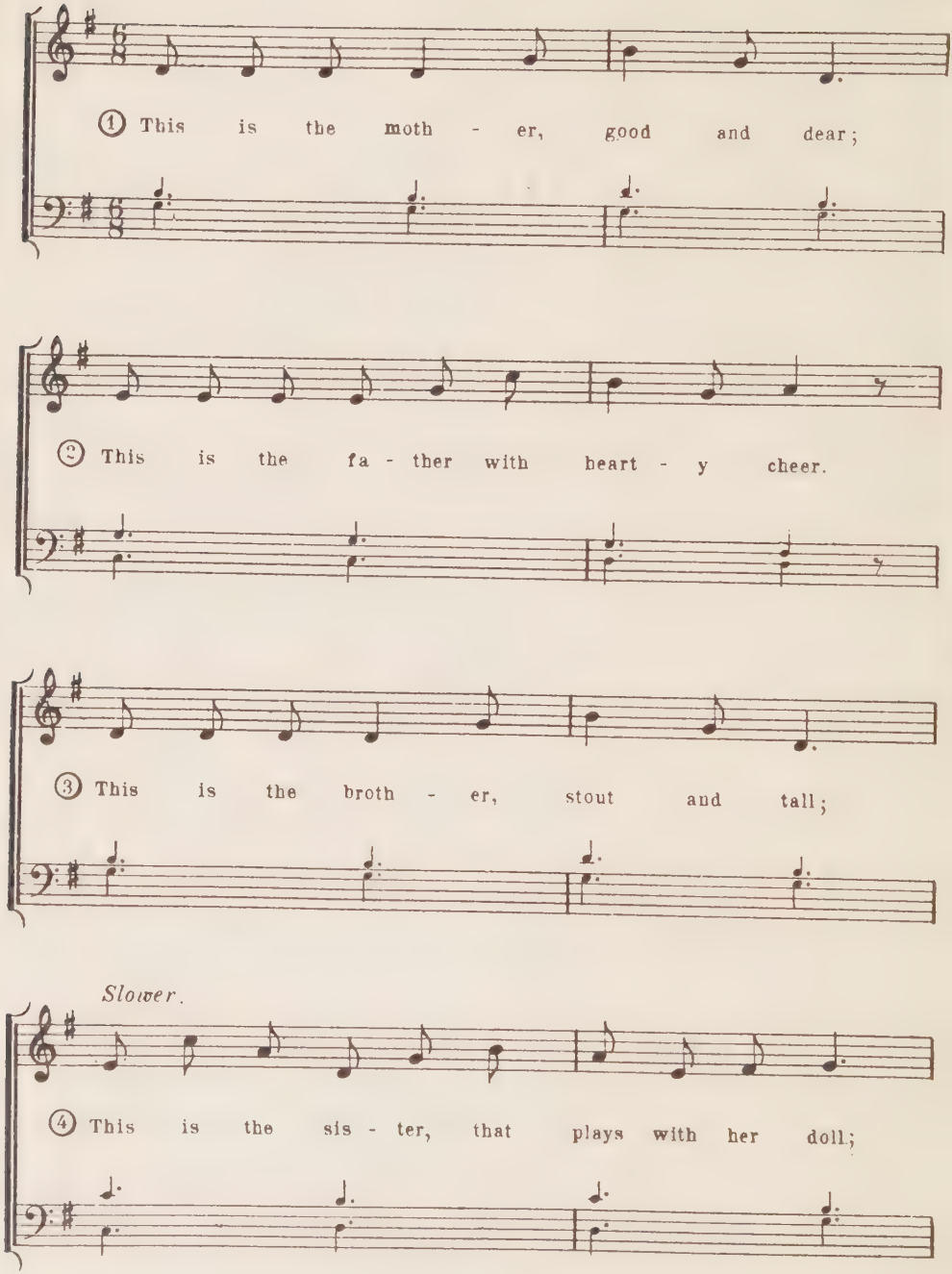
During the fourth stanza, the class raises hands again. The first child continues to go through the windows, followed by the second child.

After this the first child takes its place in the circle, and the second child opens the game again.

299. This is the Mother, Good and Dear.

(Finger-Play.)

C. B. Hubbard.



In time.

⑤ This is the lit - tle one, pet of all. ⑥ Be -

Gradually slower.

hold the good fam - i - ly, great and small.

Directions—

① The two thumbs.

② The two first fingers up straight.

③ The two long fingers straight up.

④ The two third fingers straight up.

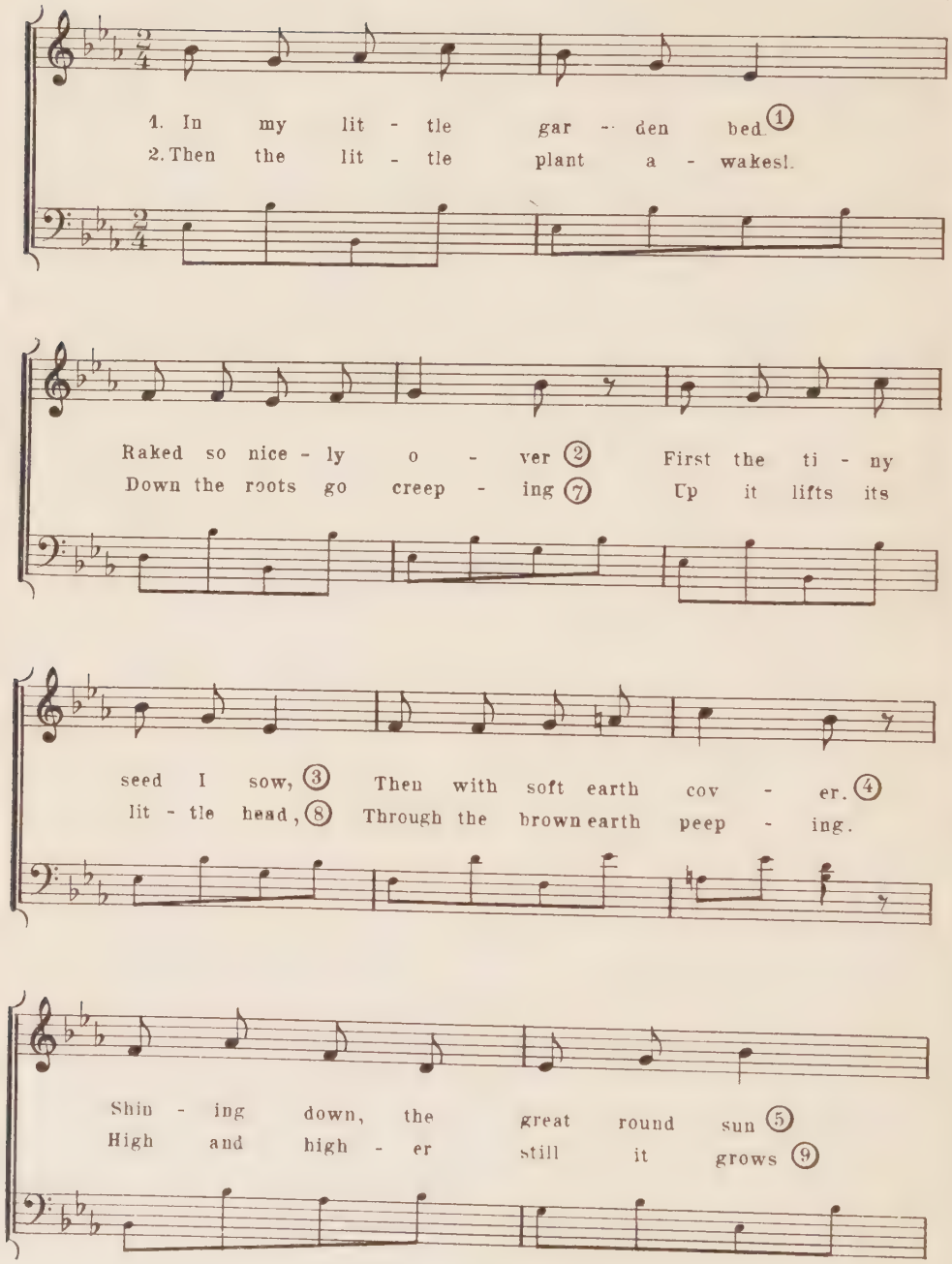
⑤ The two little fingers straight up.

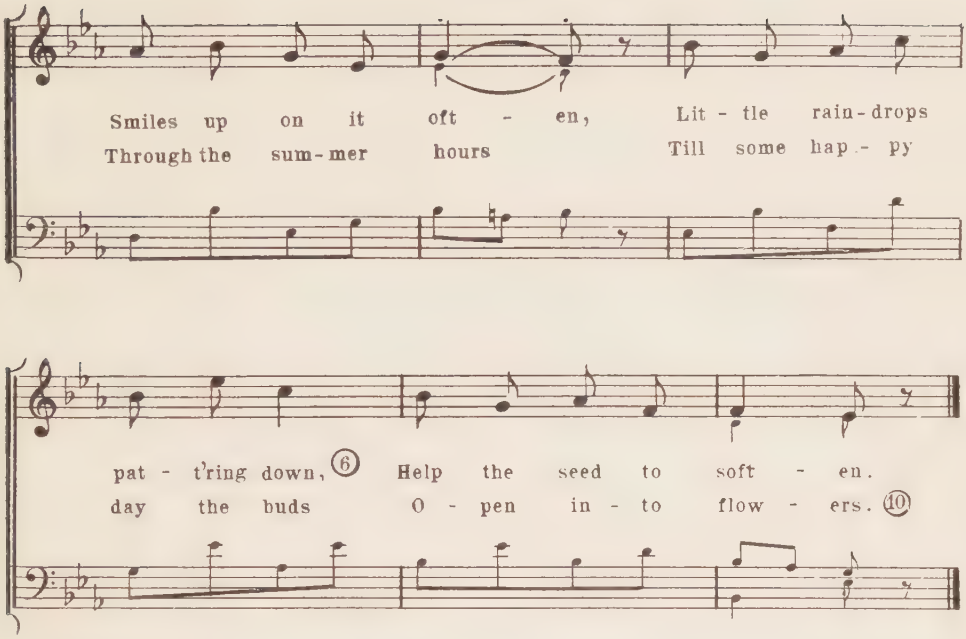
⑥ Raise up both hands, drawing a circle over the head with fingers spread.

300. The Little Plant.

(Finger-Play.)

J. A. Theiss.





Directions—

① The bed.— Raise arms forward. Bend at the wrist so as to form a rectangular bed.

② The rake.— Keep left hand in position. Rake with the fingers of the right hand.

③ Seeds I sow.— Imitate the sowing with the right hand, taking the seeds out of the left

④ With soft earth cover.— Imitate the covering with both hands.

⑤ The sun.— Raise arms to circle overhead.

⑥ Pattering down.— Move fingers as in drumming.

⑦ Down the roots go.— Lower hands with fingers spread.

⑧ Lifts its head.— Form fists, and raise thumbs slightly.

⑨ Still it grows.— Elevate the arm and raise the thumbs from the hand.

⑩ Open into flowers.— Open the hands to form the cups of the flowers.

Translations from the German.

NUMBER

Ach bleib mit deiner Gnade! 98
Ach, mein Herr Jesu, wenn ich 116
Ade, du liebes Waldesgruen! 158
Alle Jahre wieder 242
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